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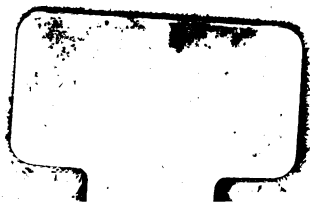
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# THREE MARTYRS

OF THE  
NINETEENTH CENTURY

BY THE AUTHOR OF  
CHRONICLES OF THE SCHÖNBERG-COTTA FAMILY







THREE MARTYRS  
OF THE  
NINETEENTH CENTURY.

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THREE MARTYRS  
OF THE  
NINETEENTH CENTURY

Studies from the Lives

OF  
LIVINGSTONE, GORDON, AND PATTESON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF  
*CHRONICLES OF THE SCHÖNBERG-COTTA FAMILY.*

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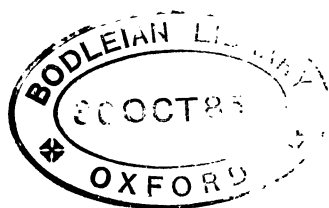
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## INTRODUCTION:

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**D**URING the week of the West London Mission, when this unquiet world seemed even more than usually heaving to and fro, the nations of Christendom tossing uneasily against each other, and when, through the mutterings of the storm, the tidings of General Gordon's death fell suddenly like a stroke of personal bereavement on our English homes, and smote contending Christendom once more into a sense of its unity of ideal and of worship in the common love and lamenting for this one man, who belonged to us all, the vision of these three heroic lives and deaths, Livingstone, Gordon, and Patteson, rose on my heart with

*b*

such an inspiration of hope and promise that I could not but try to recall them to others.

They seem to meet on so many sides so many difficulties of our times, to confront so much of what is ignoble in these our times and in this our country, and to embody so much of what is noblest. Often this is said to be an age of scepticism, when Christian history, under the searching daylight of criticism, is fading away among the other myths and traditions of early dawn; no new dread, indeed, since in Butler's days "many deemed the Christian Religion obsolete," and the new criticism of each age may well, as Bishop Patteson thought, demand a fresh "Analogy," not so much to refute as to embrace it. But here are three men inspired, through historical Christianity and the Eternal Spirit, to rise entirely above the ordinary aims of the world, so inwardly convinced of the truth of the old Faith, so steeped in its light, that death to each of them was but the last of countless acts of sacrifice which they thought no sacrifice for the joy of the love which inspired them.

Again, the heart of the Church is thought by many to be growing cold. But here are three hearts glowing with a passion to succour and to save, strong as that in the heart of St. Paul or St. Francis of Assisi, or any heart that ever burned with love to God and man since the heart of the Redeemer poured out its life-blood on the Cross.

Again, our age is said to be one of enervating luxury. Yet here are three lives, two of them at least, from the social levels on which luxurious lives are lived, and all with any prizes within easy reach, with no morbid dread of happiness, but with the freest faith in God as the Giver of human joy, as well as in the Crucified Christ as Leader of Christian men, giving up all ease and peace and comfort as completely as any monk of the Thebaid.

And again, if we come to a narrower national horizon, our England, our "Greater Britain," is said by some to be verging towards decline, false to her old ideals, capable only of selfish aims and vacillating efforts as of decrepid old age. But here are three of her sons with a romantic,

boyish love of enterprise, keen as in the days of Drake and Raleigh and the old explorers; and with a chivalrous care for the weak and oppressed such as King Arthur might have craved for his Round Table; and with a statesmanlike recognition of evils and large marshalling of forces against wrongs, worthy of Alfred, Deliverer and King.

And, moreover, these lives are no anachronisms, no mere exceptional abnormal survivals of obsolete forms, but essentially normal "survivals of the fittest."

Evolved as they are out of the continuity of the past, belonging to all ages, they nevertheless belong especially to the present age; they could not have been just what they were in any age but this. The "spirit of the age" breathes through them, as it must through all who breathe freely in it.

Essentially as they belong to the Christian life of all lands and ages, they yet also essentially belong to England and to this nineteenth century, with the large tolerance for differences of thought, the passion for truth and

scientific accuracy, the love of natural beauty, the pity for all weak and suffering creatures which eighteen centuries of Christianity have wrought into Christendom.

They reproduce the past, not 'by copying or restoring it, but by growing in and out of it, as the oak continues the life of the acorn, as the acorn reproduces the oak.

Because Christianity is not an impulse, but a life.

Because, if the Church is founded on a History, it is a History which ends, not with death, but with Resurrection.

Because Pentecost is not the history of a past fact, but the beginning of a new history, the opening for humanity and in every human creature of an inexhaustible fountain of youth and life for ever.



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# DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

**B**





# DAVID LIVINGSTONE.



## I.

EARLY YEARS, 1813-1835.



LIFE like that of David Livingstone does much towards solving many of the social problems which are continually presenting themselves to us in these days.

On the tombstone he placed over his parents' grave at Hamilton, he had this inscription engraved :

To shew the resting-place of

NEIL LIVINGSTONE

AND

AGNES HUNTER,

HIS WIFE,

AND TO EXPRESS THE THANKFULNESS TO GOD  
OF THEIR CHILDREN

JOAN, DAVID, JANET, CHARLES AND AGNES,

FOR POOR AND PIOUS PARENTS.

He deliberately refused to alter the last line of this inscription to "poor *but* pious." And this refusal expresses the conviction of his life. He always spoke of the "poor," the "working people," as "my own order."

"*And*," not "*but*."

Not poverty made exceptionally honourable by piety; not piety in spite of poverty. The poverty an honour, and a training, and an advantage, when rightly and truly used, as well as the piety.

His "own order," the order (as far as any especial class position is to be assigned to Him) of the Master, the Son of Man, Himself.

And all through his life we see what a gain the natural training of those early years, passed in the keen air of toil and hardship, must have been to him.

"How hardly," our Lord said, "shall" (not they that suffer poverty, but) "they that have riches enter into the Kingdom of God." What a new depth of meaning is opened to us in those words of authority, when we fully understand that they are authoritative because they are true; that our Lord, in proclaiming the laws of the Divine Kingdom, is revealing the eternal

facts of life. It *is* hard to be rich in temporal goods and in eternal virtues, because riches tend to blind the eyes to the realities, to stifle the heart and conscience in conventionalities, to dwarf the man under circumstances, to maim our true powers by substituting machinery for them—carriages for feet, other people's hands for our own—to render us really feeble and dependent instead of strong and independent. For what, indeed, are all the elaborate athletics of our great public schools, our Alpine clubs, hunting-fields and shooting-moors, but remedies for the enervating tendencies of riches, endeavours to make of rich men's sons such men as the natural training of "poor and pious parents" made of David Livingstone?

Yet we must not exaggerate. *No* circumstances can train for the work of the Divine Kingdom, except as far as they are *conquered*. At *both* ends of the scale—the luxurious homes, the Etons and Harrows, and the long days in the crowded factories—the true development seems endangered, the "how hardly" seems but too appropriate. "Poor *and* pious;" the higher life must conquer and rule the lower, or *nothing* is an advantage.

And the poverty of Livingstone's parents was, it must be admitted, of an ennobling kind. The family had a pedigree and a history as much as any ducal chieftain of any of the Highland clans from which they sprang; rich in varieties of calling, from Highland clansmen, soldiers and sailors, to cotton-spinners and traders; rich in holy and heroic character, as well as in homely thrifty virtues.

His great-grandfather fell at Culloden, "fighting for the old line of kings."

"Our grandfather," he writes,\* "was a small farmer on the island of Ulva, where my father was born. He was intimately acquainted with all the old traditionary legends. As a boy I remember listening to him with delight, for his memory was stored with a never-ending stock of stories, many of which were wonderfully like those I have since heard while sitting by the African evening fires. Our grandmother used to sing Gaelic songs, some of which, as she believed, had been composed by captive islanders languishing hopelessly among the Turks.

"Grandfather could give particulars of the lives of his ancestors for six generations before him; and the only point of the tradition I feel

\* Livingstone's "Missionary Travels in South Africa."

proud of is this. One of these poor hardy islanders was renowned in the district for great wisdom and prudence; and it is related that when he was on his death-bed he called all his children around him and said:—‘I have searched most carefully through all the traditions I could find of cur family, and I could never discover that there was a dishonest man among our forefathers. If, therefore, any of you or any of your children should take to dishonest ways, it will not be because it runs in our blood; it does not belong to you. I leave this precept with you: Be honest.’”

(The old man also said that he had never heard of “a Livingstone donkey.”)

“My grandfather, finding the old hereditary farm in Ulva insufficient to support his numerous family, removed to Blantyre works—a large cotton manufactory on the beautiful Clyde, above Glasgow. He himself, highly esteemed for his unflinching honesty, was employed in the conveyance of large sums of money from Glasgow to the works.

“Our uncles all entered His Majesty’s service during the last French war, either as soldiers or sailors; but my father remained at home, and, though too conscientious ever to become rich as



a small tea-dealer, by his kindliness of manner and winning ways he made the heartstrings of his children twine around him as firmly as if he had possessed and could have bestowed upon them every worldly advantage, and deserved my lasting gratitude and homage for presenting me from infancy with a continuously consistent pious example, such as that the ideal of which is so beautifully and truthfully portrayed in Burns' 'Cottar's Saturday Night.'"

His own father had indeed left the romantic side of life, and had been apprenticed to a tailor, and had even made what to some may seem a deeper fall into prose, having worked his way before David's birth into the much reviled *bourgeoisie*, travelling from village to village as a small tea-merchant, and at the same time distributing useful cheap books.

His mother's family also had a pedigree and traditions. Her father had once owned a cottage and small croft at Airdrie, but reverses of fortune had obliged him to sell his little landed property and to become a tailor at Blantyre. There David's father was reluctantly apprenticed to him, and after a time married his daughter.

Thus the position of Dr. Livingstone's forefathers linked him with many ranks and orders, giving him sympathy with the ancient Highland clanship and chieftainship (which made him afterwards comprehend the position of the African chiefs), and also with patient toilers and thrifty traders ; and helping to combine in his character the loyalty of the clansman, and the daring of the soldier, with the patient toil of the cotton-spinner and the self-denying frugality of the small merchant.

For in the higher history, also, the story not of mere positions and occupations, but of character, his family annals were rich.

His mother's father, David Hunter, was a man of the old Scotch Covenanting type, who received his first conscious religious impressions at an open-air service, held while the snow was falling till the congregation stood ankle-deep in it ; but David Hunter used to say "he had no feeling of cold that day," such was the spiritual glow within.

Neil Livingstone, David's father, learned Gaelic in order to be able to read the Bible to his old Highland mother ; he was a great reader, and had also remarkable power of

giving out what he had learned by reading or observing, in conversation.

A century before the present Temperance movement began, seeing the misery wrought among his neighbours by drinking, in order to help those so tempted, in spite of ridicule and opposition, he became a teetotaler. He was also a Sunday-school teacher, and had an ardent interest in Foreign Missions.

Quick in temper, but most tender-hearted and gentle, he was obeyed and beloved in his family, and the story of his death is, in its way, as touching as that of his son. He died, to that son's bitter grief, just a fortnight before his return from the first great African travels.

The father had been ill a fortnight. When he was told he was dying his spirits seemed to rise.

Yet he knew that his son David was on his homeward voyage.

"You wished so much to see David!" his daughter said to him, as life was too evidently ebbing away.

"Ay! very much, very much," was the reply.

"But the will of the Lord be done."

Then, after a pause, he added, "*But I think I'll know whatever is worth knowing about him.*"

Brief penetration of dying eyes into the unseen, worth many a volume of speculations and fancies! The father, as afterwards the noble son, looked for with such longing eyes, both dying with the dearest hope unfulfilled, both with firm open eyes of faith gazing upward and finding the last feeble clasp of regret turn into the first grasp of "the substance of things hoped for."

Dr. Livingstone's mother, when only fifteen, had been her mother's only nurse through a long illness, and had cared for her so well that the minister of the parish laid his hand on her head and said, "A blessing will follow you, my lassie, for your duty to your mother."

Her children spoke of her as a very loving mother, her bright spirit shining out through the beautiful dark eyes, so clear and penetrating, which her son David inherited; her busy, orderly ways, with her constant flow of cheerfulness, making the home a very happy place.

"The home," Dr. Blaikie writes,\* "was ruled by an industry that never lost an hour of the six days, that welcomed and honoured the day of rest, a thrift that made the most of everything,

\* "Personal Life of Dr. Livingstone."

though it never got far beyond the necessities of life, a self-restraint that admitted no stimulant within the door, and that faced bravely and steadily all the burdens of life, a love of books that showed the presence of a cultivated taste, with a fear of God that dignified the life it moulded and controlled."

David himself added much to the happiness of the family: the younger children's games were never so merry as when he joined in them, and his sisters always remembered how, when during his student life at Glasgow he returned home for the Sundays, they used to long for the Saturday evenings with the delightful stories of the week's doings.

Two characteristic pictures are preserved to us of his childhood.

His father had made a rule that the cottage door was to be locked at dusk, and all the children inside by that time. One evening little David was late, and found the door barred. He at once accepted the penalty, not sullenly, but, making the best of it, as was his wont, went and procured a piece of bread, and, without fuss or complaining, contentedly settled himself down on the door-step for the night;

and there, on looking for him later, his mother found him, and of course let him in.

Side by side with this picture of the mother and son is another of his bringing home the first half-crown he ever earned and laying it on her lap. And a little later we may see him with his book day after day before him on the spinning-jenny, faithfully earning his wages, and at the same time by intervals, "never more than a minute at a time," gathering in the stores of knowledge he afterwards turned to such account.

But David Livingstone's life is not one to be told in a series of detached pictures ; it was not a life of occasional spasmodic effort, and cannot be seen by flashes. The spirit of the dying advice given him by an aged Sunday-school teacher was the essence of it. "Now, lad!" were the faithful words the scholar never forgot, "make religion the every-day business of your life, not a thing of fits and starts ; for, if you do, temptation and other things will get the better of you."

He did not, indeed, live by "fits and starts," and temptation did not get the better of him.

At nine years old he received a prize for

saying the 119th Psalm through with only five mistakes.

At ten he was put to work in the factory as a piecer ; it was not until he had worked a number of years that he was promoted to be a spinner.

Years afterwards, when addressing the cotton-spinners in the triumph of his first successful explorations, he said that the Spartan training he got at that Blantyre mill had been really the foundation of all the work he had done.

“ Had it been possible,” he said, “ I would have liked to begin over again in the same lowly style, and to pass through the same hardy training.”

“ With a part of my first week’s wages,” he writes, “ I purchased Ruddiman’s ‘ Rudiments of Latin,’ and pursued the study of that language for many years afterwards with unabated ardour at an evening school which met between the hours of eight and ten. The dictionary part of my labours was followed up till twelve o’clock—or later, if my mother did not interfere by jumping up and snatching the books out of my hands. I had to be back in the factory by six in the morning, and continued my work, with intervals for breakfast and dinner, till eight

o'clock at night. I read in this way many of the classical authors, and knew Virgil and Horace better at sixteen than I do now."

His father had a dread of books of science, but in this, with all his reverence, the son could not follow him. That "other kind of light," as he afterwards called it, was always to him as truly light, and therefore as necessarily from the Source of light, as the revealed truths of religion, and "the last application of the rod" he endured was for a refusal to read a religious book which seemed to him unenlightening.

And from the earliest days books were to him but one of the many modes of learning.

"Limited as my time was," he writes, "I found opportunities to scour the whole countryside collecting simples. In recognizing the plants pointed out in my first medical book, that extraordinary old work on astrological medicine, Culpepper's 'Herbal,' I had the guidance of a book on the plants of Lanarkshire, by Patrick Deep, and anxious were my studies on the still deeper and more perplexing profundities of astrology; and I believe I got as far into that abyss of fantasies as my author said he dared to lead me. It seemed perilous ground to



tread on farther, for the dark hint seemed, to my youthful mind, to loom towards 'selling body and soul to the devil' as the price of unfathomable knowledge of the stars. These excursions, often in company with brothers, gratified my intense love of nature, and though we generally returned so unmercifully hungry and fatigued that one of the brothers would sometimes shed tears, yet we discovered so many to us new and interesting things that he was always as eager to join us next time as he was the last.

"On one of these exploring tours we entered a limestone quarry—long before geology was so popular as it is now. It is impossible to describe the delight and wonder with which I began to collect the shells found in the carboniferous limestone which crops out in High Blantyre and Cambuslang. A quarryman, seeing a little boy so engaged, looked with that pitying eye which the benevolent assume when viewing the insane. Addressing him with 'However did these shells come into these rocks?' 'When God made the rocks, He made the shells in them,' was the damping reply."

Damping, indeed! As if any utterances of God could be falsehood; as if He could create a world of illusion, of empty shells without tenants, history, or meaning!

The whole of the truth of science *and* religion is indeed swept into illusion by that "damping reply." But it could not damp David Livingstone, living as he did close to the truth of nature and life. Holidays, work, all were genuine for him, and "society" also was no illusion of empty shells, but real intercourse of heart and brain.

"Time and travel," he writes, "have not effaced the feelings of respect imbibed for the humble inhabitants of my native village. For morality, honesty, and intelligence they were in general good specimens of the Scottish poor. In a population of more than two thousand souls, we had, of course, a variety of characters. In addition to the common run of men, there were some characters of sterling worth and ability, who exercised a most beneficial influence over the youth of the place by imparting gratuitous religious instruction. David Hogg, for example, who addressed me on his death-bed with the words, 'Now, lad! make religion the every-day business of your life, and not a

thing of fits and starts ; for, if you do, temptation and other things will get the better of you ;' and Thomas Burke, an old Forty-second Peninsula soldier, who had been incessant and never weary in good works for about forty years. Much intelligent interest was felt by the villagers in all public questions. They felt kindly towards each other, and much respected those of the neighbouring gentry who, like Lord Douglas, placed confidence in their sense of honour. Through the kindness of that nobleman, the poorest among us could stroll at pleasure over the ancient domains of Bothwell and other spots hallowed by the venerable associations of which our school-books and local traditions made us well aware ; and few of us could view the dear memorials of the past without feeling that these carefully kept memorials were our own. The masses of the working-people of Scotland have read history and are no revolutionary levellers. They rejoice in the memories of 'Wallace and Bruce, and a' the lave,' who are still much revered as the former champions of freedom. And while foreigners imagine that we want the spirit only to overturn capitalists and aristocracy, we are content to respect

our laws till we can change them, and hate those stupid revolutions which might sweep away time-honoured institutions dear alike to rich and poor."

But all through this life of hard work and study and healthy recreation one great longing remained unsatisfied.

The sense of sin came over him powerfully : of evil not in circumstances, but in *himself*, of evil intertwined with his inmost being, yet not himself, and therefore to be disentwined and eradicated. But although great pains had been taken by his parents, he said, to instil the doctrines of Christianity into his mind, it was not until his twentieth year that the light came which kindled his whole life. "The change," he wrote, "was like what may be supposed would take place were it possible to cure a case of 'colour-blindness.' The perfect freeness with which the pardon of all our guilt is offered in God's book drew forth feelings of affectionate love to Him who bought us with His blood, and a sense of deep obligation to Him for His mercy has influenced, in some small measure, my conduct ever since."

"I saw the duty and inestimable privilege

*immediately* to accept salvation by Christ, and," he adds, "it is my desire to show my attachment to the cause of Him who died for me by devoting my life to His service."

"In the glow of love which Christianity inspires I soon resolved to devote my life to the alleviation of human misery."

There are few lives more stamped with continuity than that of David Livingstone ; emphatically it was not a life of "fits and starts," of successive creations and convulsions, such as some of the old geological theories assigned to our planet, but of continuous growth. The child who was ready to wait all night on his father's door-step till the law of the house opened the door, contenting himself with a bit of bread, was able to wait all his life for the opening of the door of Christianity and civilization to Africa, contenting himself with his bit of bread ; the boy who scoured Blantyre, with an enthusiasm not to be "damped," exploring old quarries for fossils, grew into the great traveller who laid the heart of Africa open to Europe ; and from the very beginning of his consecrated Christian life the current of his purpose set in the direction in which it flowed to the end.

Feeling that "the salvation of men ought to be the chief desire and aim of every Christian," he "made a resolution that he would give to the cause of Missions all that he might earn beyond what was required for his subsistence."

And soon followed the resolution to give not only all he could spare, but *himself* to the work of Foreign Missions, a purpose roused by an appeal from the missionary Gutzlaff on behalf of China.

From the beginning, his heart went out, not to those already shepherded in the fold, but to the sheep lost and wandering in the wilderness.

It was "the claims of so many millions of his fellow-creatures, the complaints of the scarcity of qualified missionaries, that moved him ; and from that time to the end, through whatever channel, his efforts were constantly directed to that object, without any fluctuation."





## II.

TRAINING FOR MISSIONARY LIFE, 1836-1840.



DAVID LIVINGSTONE'S life in the home and the factory lasted twenty-three years—seven years less than the thirty years the Master and Saviour of all deemed it no waste to spend in the carpenter's shop at Nazareth.

At twenty-three the young weaver first quietly communicated to his parents and the minister of his parish his determination to become a missionary.

Four years more passed before he entered on his missionary career. Of two of these the winters were spent in study at the University of Glasgow, and the summers in working at the loom to earn the means to do so. The other two, after his provisional acceptance by the London Missionary Society, he spent in and

near London in more direct preparation for missionary work.

One winter day in 1836, when the snow was on the ground, his father walked with him from Blantyre to Glasgow, and searched with him all day for lodgings. All proved too expensive, until at last they found a room for two shillings a week.

He had to work hard because he determined to add the study of medicine to that of theology. He attended Greek and theological classes, but the chemistry classes of Dr. Graham and those of Dr. Buchanan, Professor of the Institutes of Medicine, occupied him most; and from Dr. Graham's assistant, Mr. Young, who became his lifelong friend, he also learned how to use the turning-lathe and other tools. Mr. Young used to speak of him as "the best man he ever knew, with more of true filial trust in God, more of the spirit of Christ, more of integrity, purity, and simplicity of character, and of self-denying love for his fellow-men."

Every bit of the knowledge, practical and theoretical, thus acquired came into use afterwards, in the canal and road-making, house-building, and medical practice of his missionary life.



In his application to the London Missionary Society he counts the cost of a missionary career in words which are a record of his own.

“The missionary’s object,” he writes, “is to endeavour by every means in his power to make known the Gospel, by preaching, exhortation, and instruction of the young, improving as far as in his power the temporal condition of those among whom he labours by introducing the arts and sciences of civilization, and doing everything to commend Christianity to their hearts and consciences. He will be exposed to great trials of faith and patience from the indifference and distrust and even direct opposition and scorn of those among whom he is labouring; he may be tempted to despondency from the little apparent fruit of his exertions, and exposed to all the contaminating influences of heathenism.” “The hardships and dangers of missionary life, as far as I have had the means of ascertaining their nature and extent, have been the subject of serious reflection, and, in dependence on the promised assistance of the Holy Spirit, I have no hesitation in saying that I would willingly submit to them, considering my

constitution capable of enduring any ordinary share of hardships or fatigue."

The Christian Church, an army of conquest of which he was to be in the engineer or pioneer service, that was his choice, as far as to choose his post is the part of the soldier, and to that post he kept unwearingly from first to last.

"To him who knoweth not for what port he is bound, no wind can prove favourable." Livingstone knew his port well, and to him *every* wind proved favourable, although the skilful tack-  
ing which using every wind involves might seem sometimes, to eyes which saw only a small portion of his course, like a turning aside from its aim.

In September 1838 he went for the first time to London, to meet the Directors of the London Missionary Society. Another young missionary, Mr. Moore, whose friendship with him dates from this time, writes of their attending the afternoon service on Sunday at St. Paul's, and going on another day with the ordinary train of sight-seers from monument to monument through Westminster Abbey, never dreaming "how one of them would be buried with a nation's rather with the civilized world's, lament in that sacred shrine."

Mr. Moore adds : " I grew daily more attached to him. If I were asked why, I should be rather at a loss to reply. There was truly an indescribable charm about him, which, with all his rather ungainly ways, and by no means winning face, attracted almost every one, and which helped him so much in his after-wanderings in Africa."

" He won those who came near him by a kind of spell. There happened to be in the boarding-house at the time a young M.D., a saddler from Hampshire, and a bookseller from Scotland. To this hour they all speak of him in rapturous terms."

David Livingstone and Mr. Moore read Latin and Greek and Hebrew together, and, after two examinations, were sent for more direct training to Chipping Ongar, in Essex (the home of the Taylors). Here the friends studied together, and for their recreation walked to all the places of interest in the neighbourhood.

Mr. Moore remembered especially one walk, and one sermon, which give an insight into his after-career.

Of the walk he writes :— " One foggy

November morning, at three o'clock, he set out from Ongar to see a relation of his father's, to help forward some business of one of his brother's. It was a distance of twenty-seven miles." (We must remember that there were no railways then, with cheap trains, and that every day's work and every sixpence were of value to the poor young student, determined to be a burden on no one.) "After remaining a few hours to transact this business for his brother, he set out to walk the twenty-seven miles back.

"Just out of London, at Edmonton, a lady had been thrown out of a gig. She lay stunned in the road. He went to her, helped to carry her into a house close by, examined her carefully to see that no bones were broken, and, recommending a doctor to be sent for, resumed his weary tramp. Weary and footsore, he reached Stamford Rivers. He missed his way, and after some time he felt so dead beat that he was inclined to lie down and sleep; but, finding a directing post, he climbed it, and by the light of the stars deciphered enough to know his whereabouts. After twelve that night he reached Ongar, white as a sheet,

and so tired that he could hardly utter a word. I gave him a basin of bread and milk, and he slept till noon on Sunday."

There is something most characteristic in this walk: the readiness to undertake any toil for others, the purpose with which he carried it through, and yet the readiness to be turned aside from any need or purpose of his own at the call of any real need of another.

Of the "sermon," the point is that it was never preached.

The minister having fallen ill rather suddenly, the young candidate, David Livingstone, was unexpectedly called on to preach in the evening. "He took his text, read it very deliberately; and there and then the sermon had fled. Midnight darkness came on him, and he abruptly said, 'Friends, I have forgotten all I had to say,' and, hurrying out of the pulpit, he left the chapel." If more such failures in the stories of the heroes were recorded, it might perhaps help more of us to follow them.

To the end, as religious entertainments, his sermons and addresses do not seem to have been popular. He writes later, from South Africa: "I am a very poor preacher, having a

bad delivery, and some of them say, if I were to preach again, they would not enter the chapel." And so hesitating were his utterances at family prayer that it was doubted at Ongar if he could be accepted as a missionary.

Yet, if we look on sermons as of the nature rather of trumpet calls in a battle than of music at a parade, even those very sermons, of which he felt the unpopularity, seem to have been no empty sounds, for he adds: "But the truth which I uttered seemed to plague very much the person who supplies the missionaries with wagons and oxen. (They were very bad ones.) My subject was the necessity of adopting the benevolent spirit of the Son of God and abandoning the selfishness of the world."

And of those "hesitating" family prayers, his friend Mr. Moore writes, after an interval of many years, "I was impressed by the fact that he never prayed without the petition that we might imitate Christ in all His imitable perfections."

No uncertain sounds, however "hesitating," to cause such discomfiture to the dishonest, and to leave such an undying echo from soul to soul!

Another fellow-student writes of this period

of his life: "He was so kind and gentle in word and deed to all about him that all loved him. He had always words of sympathy, and was ready to perform acts of sympathy for those who were suffering."

And later, a friend writes of him: "I never knew any one who gave me more the idea of power over other men, such power as our Saviour showed when on earth, the power of love and purity combined."

Another said: "Fire, water, stone walls, would not stop Livingstone in the fulfilment of a recognized duty."

Sir Risdon Bennett, whose father's lectures and practice Livingstone attended at Charing Cross Hospital, wrote: "I entertained towards him a sincere affection, and had the highest admiration of his endowments of mind and heart, and of his pure and noble devotion to all the highest purposes of life. One could not but be impressed with his simple, loving Christian spirit, and the combined modesty, unassumingness, and self-reliant character of the man."

Professor Owen, under whom he studied comparative anatomy as far as he had time in the Hunterian Museum, was much interested in

his great love of natural history. The young missionary student promised to remember the Professor if he discovered, on his future travels, any curiosities worth bringing home. Years passed, and nothing came, until at last, on his first return to England, he brought the Professor the tusk of an elephant with a spiral curve, which Dr. Owen highly appreciated, observing afterwards: "You may recall the difficulties of the progress of the weary sick traveller on the bullock's back. Every pound's weight was of moment, but Livingstone said, 'Owen shall have this tusk,' and he placed it in my hands in London."

And all this time his path towards his true missionary destination was steadily clearing, China and the West Indies and other fields closing, and Africa opening.

Among the final links which knit him to his lifelong work was an apparently casual interview with the noble African missionary Dr. Moffat, afterwards his father-in-law.

"I observed," Dr. Moffat said, "that he was interested in my story, that he would sometimes come quietly and ask me a question or two. By-and-by he asked whether I thought he



would do for Africa. I said I believed he would, if he would not go to an old station, but advance to unoccupied ground; specifying the vast plain to the north, where I had sometimes seen the smoke of a thousand villages where no missionary had ever been. At last Livingstone said, 'What is the use of my waiting for the end of this abominable opium war? I will go to Africa.' The Directors concurred, and Africa became his sphere."

And so at last the last night came with his own family, and the parting.

"I remember," writes his sister, "my father and him talking over the prospects of Christian Missions. They agreed that the time would come when rich men and great men would think it an honour to support whole stations of missionaries, instead of spending their money on hounds and horses. On the morning of the 17th of November, 1840, we got up at five o'clock. My mother made coffee; David read the 121st and the 135th Psalms and prayed. My father walked with him to Glasgow." And there they parted, never to meet on earth again, the father to walk back again to Blantyre, the son on his way to Africa, both, no doubt, with

the words of the last Psalms the son had read in their hearts, "lifting their eyes to the hills, whence cometh our help."

On the 8th of December 1840 he embarked for the Cape, and, never losing an opportunity, on his way learned of the ship's captain how to use the quadrant and take the observations which were afterwards of such moment in his explorations.





### III.

#### FIRST YEARS IN AFRICA, 1840-1844.

**D**AVID LIVINGSTONE began his African work at Kuruman, the most advanced post hitherto reached by English Christian Missions, the station of Dr. Moffat, his future father-in-law.

But to him, from the first, it was but a starting-point for future conquests. In that interview just described in London, Dr. Moffat, with the practised eye of a veteran, had seen where his work would lie—"in the unoccupied ground, where no missionary had ever been."

His first two years in Africa were but the first steps of the path he never ceased to pursue.

"I am a missionary heart and soul," he said long afterwards, when other work was proposed to him.

"God had one only Son, and He was a

Missionary and a Physician. A poor, poor imitation of Him I am, or wish to be. In this service I hope to live, and in it I wish to die." And by missionary work he understood, from first to last, to seek and to save that which was lost. As soon as any portion of the flock was gathered into any fold, his heart went out to those still wandering outside. Whatever might be the vocation of others, this was what he believed to be his, and, also, this was his conception of the present work and position of the Christian Church, not so much a collection of folds, as one flock following one Shepherd, and going forth after Him to gather in His "other sheep."

"*Anywhere,*" was his response to the Directors, "*if it is only forward.*" "My life may be spent as profitably as a pioneer as in any other way."

"*We must penetrate Africa.*"

All that contributed to this end was embraced in his interests, from the simple preaching of Christ to wild tribes who had never heard His name, to carefully taking, however weary, those accurate astronomical observations which made his travels geographical explorations, or to

counting the "thirty-two edible roots and forty-two edible fruits" in regions he thought appropriate for European Christian colonization.

It was the fire of the central love and purpose of his life which gave such force to its humblest details of labour that hearts less inspired, seeing the earnestness with which he gave himself to each detail, sometimes accused him of neglecting the primary for the secondary. But, as he said himself, "it seems to have been a mistake to imagine that the Divine Majesty on high was too exalted to take any notice of our mean affairs. The great minds among men are remarkable for the attention they bestow on minutiae. An astronomer cannot be great unless his mind can grasp an infinity of any small things each of which, if unattended to, would throw his work out. A great general attends to the smallest details of his army. The Duke of Wellington's letters show his constant attention to minute details."

It is the old story of the leader, hero, genius, known by the combination of range and detail which is the approach to the Divine.

His first African journey was one of 700 miles,

resulting in the confirmation of his convictions of the necessity of employing native agency, and leading to the planting of a new station 250 miles beyond any yet existing. And there were other journeys of 400 miles and more on ox-back.

All this time he was learning to understand and rule the natives.

The first thing, he believed, was to win their confidence, and this he said was best accomplished by showing that he trusted them. "It sets them at their ease," he said, "to see that you can fall asleep fearlessly in the midst of them."

It never seems to have occurred to him that the possibility of so falling asleep in the presence of a number of strangers and savages who may be compassing any mischief is just the quiet, rare, heroic courage which can conquer anything.

He thought some of the English made the mistake of trying to please the natives too much, and seeming dependent on them. His never-failing scrupulous courtesy towards them was the courtesy, not of a suppliant, but of a prince. *Noblesse oblige*. He came among them, indeed, to serve, but to serve by

teaching and leading. And to this end he made them feel his presence a gratuitous favour, and the dread of his abandoning them the severest menace. His influence over them seemed something magical, being the influence of absolutely disinterested desire for their good, of faith in the common humanity underneath all their degradation, of endless hope in the redeeming power of Christianity, by which he meant the manifestation of the infinite love and patience of God.

His vision of what every man could become again and again evoked the qualities he believed in. At his bidding and example they learned to work together for public ends, such as canal and road-making. To save him, when he fell from his ox into a dangerous river, twenty of them plunged into it at the risk of their lives.

He believed in laughter, and in tears. "He was never afraid," he said, "of a man with a hearty laugh." His own laugh is described (by Mr. Stanley) as "laughter from head to heel."

His tender pitifulness was as easily stirred as his sense of the ludicrous.

His heart was always at leisure from itself to see and relieve the troubles of any helpless creature.

Once a little orphan girl, flying from virtual slavery, crept behind his waggon, intending to walk under its shelter miles across the country to Kuruman, where she had friends. He was pleased with the determination of the little creature, and gave her some food. "But before long," he writes, "I heard her sobbing violently as if her heart would break. On looking round, I observed the cause. A man with a gun had been sent after her. A native servant who accompanied us started up and defended her, and, at the sacrifice of her strings of beads, the pursuer was bought off. I afterwards took measures for hiding her, and, though fifty men had come for her, they would not have got her."

He had a tender pity, too, for animals. He acknowledged the effect of the genuine chase, necessary in those countries only half subdued to man, in training eye and hand and giving courage, but he always contended against the wanton slaughter of wild animals. Most pathetic was the account he gave of a mother elephant



sheltering her young, and even caressing it with her trunk, while she was bleeding to death under the javelins of her pursuers. And great was his distress when he found that a brave, faithful little poodle who had tried to swim a river with the party had been lost sight of and was drowned.

His medical practice gave him great influence and access to the hearts of the people, and insight into their character.

The great chief Sechele, at first suspicious of him, was won, by the cure of his child from sickness, to be his staunchest friend ; his patients would walk from one to two hundred miles for a glimpse of him, and he was reported to be able to raise the dead. And often the courage of the Africans in enduring pain roused his admiration. They would converse, during the most painful operations, as if they felt nothing. "Children may cry," they said ; "men like me never cry."

Always his principle was to meet their superstitious charms by showing them the true way of charming and subduing nature. "He would be the true rain-maker," he said, and they believed him ; and the whole com-

munity united in digging a canal to irrigate their fields.

At the same time he was diligently studying the native dialects, comparing their grammar with that of ancient languages.

And the extracts in his journals show the range of his religious sympathies. The English Prayer Book was a beloved book of devotions with him.

“Who can read the sermons of St. Bernard,” he writes, “and the meditations of St. Augustine without saying, ‘Whatever other faults they had, they thirsted, and now they are filled.’ The hymn of St. Bernard’s, *Jesu dulcis memoria*, rings in my ears as I wander across the wide, wide wilderness, and makes me wish I were like them.”

Among the extracts pasted into his journal were Coleridge’s “He prayeth well who loveth well,” Hood’s “Bridge of Sighs,” and from Tennyson’s “In Memoriam” :—

“So runs my dream, but what am I?  
An infant crying in the night,  
An infant crying for the light,  
And with no language but a cry.”

In these two preparatory years, before his

marriage, occurred the incident of his being saved from the mouth of the lion.

“Here in the beautiful valley of Mabotsa,” he writes, “an occurrence took place concerning which I have been frequently questioned in England, and which, but for the importunities of my friends, I meant to have kept in store to tell my children when in my dotage. The Bakatla of the village Mabotsa were much troubled by lions, which leaped into the cattle-pens by night, and destroyed their cows. They even attacked the herds in open day. This was so unusual an occurrence that the people believed they were bewitched, ‘given,’ as they said, ‘into the power of the lions by a neighbouring tribe.’ They went once to attack the animals, but being rather a cowardly people, compared to Bechuanas in general, on such occasions they returned without killing any.

“It is well known that if one in a troop of lions is killed the others take the hint, and leave that part of the country. So, the next time the herds were attacked, I went with the people in order to encourage them to rid themselves of the annoyance by killing one of the

marauders. We found the lions on a small hill about a quarter of a mile in length and covered with trees. A circle of men was formed round it, and they gradually closed up, ascending pretty near to each other. Being down below on the plain with a native schoolmaster, named Mebálwe, a most excellent man, I saw one of the lions, sitting on a piece of rock within the now closed circle of men. Mebálwe fired at him before I could, and the ball struck the rock on which the animal was sitting. He bit at the spot struck, as a dog does at a stick or a stone thrown at him ; then, leaping away, broke through the opening circle and escaped unhurt. The men were afraid to attack him, perhaps on account of their belief in witchcraft.

“When the circle was re-formed we saw two other lions in it ; but we were afraid to fire lest we should strike the men, and they allowed these beasts to burst through also. If the Bakatla had acted according to the custom of the country they would have speared the lions in their attempt to get out. Seeing we could not get them to kill one of the lions, we bent our footsteps towards the village ; in going round

the end of the hill, however, I saw one of the beasts sitting on a rock as before, but this time he had a little bush in front. Being about thirty yards off I took a good aim at his body through the bush, and fired both barrels into it. The men then called out, "He is shot! he is shot!" others cried out, 'He has been shot by another man, too; let us go to him!'"

"I did not see any one else shoot at him, but I saw the lion's tail erected in anger behind the bush, and, turning to the people, said, 'Stop a little till I load again.'

"When in the act of ramming down the bullets, I heard a shout. Starting and looking half round, I saw the lion just in the act of springing upon me. I was upon a little height; he caught my shoulder as he sprang, and we both came to the ground below together. Growling horribly close to my ear, he shook me as a terrier dog does a rat.

"The shock produced a stupor similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first shake of the cat. It caused a sort of dreaminess, in which there was no sense of pain or feeling of terror, though quite conscious of all that was hap-

pening.\* It was like what patients partially under the influence of chloroform describe, who see all the operation, but feel not the knife. This singular condition was not the result of any mental process. The shake annihilated fear, and allowed no sense of horror in looking round at the beast. This peculiar state is probably produced in all animals killed by the carnivora, and if so, is a merciful provision by our benevolent Creator for lessening the pain of death. Turning round to relieve myself of the weight, as he had one paw on the back of my head, I saw his eyes directed to Mebálwe, who was trying to shoot him at a distance of ten or fifteen yards. His gun, a flint one, missed fire in both barrels; the lion immediately left me, and, attacking Mebálwe, bit his thigh. Another man, whose life I had saved before after he had been tossed by a buffalo, attempted to spear the lion while he was biting Mebálwe. He left Mebálwe and caught this man by the shoulder, but at that moment the bullets he had received took effect, and he fell down dead.

\* He said once, rather mischievously, to an interrogator who asked what he felt at this critical moment, apparently diving into his confidence for religious experience, "I was wondering which part of me he would eat first."

The whole was the work of a few moments, and must have been his paroxysm of dying rage. In order to take the charm from him, the Bakatla on the following day made a huge bonfire over the carcase, which was declared to be that of the largest lion they had ever seen. Besides crunching the bone into splinters, he left eleven teeth wounds on the upper part of my arm."

His life was saved, but the crushed arm remained maimed and painful, at times, to the last. It was this mangled arm which made the identification of his body certain when his faithful servants Susi and Chumah had brought it home with such toil and peril from Africa to England.





#### IV.

##### HOME LIFE IN AFRICA, 1844-1852.

**T**HE next eight years were the only years in which David Livingstone could be said to have a home. In 1844 Dr. Moffat and his family returned to Kuruman, and there in the eldest daughter, Mary, Dr. Livingstone found the wife in whose heart he could safely trust, a missionary hero's daughter well trained to be a missionary hero's wife; "that lady," as Lord Shaftesbury said, "born with one distinguished name which she had exchanged for another;" quick-witted and capable to aid every plan and fearlessly to share every peril, with a life and spirit which made her able to be "queen of the waggon" in the trials of African travel, and a patient thrift and toil which made her content to be the "maid-of-all-work to her husband's Jack-



of-all-trades" in the missionary home, and a high sympathy in all highest purposes which won her from her husband the title of his "guardian-angel." In one of the few love-letters before his marriage, whilst hard at work building in the Mabotsa country a home for his bride, he anticipates what her help would be.

"I, poor mortal, was mute as a fish in regard to singing," but he intends to translate some of her hymns, and looks forward to her voice leading the school-children. "I had a great objection to school-keeping, but I find in that, as well as in anything else I set myself to as a matter of duty, I soon become enamoured of it."

Golden motto of his life and of all true lives ; duty steadfastly followed creating the delight which inspires it !

The missionary ideal before him when he married was to create a central station for training native agency, which alone, he was convinced, could ultimately tell on the whole country ; a station to be the head-quarters of an army of conquest ever to be pushed farther and farther on.

It was in pursuing this object (at first he thought not adequately responded to in England) that he came more and more into collision with

the great foe of all civilization and Christianity in Africa, the exposure of which became the object of his life and the cause of his death, the African slave-trade.

But it was the steadfast endeavour during those brief years while he had an earthly home to sow the seed of the Kingdom of Christ, which revealed to him more and more the enemies which must be driven back before any fields could be kept clear for the sowing of any good seed which would be suffered to grow to harvest.

During these years they built and inhabited three successive houses in three successive stations.

The first, which he worked so hard to prepare for his bride, he relinquished with the noblest disinterestedness to another missionary, who had accused him of taking too large a portion of the Mission property, rather than make any scandal before the heathen. And by his generosity the fellow-missionary whose unjust accusations had so injured him was led to confess his own injustice and Livingstone's goodness.

Nevertheless, the loss of the house and garden, built and tilled with such loving toil, was no easy thing to Livingstone, with his keen indignation

against falsehood and unfairness; whilst the hardships involved in the move were many, and the young wife grew so thin and feeble that the native women said, "Is there no food where she has been? Has he starved her?"

Moreover, the new station to which they had been thus driven, Chonuane, proved a mistake. It was too dry for agriculture, and they had to move again to a hill forty miles off on the banks of the river Kolobeng, their last African home.

There they had to live at first in a mere hut. It took a year to build another house, and the natives who made the settlement with them had also to build their huts, and Livingstone directed them and worked with them in public works for the community, raising a dyke and digging a canal to irrigate the fields.

The Christian chief Sechele, one of Livingstone's first converts, kept faithfully with them, more and more confirmed in Christian life, and he undertook himself to build the new school. "I desire to build a house for God," he said; "you shall be at no expense whatever."

Livingstone gives a vivid picture of their daily life at Kolobeng.

"A short sketch of African housekeeping," he

writes,\* "may not prove uninteresting. The entire absence of shops led us to make everything we needed from the raw materials. You want bricks to build a house, and must forthwith proceed to the field, cut down a tree, and saw it into planks to make the brick-moulds ; the materials for doors and windows, too, are standing in the forest ; and, if you want to be respected by the natives, a house of decent dimensions, costing an immense amount of manual labour, must be built. The people cannot assist you much ; for, though most willing to labour for wages, the Bakwains have a curious inability to make or put things square ; like all Bechuanas, their dwellings are made round. In the case of three large houses, erected by myself at different times, every brick and stick had to be put square by my own right hand.

" Afterwards, having got the meal ground, the wife proceeds to make it into bread ; an extempore oven is often constructed by scooping out a large hole on an ant-hill, and using a slab of stone for a door. We made our own butter, a jar serving as a churn ; and our own candles by means of moulds ; and soap was procured from

\* "Missionary Travels."

the ashes of the plant *salsola*, or from wood ashes. There is not much hardship in being almost entirely dependent on ourselves; there is something of the feeling which must have animated Alexander Selkirk on seeing conveniences springing up before him from his own ingenuity; and married life is all the sweeter when so many comforts emanate directly from the thrifty, striving housewife's hands.

"To some it may appear quite a romantic mode of life; it is one of active benevolence, such as the good may enjoy at home. Take a simple day as a sample of the whole.

"We rose early because, however hot the day may have been, the evening, night, and morning at Kolobeng were deliciously refreshing; cool is not the word, where there is neither an increase of cold nor heat to desire. and where you can sit out till midnight with no fear of coughs or rheumatism.

"After family worship [there were little children of their own by this time brightening the home] between six and seven, we went to keep school for all who would attend, men, women, and children being all invited. School

over at eleven o'clock, while the missionary's wife was occupied in domestic matters, the missionary himself had some manual labour, as a smith, carpenter, or gardener, according to whatever was needed for ourselves or for the people ; if for the latter, they worked for us in the garden, or at some other employment ; skilled labour was thus exchanged for unskilled.

After dinner and an hour's rest, the wife attended her infant-school, which the young, who were left by their parents entirely to their own caprice, liked amazingly, and generally mustered a hundred strong ; or she varied that with a sewing-school, having classes of girls to learn the art. This, too, was equally relished. During the day every operation must be superintended, and both husband and wife must labour until the sun declines.

"After sunset, the husband went into the town to converse with any willing to do so ; sometimes on general subjects, at other times on religion.

"On three nights of the week, as soon as the milking of the cows was over and it was dark, we had a public religious service and one of

instruction on secular subjects, aided by pictures and specimens.

“ These services were diversified by attending on the sick, and prescribing for them, giving food, and otherwise assisting the poor and wretched. We tried to gain their affection by attending to the wants of the body.

“ The smallest acts of friendship, an obliging word and civil look, are, as St. Xavier thought, no despicable part of the missionary armour. Nor ought the good opinion of the most abject to be uncared for, when politeness may secure it. Their good word in the aggregate forms a reputation which may be well employed in procuring favour for the Gospel. Show kind attention to the reckless opponents of Christianity on the bed of sickness and pain, and they never can become your personal enemies. Here, if anywhere, love begets love.”

And on Sundays there were always preachings and public services.

He mentions these daily necessary toils, which so often made them end the day too weary for any mental work, not to show how much they do, but to explain how he grieves that he cannot do more direct evangelizing work.

But these manual labours did not indeed prevent his doing mental work which to most of us would have seemed in itself enough.

"I have been hatching a grammar of the Sechuana language," he writes. "It is different in structure from any other language except the ancient Egyptian. Most of the changes are effected by means of prefixes and affixes. Attempts have been made to form grammars, but all have gone on the principle of establishing a resemblance between Sechuana, Latin, and Greek, none on the principle of analyzing the language without reference to any others. This analysis renders the whole language very simple; and I believe the principle extends to most of the languages between this and Egypt. Will you examine catalogues to find whether there is any dictionary of ancient Egyptian within my means, so that I might purchase and compare?" Out of his narrow income he would gladly give £2 or £3.

These daily toils were varied by perilous medical excursions.

For instance; a black rhinoceros had frightfully wounded the driver of a waggon. A



messenger ran ten miles to fetch Dr. Livingstone. It was dusk when he arrived ; but, in spite of the remonstrances of his friends, the Doctor at once set off to ride through the forest, at night, exposed to all the wild beasts, and finding, after all, that the wounded waggoner was dead, and the waggon gone, he had no alternative but to ride back the same perilous way again.

Another time he relinquished some scientific investigations of much importance, in a place he had reached with toil and difficulty, to accompany, through a country infested with lions, a brother missionary who had heard suddenly of the illness of his child, and give medical advice. The habit of surrendering the most cherished plans of his strong and steadfast will to attend to what he felt the Divine call of any human need, remained with him from first to last. His will was a Niagara of force ; but it could be turned aside to spare an infant's life, or to irrigate a poor man's field ; and then rush back unbroken to its aim.

Of one thing only in those brief days of home-life—"though conscious of many imperfections," he afterwards wrote, "it cost me a

pang of regret that I did not feel it my duty, while spending all my energies in teaching the heathen, to devote a special portion of my time to playing with my children. But, generally, I was so much exhausted with the mental and manual labour of the day that in the evening there was no fun left in me. I did not play with my little ones while I had them, and they soon sprang up in my absences, and left me conscious that I had none to play with."

These were the years of his comparatively settled preaching and pastoral work.

His father-in-law, the veteran missionary Dr. Moffat, wrote that his native sermons were most effective, simple, pointed, and telling.

His chief topics were the Fatherhood of God, the love of Christ, the Resurrection and the Last Judgment, and holiness of life.

He had no illusions as to his audience. "We preach to men," he writes, "who do not know but that they are beasts, who have no idea of God as a personal agent, or of sin except as an offence against each other," an agnosticism of the most primitive kind.

To his father he writes: "For a long time I felt depressed after preaching the unsearchable

riches of Christ to apparently insensible hearts ; but now I like to dwell on the love of the Great Mediator, for it always warms my own heart, and I know that the Gospel is the power of God, the great means which He employs for the regeneration of a ruined world."

But all the time he was drawing nearer through his quiet daily work, through his exploring or medical or missionary journeys, to the great cancer which was eating out the life of Africa, "the open sore of the world," which it became the primary end of his life to lay bare.

The Dragon in conflict with which the three heroes, Livingstone, Pattison, and Gordon, fell was essentially the same, the enslaving of the weaker races by the stronger.

And to this end friends and enemies, success and failure, helps and hindrances, were all leading the great missionary explorer.

It was found that Kolobeng, with the whole region around, was not the best centre for a mission-station. There was too much drought. The river Kolobeng itself, which was the life of the settlement, dried up. New ground had to be sought. At first it was looked for on the

East; but on that side they were stopped by the Transvaal Boers, who were determined not to be hindered in their possession of that "unpaid compulsory native labour" which England and the missionaries called slavery. Then began his conflict with the Boers.

The next outlet to be sought, therefore, was towards the North, in or beyond the great unexplored region marked till then as "a great sandy plateau."

Rumours had reached Kolobeng of a great chief called Sebituane ruling the Makololo, the tribes in the North. Sechele, the Christian chief, had a great desire to see this chief, Sebituane, who had saved his life when a child. And Sebituane, it was reported, had been longing for years to see and learn of the new wonderful white men.

This great sandy plateau, then, was not, at all events, a desert without a shore. Across it came a voice crying out of the wilderness, "Come and help us."

Twice Livingstone penetrated hundreds of miles through jungle and desert to reach that voice, to find Sebituane and his people.

The first time he discovered Lake Ngami,

and the rivers Zouga and Tananak'le, for which discovery the twenty-five guineas Royal Prize of the Geographical Society was awarded him.

His own joy in the discovery was enthusiastic. Reaching the junction of the rivers Zouga and Tananak'le, he inquired whence these rivers came. The reply of the natives was :—

“From a country full of rivers, so many no one could tell their number, and full of large trees.”

“My emotion on hearing this,” he writes, “might subject me to the charge of enthusiasm, a charge which I wish I deserved, since nothing great or good has ever been accomplished without it.”

But the chief who had guided them so far refused to guide them farther towards Sebituane, fearing to increase the power of a rival by introducing him to the Europeans, so that they had to relinquish the expedition for the time, and return.

But the next year he, according to his motto, “tried again,” this time with his brave wife and family. And his children “paidled” in

the Lake Ngami. But again they were driven back, this time by fever.

The effect of defeat on Livingstone was simply to widen his purposes, and set him on better means of accomplishing them.

From the mere establishment of one missionary station in a healthy region his thoughts now expanded into a determination to discover a land with a navigable river connecting it with the sea, on the East or West, to be a highway for commerce and Christianity.

"The Bechuana Mission," he writes, "was carried on in a *cul de sac*. We tried to burst through on the East, but the Boers shut up that field. When we burst through on the North, it became plain that there could be no success unless we could find a passage through to the sea. The northernmost station in the Cape Mission, Dr. Moffat's at Kuruman, was 870 miles from Lake Ngami. We must find a passage to the sea on the East or West Coast."

Once again, therefore, in April 1851, the missionary family, with their generous friend, Mr. Oswell, set off in waggons for Sebituane's country, father and mother and little children. They knew well the peril they were encoun-

tering. "It is a great venture," he wrote to his sister. "Fever may cut us all off. I feel much when I think of the children dying. But who will go if we don't? Not one. I would venture everything for Christ. Pity I have so little to give. But He will accept us, for HE is a good Master. Never one like Him. He can sympathize. May He forgive and purify and bless us." They cut their way through untrodden forests, where Mr. Oswell had a narrow escape from an infuriated lioness. They had fearful days of drought in crossing the desert beyond the river Zouga. "For three days not an insect nor a bird broke the stillness. Then a bird chirped on a bush, and the dog began to bark. The servant had wasted their precious store of water, and the little children were parched and grew fevered with thirst. Not a syllable of upbraiding from their mother, though the tearful eyes showed the agony within. On the fifth day, to our inexpressible relief, some one returned with water. That peril was passed."

The fame of Sebituane grew louder and clearer as they drew nearer. "Unquestionably the greatest man in all that country, a great warrior, a great prince, a great man, who won

the hearts of his own people and of strangers, who would sit down with a company of poor men who came to visit his town, talk freely with them and give them some choice feast such as they had never tasted." "He has a heart! he is wise!" all said. And the desire of his heart for years had been to see the white men.

At length these two large-hearted men, the Scottish missionary and the black chieftain, met.

Sebituane welcomed Livingstone most cordially, and trusted him at once.

The writer can never forget the emotion with which Dr. Livingstone spoke of that meeting.

No time was lost in bringing to the chieftain the good tidings of great joy, as far as this was possible. On the first Sunday, Dr. Livingstone held a service, and Sebituane was present.

For the first and last time he heard the message of the King and Saviour of men. Immediately afterwards, he was seized with inflammation of the lungs, and in a fortnight he died.

Dr. Livingstone was allowed to visit the chief on his death-bed, and, seeing that he was dying, he began to say a few words about hope beyond death. But he was checked by an attendant for venturing to speak of death in the presence of the chief, and could



only commend the departing spirit, silently, to God.

But the last words of the dying chief were Christ-like words of generous kindness for the white stranger and his child.

“Take the boy to Maunku” (one of his wives), he said, “and give him some milk.”

More Christ-like dying words were surely seldom spoken. For they meant that to the last he was caring, not for himself, but for the stranger. He was setting the stranger and his children at his own table, that, if any suspicion fell on them, they might be sacred as his guests, guarded by his dying command.

“Poor Sebituane,” Livingstone writes, “my heart bleeds for thee. What would I not do for thee now! I will weep for thee to the day of my death. Little didst thou think, when in the visit of the white man thou sawest the desires of years accomplished, that the sentence of death had gone forth. But I know thou wilt receive no injustice where thou art gone. Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right? I leave thee to Him.”

By the death of Sebituane, once more Livingstone's schemes were shattered, but, being schemes of Christian faith and love, only

shattered as the husk is shattered by the expanding seed.

On account of his wife's health he had to return to her father's at Kuruman, and thence to Cape Town.

During their absence, the Boers made a raid on the station at Kolobeng. They went to church on Sunday in the little town, and on Monday began firing on it, and set fire to it. The natives made a brave defence, but the Boers plundered or burnt the corn-stores of three tribes, destroyed or took away all Dr. Livingstone's furniture, and tore up his books and journals. So his last attempt at an African home was baffled. Soon after, his wife and children went to England, and Livingstone, set free by being made destitute, devoted himself to the opening up of Africa.

"The Boers," he wrote, "are determined to shut up the interior. I am determined, with God's help, to open the country. Time will show which will be most successful, they or I. I am determined to open a path through the country or perish."

"A path for freedom," though it was by burying the spears in his own breast.



## V.

TWICE ACROSS AFRICA, 1852-1856.



IN April 1852 Mrs. Livingstone and the children sailed for England.

For four years he remained in Africa alone, doing work he could not have done unless alone.

Ten years of labour among them had only deepened his sense of human brotherhood with the Africans, his pity for their wrongs and sins, his longing to bring them into the freedom of the Kingdom of God.

He entered on the journeys of those years with a full knowledge of their perils.

"Am I on my way to die in Sebituane's country?" he writes in his journal. "Have I seen the last of my wife and children? Breaking up my connection with this fair world, and knowing so little of it? I am only learning the alphabet of it yet.

“Following Him who entered in before me into the cloud, the veil, the Hades, is a serious prospect. Do we begin again, in our new existence, to learn much by experience, or have we full powers ?

“I think much of my poor children. I am spared in health, while all the company have been attacked by fever.

“If God has accepted my service, then my life is charmed until my work is done. And though I pass through many dangers unscathed while working the work given me to do, when that is finished, some simple thing will give me my quietus.

“Death is a glorious event to one going to Jesus. Whither does the soul wing its way ? What does it see first ? There is something sublime in going into the second stage of our immortal lives, if washed from our sins.”

Again : “I will place no value on anything I have, or may possess, except in relation to the Kingdom of Christ. If anything will advance the interests of that Kingdom, it shall be given away, or kept, only as by giving or keeping it I shall most promote the glory of Him to whom

I owe all my hopes in time and in eternity. May grace be given me to adhere to this."

And surely it was given. Most literally did he adhere to this purpose through all the weariness and dangers of African travel, as afterwards in England, when he gave the whole of many thousand pounds made by his book—except a portion for the education of his children—to carry out the purpose of opening and saving Africa.

His detention, alone, in the Barotsa country at the beginning of these explorations gave him a deeper horror than ever of heathenism as "unconceivably vile," "the destruction of children, the drudgery of the aged, the atrocious murders," but of the heathen people never horror, only an ever-deepening pity.

"They boast much," he wrote, "but never visit anywhere save to plunder and oppress; yet all, from the least to the greatest, call me father and lord, and bestow food, without any recompense, out of pure kindness. They need a healer. May God give me to be such to them."

Every Sunday he preached to them of the love of God; and whenever he found any willing

to learn, however tired himself, he was always ready to teach the alphabet, or the simplest elements of knowledge.

On the 11th of March 1853 he started on his journey to the East Coast.

Alone, with no European companion, with scarcely any property wherewith to purchase the good-will of the chiefs, with no Government authority to back him up, he accomplished that transit through an unknown land. He reached St. Paul de Loanda, on the East Coast, ragged and destitute, and almost a skeleton. But all the way he never failed to take the accurate astronomical observations which made his journeys geographical discoveries ; he attended to his person and dress with scrupulous cleanliness, "remembering his mother's lessons in childhood," and determined to teach the natives practically what Christian civilization means ; he kept his journal with exquisite neatness, the neat volume with lock and key ; his heart always open to sympathize with the sufferings of oppressed men or hunted beasts ; his eyes always open to any fact of the physical world, from the great geological fact of the slow drying-up of the interior of the continent, to the

small microscopic fact of the building of little thimble-shaped houses of refuge by a tribe of wise ants on tall reed-stalks above the level of a threatened inundation.

And all the time it was no easy leisure which gave him this freedom to attend to little things. Every faculty, to its minutest fibre, was kept in fullest activity by the intensity of the great purpose which inspired him.

This flashes through the quiet pages of his journal.

"September 25th, Sunday.—A quiet audience to-day. The seed being sown; the least of all seeds now, but it will grow to a mighty tree. 'He that believeth shall not make haste.' Surely, if God can bear with hardened sinners for thirty, forty, fifty years, waiting to be gracious, we may take it for granted this is the best way. To become irritated with stubbornness and hardness is ungodlike."

"October 13th.—Missionaries ought to cultivate a taste for the beautiful. We are necessarily compelled to contemplate much moral impurity and degradation. We are so often doomed to disappointment, we are apt to become callous or melancholy, or, if preserved from these, the

strain on the sensibilities is apt to injure the bodily health. On this account it seems necessary to cultivate that feeling for the gratification of which God has made such universal provision.

“See the green earth and the blue sky, the lofty mountain and the verdant valley, the glorious orbs of day and night in the starry canopy, the graceful flowers so exquisite in form and so perfect in colouring. The sciences exhibit such wonderful intelligence and design. The various forms of animated life present, to him whose heart is at peace with God through the blood of His Son, an indescribable charm. He sees in the calm beauties of nature such abundant provision for the welfare of humanity and of all animated existence. There appears, in the quiet repose of earth’s scenery, the benignant smile of a Father’s love; we may feel we are leaning on His breast while living in a world clothed in beauty. We must feel there is a Governor among the nations, who will bring all His plans with respect to our human family to a glorious consummation. He who stays his mind on an ever-present, ever-energetic God will not fret himself because of evil-doers. ‘He that believeth shall not make haste.’”



Repose came into his heart through watching the slow processes of the stars, and of the growth of all natural things.

Besides his journals, his heart is revealed, on another side, in tender letters to his wife and his four little children. "I would like to see you much more than to write to you; but we are far from each other, very far. Jesus is ever near, and He is so good and kind. When He was on earth, those who heard Him speak said, 'Never man spake like this Man.' And we now say, 'Never did man love like this Man.'

"You see little baby Zouga is carried on Mamma's bosom. You are taken care of by Jesus with as much care as Mamma takes of Zouga. It is very bad to sin, to do or speak angry or naughty things before Him. Would you like to serve Him? Well, you must learn now. But you must play, too, to make your bodies strong."

He could have gone from Linyanti, his starting-point to St. Paul de Loanda on the West Coast, by an easier route, if he would have accepted the escort of a friendly Portuguese who was mixed up with the slave-trade; but he felt it essential to proclaim every-

where the hostility of English Christians to that traffic.

His course lay by the river Zambesi to its junction with the Leeba, and along the Leeba until, leaving the river, he struck across the country on ox-back, first to the North-North-West, and then to the West, until he reached St. Paul de Loanda.

The only European, with scarcely any money to propitiate the natives or to pay his own followers, he accomplished the journey through unknown, often fierce, heathen tribes, never fighting, and not able to bribe, by the mere force of his character ; preaching Christianity by word and life as he went.

To his great joy he was able to inaugurate his journey with an act of emancipation, inducing a trader to liberate eighteen slaves by the mere power of persuasion.

Everywhere he came across traces of the dreadful traffic, and everywhere he found proof of how it degraded as well as ruined the people. Some of his own native followers saw for the first time gangs of captured slaves driven along in chains.

Strange contrasts of native character came

before him, terrible and touching ; cowards and braggarts many of them were, yet to him often helpful and generous. They would kill one another for an offending word, yet were capable of the most tender and steadfast affection. In one village, where the little daughter of the headman had perished in the flames of a burning hut, the father moved all the huts to concentrate them around the spot where his little child had died, so passionately clinging to what reminded him of his dead. The chiefs not seldom treated Livingstone with true generosity ; and his own followers, feeble and timid as many of them were, sprang into a river fearlessly, twenty at a time, to rescue him when he fell into it from his ox.

The depth of the ruin only revealed to him the height of what had been ruined. In the midst of these savage tribes he writes :

“ We work for a glorious future which we are not destined to see, the golden age that has not been, but yet will be. We are only morning stars shining in the dark, but the glorious morning will break. The present mission-stations will be broken up, whether by French soldiery as in Tahiti, or by Boers as in South

Africa. Our duty is onward, onward. Many missions in old times seemed bad failures. Noah thought his a failure; Isaiah, his; Jeremiah is sitting weeping over his people; Ezekiel's rebellious crew are no better; Paul said, 'all seek their own;' yet the cause of God is still carried on to more developments of His will and character."

At last the West Coast was reached. The Portuguese colonists welcomed the ragged, worn-out stranger with acts of kindness he could never forget, though he reluctantly learned afterwards to distrust them more and more as hopelessly involved in the slave-trade. The luxury of sleeping again on a bed after those months of hardship was something to be recorded.

Mr. Gabriel, English Commissioner at Loanda for the suppression of the slave-trade, spoke with enthusiasm of his Christian character and unwearied solicitude to spread the religion of Christ.

He might have gone home at once in an English ship then on the coast; but he never hesitated as to his duty of taking the poor black escort back that weary and perilous journey of

months across the continent to their homes. It so happened that the ship in which he refused a passage went down on her homeward voyage.

His return journey was even more difficult and dangerous than the first. To add to the difficulties, he had a terrible attack of rheumatic fever. On the way his men spent on mere food all the little fortunes they had earned by hard work at Loanda. But they continued as devoted to him as ever.

Gradually his geographical as well as his missionary views were clearing and widening.

The outlet for the legitimate trade in the products of the country—ivory, cotton, sugar, or oils—by which he hoped to expel the slave-trade, must, he began to feel sure, be the river Zambesi, on the East, not on the West Coast. And he was confirmed in his belief that there was a high central basin which had once been a lake, or a series of lakes, with hilly shores, which had gradually been drying up by the escape of the waters through gigantic fissures. The wonderful *Victoria Falls*, on the Zambesi, which he discovered, rushed through one of these fissures.

On the hilly shores of this dried-up inland lake he was bent on finding sites for mission-stations and colonies; in those rivers he saw highways for civilizing commerce.

The most despondent entry in his journal, and at the same time the most remarkable for the victory of faith over despondency, is made when a hostile chief threatened them at the junction of the rivers Loangwa and Zambesi, just when he believed he was on the eve of discovering the region for the site of the new station and the Christian colony he hoped to plant there.

“O Jesus,” he writes in his journal, “grant me resignation to Thy will. But wilt Thou permit me to plead for Africa? The cause is Thine! What an impulse will be given to the idea that Africa is not open if I perish now.” (His own death, in his own sight, but an unfortunate incident hindering his great world purpose!) “It seems a pity that these healthy longitudinal ridges should not be known.” “Much turmoil of spirit in view of having all my plans for the entrance on this great region knocked on the head by savages to-morrow. But ‘go ye, and teach all nations, and, lo, I am with you alway,

even to the end of the world.' It is the word of a Gentleman of the most sacred and strictest honour, and there's an end on't. I will not cross furtively, as I intended, to-night. It would appear as a flight; and should such a man as I flee? Nay, verily; I shall take observations for longitude and latitude to-night, though they may be the last. I feel quite calm now, thank God."

And in the face of hostile natives all around, he succeeded in crossing the river, not furtively, on the morrow.

And so, at last, the great feat was accomplished. He had crossed Africa and had re-crossed it, from St. Paul de Loanda to the mouth of the Zambesi, without killing one enemy, or abandoning the feeblest of his followers.

"This journey" (Dr. Blaikie says, in his most interesting biography) "had transformed him from a missionary labourer into a missionary statesman."

He appreciated the policy of some of the Jesuit missions in making the stations self-sustaining, and he began to entertain large views of colonization—true colonization—which

should spring, he wrote, "not from the despair of the people, but from its highest hopes and loftiest duty—colonies, not of its feeble and out-cast, but of its strongest and best.'

His own words in his "Missionary Travels" give the summary of his course.

"If the reader remembers the way in which I was led, while teaching the Bakwains, to commence exploration, he will, I think, recognize the hand of Providence. Anterior to that, when Mr. Moffat began to give the Bible—the Magna Charta of all the rights and privileges of modern civilization—to the Bechuanas, Sebituane went north, and spread the language into which he was translating the sacred oracles in a new region larger than France. Sebituane at the same time rooted out hordes of bloody savages among whom no white man could have gone without leaving his skull to ornament some village. He opened the way for me—let us hope also for the Bible.

"Then, again, when I was labouring at Kolobeng, seeing only a small arc of the circle of Providence, I could not understand it, and felt inclined to ascribe our successive and prolonged droughts to the Wicked One. But when forced by these,



and by the Boers, to become explorer and open up a new country in the North, rather than set my face southward, where missionaries are not needed, the gracious Spirit of God influenced the minds of the heathen to regard me with favour, the Divine hand is again perceived.

“And, again, when enabled to reach Loanda, the resolution to do my duty by going back to Linyanti (with the native followers) probably saved me from the fate of my papers in the *Forerunner*. And then, last of all, this new country is partially opened to the sympathies of Christendom, and I find that Sechele” (the Christian chief) “himself has, though unbidden by man, been teaching his own people. In fact, he has been doing all that I was prevented from doing, and I have been employed in exploring, a work I had no previous intention of performing. I think that I see the operations of an Unseen Hand in all this, and I humbly hope that it will guide me to do good in my day and generation to Africa.

“I propose to spend some more years of labour, and shall be thankful if I see the system fairly begun in an open pathway which will eventually benefit both Africa and England.”

"I feel most thankful to God who has preserved my life. It does not look as if I had reached the goal. Viewed in relation to my calling, *the geographical feat is only the beginning of the enterprise.*"





## VI.

FIRST RETURN TO ENGLAND, DECEMBER 1856-MARCH 1858.



R. LIVINGSTONE reached England on the 9th of December 1856.

For eighteen months there was a pause and holiday in his toils and journeys, though a holiday that in most other lives would look like a time of hard work.

In that year and a half he travelled over England and Scotland, giving information about his African explorations, and wrote a large book of travels which he himself regarded as far more difficult and toilsome work than the travels themselves.

To others, his receptions in city after city by enthusiastic meetings of welcome might seem like a triumphal progress; to him, they were but fresh campaigns for dark and oppressed Africa fought on other ground. Those who knew him, knew it could not be otherwise.

Dr. Moffat wrote to him :

" Your explorations have created universal interest. That man must be made of bend-leather who can remain unmoved at the recital of even a tithe of your daring enterprises. The honours awaiting you at home would be enough to make a score of light heads dizzy, but I have no fear of their affecting you.\* You have exposed your life a thousand times. You have succeeded beyond the most sanguine expectations in laying open a world of immortal beings, all needing the Gospel."

The devoted missionary father and son-in-law understood each other, and the wife also understood, whose heart had so often been all but overwhelmed with anxiety. She welcomed him with her "hundred thousand welcomes" at Southampton. And among the earliest to comprehend him, and to welcome him in public, was Lord Shaftesbury, himself so long the unwearied champion of the weak and oppressed. He gracefully included the husband and wife in his congratulations at the reception given by the London Missionary Society in Freemasons' Hall.

"What better can we do," he said, "at this

\* "The secret ballast," Dr. Livingstone wrote, "is often applied by a kind hand above, when to outsiders we appear to be sailing gloriously with the wind."

season [Christmas] than to welcome such a man to the shores of our country, a man whose life and labours have been in humble and hearty and willing obedience to the angels' song, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill towards men'?" And he concluded with an allusion to Mrs. Livingstone: "That lady was born with one distinguished name, which she exchanged for another. She was born a Moffat, and she became a Livingstone. She cheered the early part of our friend's career by her spirit, her counsel, and her society. Afterwards, when she reached this country, she passed many years with her children in solitude and anxiety, suffering the greatest fears for the welfare of her husband, and yet enduring all with patience and resignation, and even joy, because she had surrendered her own best feelings and sacrificed her own private interests to the advancement of civilization and the great interests of Christianity."

Yet the welcome was indeed a triumph, the whole country in every section of Church and State thronging to honour him as discoverer, philanthropist, missionary. In Regent Street he was mobbed by an enthusiastic crowd. In

the churches or chapels on Sunday he had difficulty in shrinking into some quiet corner to be unobserved.

The first meeting to welcome him was on the 15th of October, at the Royal Geographical Society. There it was said, when he was presented with the medal, "how he surpassed the great Jesuit missionary travellers Huc and Gabet, and had determined by patient astronomical observations the position of hills, rivers, and lakes previously unknown, had seized every opportunity of describing the physical structure, geology, and climate of the country he traversed, had ascertained that the interior of Africa was a plateau intersected by lakes and rivers, the waters of which escaped to the East and West by deep rents in the flanking hills; and, better even than all, he had proved his fidelity at all cost to his poor native followers in repeating his exhausting journey to take them back across the continent to their homes."

On the 5th of January a general meeting was held at the Mansion House, presided over by the Bishop of London, to arrange about presenting him with a testimonial.

In Manchester the Chamber of Commerce

gave him a cordial welcome, questioning him as to the possibilities of introducing the trade from which he hoped so much.

In Glasgow the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons gave him the rare distinction of making him an honorary fellow. And the Cotton-spinners' Association had a meeting in honour of their old associate. The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge gave him a great reception, Oxford conferring on him an honorary degree of D.C.L., and Cambridge in the Senate-house (Professor Sidgwick writes) giving him "as warm a greeting as in a long life he had ever seen given either to military heroes in the old Napoleon wars or to the Sovereign's Consort." "He stood before us, a plain, single-minded man, somewhat attenuated by years of toil, and with a face tinged by the sun of Africa, and there arose in our hearts a fervent hope that the hand of God would enable him to carry out his work of Christian love."

London, Edinburgh, and Glasgow presented him with the freedom of the city. The highest social circles were open to him. The Prince Consort, and later the Queen, granted him a private interview.

The echo of his fame reached Cape Town, where, a few years before, he had met such distrust and coldness, and to the joy of his friends there, especially of Sir Thomas MacLear, the Astronomer-Royal, an enthusiastic meeting was held there in his honour.

To all these greetings Dr. Livingstone gave answers characteristic of himself and his purposes, and full of sympathetic responsiveness.

To the scientific men at the Royal Geographical Society he said "others" (whom he named), "could have done all he had done ; he was only buckling on his armour ; his enterprise would never be complete till the slave-trade was abolished."

At Manchester he spoke of many new kinds of fruit, of oils never before heard of, of precious dyes kept secret by the natives, of fibrous plants for making paper, of sheep with fine hair instead of wool, of sugar and wheat and cotton and iron, persuading the Chamber of Commerce to a cordial resolution commending his projects to the aid of Government.

To the corporation of Glasgow he spoke of the "protection" of trade as a remnant of the "isolating principles of heathenism."



To the Glasgow Faculty of Medicine he said he hoped his sons might follow the same noble profession, and added : " In the country to which I went I endeavoured to follow the footsteps of our Lord and Master. Our Saviour was a Physician. The nearest approach we could make to this was to become acquainted with medical science, and to endeavour to heal the diseases of men."

To the Associated Cotton-spinners, his old "mates," his reply was among the most interesting of all.

He congratulated himself on his own "Spartan training at the Blantyre mill, which had really been the foundation of all he had done. The life of toil was what belonged to the great majority of the race. The Saviour accepted the humble position He and they had been born in." "The great object," he said, "was to be like Him. In Africa I have had hard work. I do not know that any one in Africa despises a man that works hard. I find all eminent men work hard; geologists, mineralogists, all men of science that attain eminence, work hard, and that both early and late. And that is just what we did."

“There’s one thing in cotton-spinning I always felt to be a privilege. We were cooped up through the whole day, but when we got out to the green fields, and could wander through the shady woods and roam about the whole country, we enjoyed it immensely. We were delighted with the flowers and the beautiful scenery. We were prepared to admire.”

He entreated masters and men to trust each other more.

And, aware of one especial temptation of those he called “his own order,” he anticipated the “Temperance Coffee-house” movement of thirty years later, proposing to give the thirty guineas offered him for a lecture (he never lectured for money) to fit up a coffee-room on the plan of the French *cafés*, “where men might talk and laugh, and read papers.”

At rich men’s dinner-tables he had always a generous word of defence if men of a lower class were spoken unfairly of. Once at a dinner-party every one was running down London tradesmen, when Dr. Livingstone quietly remarked that, though he was a stranger in London, he knew of one tradesman of whose honesty he was thoroughly convinced, and if there was one

in his little circle, surely there must be many others.

At the other end of the social pyramid, in the private interview granted him by Her Majesty, he said "he would now be able to say to the natives, he had seen his chief. They were in the habit of asking whether his chief was wealthy, and when he told them she was very wealthy, they would ask him how many cows she had," a reply which moved Her Majesty to that hearty genial laughter which he always valued so much as a great human link between men and children, poor and rich, black and white.

But nowhere were his whole heart and mind more called out, nowhere did he speak nobler and more memorable words, than when addressing the young men at Cambridge.

"I look back on my visit to Cambridge," he wrote, "as one of the most pleasant episodes of my life. I shall always look back with feelings of delight to the short intercourse I enjoyed with such noble Christian men as Sidgwick, Whewell, Selwyn, &c. It is something inspiring to remember that the eyes of such men are on one's course."

The Vice-Chancellor presided at the meeting in the Senate-house. Dr. Livingstone's address consisted of "facts relating to Africa and its people, their habits and religious belief, with some notices of his travels, and an emphatic statement of his great object, to promote civilizing commerce and Christianity in the country he had opened."

He ended with an earnest appeal for missionaries, which proved seed for future sowings and reapings, and also a memorable tidemark to show how the tide of missionary service has swept on since then.

"It is deplorable," he said, "to think that one of the noblest of our missionary societies, the Church Missionary, is compelled to send to Germany for missionaries. Let this stain be wiped off. The men who are wanted are men of education, standing, enterprise, zeal, and piety. I hope that some to whom I am speaking will embrace that honourable service. Education has been given us to bring to the benighted the knowledge of a Saviour."

And he ended with the golden words: "For my own part, I have never ceased to rejoice that God has appointed me to such an office.

People talk of the sacrifice I have made in spending so much of my life in Africa. Can that be called a sacrifice which is simply paid back as part of a great debt owing to our God which we can never repay? Is that a sacrifice which brings its own blest reward in healthful activity, the consciousness of doing good, peace of mind, and a bright hope of a glorious destiny hereafter? Away with the word in such a view and with such a thought! It is emphatically no sacrifice. Say, rather, it is a privilege.

“Anxiety, sickness, or suffering or danger, now and then, with a foregoing of the common conveniences and charities of this life, may make us pause, and cause the spirit to waver and the soul to sink; but let this be only for a moment. All these are nothing compared to the glory which shall hereafter be revealed in and for us.

“I never made a sacrifice. Of this we ought not to talk when we remember the great sacrifice which He made who left His Father’s throne on high to give Himself for us; ‘who being the brightness of His Father’s glory and the express image of His person, and upholding all things by the word of His power, when He

had by Himself purged our sins, sate down on the right hand of the Majesty on high.'

"I beg to direct your attention to Africa. I know that in a few years I shall be cut off in that country, which is now open; do not let it be shut again! I go back to Africa to try to make an open path for commerce and Christianity; do you carry out the work which I have begun. *I leave it with you.*"

In Edinburgh also, though his addresses there were given late in his sojourn at home, when he was much worn out, the impression they made was never effaced, and seed of future African missions was sown.

Much as he cared for sympathy as an encouragement and a means of influence for the cause he served, these journeys and public speakings and "lionizings" were in many respects most fatiguing and uncongenial to him. And the writing of his "Missionary Travels" cost him much labour during the whole of his one summer at home.

Writing was a great drudgery to him. Sedentary life tried his health. He thought very meanly of his own style, and wished he could have rendered due honour to his great subject by

“eloquence like that of the *Edinburgh Review*”—an ambition which, happily, he had no leisure to satisfy. He was obliged to hurry on in his own plain idiomatic English, always avoiding exaggeration, and careful as to strictest accuracy. But the toil of selecting and arranging from his voluminous journals was great, and he used to say he would rather cross Africa again than write another book about it; and the effort it cost him increased, probably unduly, his respect for authors as such.

The book had a great success, tempered by unsympathetic criticisms from those who wished it to have been more exclusively occupied with direct religious work. To these his own answer is best.

“I have laboured,” he writes, “in bricks and mortar, at the forge and the carpenter’s bench, as well as in preaching and individual speaking. I feel I am not my own. I feel I am serving God when shooting a buffalo for my men, or when taking an astronomical observation. But, knowing that some do believe that opening up a new country to the sympathies of Christendom is not a proper object for the agent of a missionary society, I now refrain from taking any

salary from the Society with which I was connected."

As to money, one, at least, of the most searching tests, he was absolutely free.

This also he believed to be owing, partly, to his birth and training among the poor. "Rich men might naturally dread dying poor," he said; "he had naturally no dread of that."

The book made many thousand pounds—quite a little fortune. Half of it he at once devoted to a single object connected with the Zambesi Mission, only reserving to himself any portion as a provision for his wife and for the education of his children. "He had no wish," he said, "to found a family to live in idleness."

And later, in order to provide a missionary for his beloved Makololo Africans, among whom he had once hoped to settle himself, he mortgaged for three years the £500 a year which he received as the salary of his consulate from the Government.

His times of refreshment were his quiet visits to his widowed mother's house, or sojourns with friends who really loved him. His play-hours, which he could always enjoy



when given, were the walks and romps with his children, such as those in the Barnet Woods, when he would suddenly plunge into some ferny thicket, and set them looking for him as if in an African jungle.

He writes to Professor MacLear that they "had seen daisies, primroses, hawthorns, and robin redbreasts—were they not to be envied?"

Sir J. Risdon Bennett, with whom he stayed, writes of his visit: "It was beautiful to observe how he enjoyed the society of children, how strong was his attachment to his own, and how entirely he retained his simplicity of character. He had a keen sense of humour. He never dilated in the way of complaint on his hardships. Nor was he apt to say much, directly, on religious topics. He had unbounded confidence in the influence of Christian character. On the fatherly character of God, His never-failing goodness and mercy, and the infinite love of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the efficacy of His atoning sacrifice, he loved to dwell. If ever he was betrayed into unmeasured language, it was when referring to the atrocities of the slave-trade, which never failed to rouse his righteous indignation. His love for Africa,

and confidence in the steady dawning of brighter days was unbounded."

And another friend writes of his capability of extinguishing impertinent interrogations with perfect courtesy, whilst always ready to speak frankly to any whose desire to learn was simple and genuine, and says of his family prayers, "They were direct and simple, just like a child asking a father for what he needed."

At length arrangements were made for his return to Africa.

In February 1858 he received a formal commission, signed by Lord Clarendon, then Foreign Secretary, appointing him Her Majesty's consul at Quilimane for the Eastern Coast and independent districts in the interior, and also commander of an expedition to explore Eastern and Central Africa.

He felt Lord Clarendon's kindness deeply; among other things his writing an official letter to the chief Sekeletu, Sebituane's successor, thanking him, in the name of the Queen, for his kindness to "her servant, Dr. Livingstone," "explaining the desire of the British nation, as a commercial and Christian people, to live at peace with all and benefit all, telling him what

we thought of the slave-trade, hoping Sekeletu would keep open the Zambesi, "God's highway," as a pathway for all nations, and respectfully hinting that, "as we have derived all our greatness from the Divine Religion we received from Heaven, it will be well if you consider it carefully when any of our people talk to you about it."

Of Lord Palmerston's helpfulness and sympathy he also spoke with the deepest gratitude to the end of his life, especially for his aid in checking the slave-trade by the British squadron on the West Coast of Africa.

To the heart of the British nation Africa had indeed been revealed by his explorations and his visit home.

The *country* had been revealed as no sandy desert, but a varied country watered by large lakes and rivers, and rich in productions of all kinds for commerce.

The *people* had been revealed as (when not degraded by the slave-trade) eager for European intercourse, and capable of learning, with hearts often grateful, and brave.

And the *slave-trade* had been revealed in its diabolical horror, though much yet remained

to be made known by subsequent exploration.

At a farewell banquet of three or four hundred men of influence and ability, Ministers of various European States, bishops, noblemen, and men of science, given in his honour, he responded with his usual quietness and modesty to their enthusiastic speeches, saying "he was overwhelmed by the kindness he had experienced, that he did not expect any immediate benefit from the expedition, but was sanguine as to its ultimate results. He thought they would get in the thin end of the wedge, and that it would be driven home by English energy and spirit. For himself, with all eyes upon him, he felt an obligation to do better than he had ever done."

And then, in response to the cordial words spoken of his wife, he spoke of her as "always the main-spoke in his wheel. She is familiar with the languages of South Africa. She is able to work. She is willing to endure. She knows that a missionary's wife must be maid-of-all-work, while her husband is Jack of-all-trades; and glad I am indeed to be accompanied by my guardian angel."

And so accompanied, and with his youngest boy, they sailed for Africa on the 10th of March, well knowing at what peril, both indeed "able to work and willing to endure."

They both went in the spirit of the words he spoke in the Senate-house at Cambridge, "*I never made a sacrifice,*" with his own commentary as to what those words meant from his lips: "*I know that in a few years I shall be cut off in that country* which is now open. Do not let it be shut again. I leave it with you."





## VII.

### SECOND EXPLORATION OF AFRICA, 1862.

**I**N March 1862 Dr. and Mrs. Livingstone started for Africa, with the sympathies of the country following them, he at the head of a Government expedition. To others, it might seem a prosperous sailing forth to an easy triumph; to him, it was setting out on the second campaign of a most arduous war. What sorrow and what disappointment the next six years would bring him he could not, indeed, tell, but for whatever they brought he was ready.

The whole of the rest of his life was, indeed, not so much a climbing upwards to discover and reveal the light as a going downwards deeper and deeper into the abyss to reveal the darkness—the darkness and misery of a whole continent which could only be dispersed

by being made known. From this time up to the very last day of his life it was the laying bare of that "great open sore of the world," as he himself called it, "that foul and fetid ulcer of the slave-trade," as Sir Roderick Murchison called it, that was the work given to that great heart to do.

He did, indeed, as before, preach the name of Christ to many a tribe and community who had never heard it till then, but his own work was, he felt, more and more, chiefly that of a pioneer.

At first all seemed to promise success. The papers distributed to every member of the expedition show the spirit in which he entered on it.

"You will understand that Her Majesty's Government attach more importance to the moral influence which may be exerted on the minds of the natives by a well-regulated and orderly household of Europeans, setting an example of consistent moral conduct, treating the people with kindness and relieving their wants, teaching them to make experiments in agriculture, explaining to them the more simple arts, imparting to them religious instruction as

far as they are capable of receiving it, and inculcating peace and good-will to each other.

“The expedition is well supplied with arms and ammunition, and it will be necessary to use these in order to obtain supplies of food as well as specimens for the purposes of natural history. In many parts of the country the larger animals exist in great numbers, and, being comparatively tame, may be easily shot.

“I would earnestly press on every member of the expedition a sacred regard to life, and never to destroy it unless some good end is to be answered by its extinction; the wanton waste of animal life which I have witnessed from night-hunting, and from the ferocious but child-like abuse of the instruments of destruction in the hands of Europeans, makes me anxious that this expedition should not be guilty of similar abominations.

“It is hoped we may never have occasion to use our arms as a protection from the natives. At the same time, you are strictly enjoined to use the greatest forbearance, and, while retaining proper firmness in the event of any misunderstanding, to conciliate as far as can possibly be done with safety.



“It is unnecessary for me to enjoin the strictest justice in dealing with the natives. The chiefs of tribes and leading men of villages ought always to be treated with respect. Any present of food should be accepted frankly, as it is impolitic to allow the ancient custom of feeding strangers to fall into disuse. We come among them as members of a superior race, and servants of a Government that desires to elevate the more degraded portions of the human family. We are adherents of a benign and holy religion, and may, by consistent conduct and ever patient efforts, become the harbingers of peace to a hitherto degraded and down-trodden race. No good result is ever attained without long, patient effort. Depend upon it, a kind word or deed is never lost.”

At Sierra Leone he was cheered by the improvement of the town in temperance and health, by the success of the British squadron in repressing the slave-trade, and of the Christian mission founded under its protection.

At Cape Town they had an enthusiastic reception, the Governor, Sir George Grey, and the chief colonists uniting in a great public meeting to present him with a testimonial of 800

guineas where six years before he could scarcely get a few pounds of gunpowder and a few percussion caps for the daring enterprise which had proved him to be so deserving of all this honour.

To their great regret, Mrs. Livingstone had to be left for a time with her parents at Kuruman, and there their youngest child was born.

The expedition had to proceed, at once, to Kongone, at the mouth of the Zambesi. At Tette, on that river, he was greeted with great joy by some of his faithful followers on the Loanda journey.

"They said, 'Your Englishman will never come back,'" said these simple men, "but we trusted you, and now we shall sleep."

The next year, 1859, he explored the river Shirè and discovered Lake Nyanza.

In 1860 he went back to Sekeletu's (*i.e.*, Sebituane's) country. Here he saw glimpses of the possibility of European colonization, one of the methods by which he always hoped to save Africa.

In the Shirè valley parallel to the sea were ranges of land on three different levels, and the upper level of these he believed would be an

admirable situation for a mission-station and a Christian colony.

He found it, however, a more complicated task to manage his countrymen than to rule the natives.

Thirst, hunger, exhausting fatigue, wet and chills, fever, and his old enemy the tsetse fly, with its fatal bite, destroying the animals, were miseries which test endurance, physical and mental, to the utmost. Some members of the expedition had to resign. Those who were able to endure and keep with him were never weary, it is said, in after-years, of speaking of "his delightful qualities as a fellow-traveller, and of the sunshine he shed around him."

But during those six succeeding years everything seemed stamped with failure, or, in truer words, the very success was *in* the failure, the slow penetration and revelation of the extent and power of the evil that had to be overcome.

The steamer, the *Ma-Robert* (the African name of his wife), from which he had hoped so much, and on which he had spent so much, proved a sad deception and disappointment, entirely unfit for her work. He wrote home

to Sir Roderick Murchison that he was willing to spend all the money he had in the world, except his children's portion, in buying another.

Yet all the time, indignant as he was with the deception and the dishonest work, no bitterness came over his heart.

At one time his health had failed, but it rallied. He rejoiced in being able to bear as much fatigue as any of the natives. The Englishmen of the expedition had the toil of hunting added to that of travelling, and often the tired hunter was tempted to bring in only enough game for the Europeans, leaving the natives, so often idle and irritating, to go supperless to bed. But to this Livingstone never gave in. "It is only by continuance in well-doing," he says, "to the extent of what the worldly-wise call weakness, that the conviction is produced everywhere that our motives are high enough to secure sincere respect."

In many places he had proof of the readiness of the blacks to learn from and gather round any white men they could trust.

The great warrior chief, Mosilikatze, when he was told, by missionaries he respected, that

it was wrong to kill men, replied that he was born to kill people, but that he would desist from it.

Everywhere the English expedition was proclaimed as promoting peace, and the natives distinguished them from the Portuguese slave-traders, welcoming them in village after village, offering them hospitality and presents, so that the journey was like a royal progress.

But, terrible to think of, out of this very trust which he inspired came the greatest anguish Dr. Livingstone had to bear. The slave-traders afterwards made use of this sacred confidence which the missionary's character and deeds had won, declared themselves "children of the English," and thus enticed the simple, trusting natives to be sold into slavery, or murdered.

For the time, the first result of Dr. Livingstone's explorations was actually to open a new highway for the slave-trade, and this was naturally to him the deepest misery he could know.

The next three years—1861, 1862, and 1863—were years of continually going down into the darkness, both of his own life and of the Dark Continent.

Yet 1861 opened with a promise for Africa,

or at least that Eastern Coast, which seemed brighter than had ever been seen before.

The Universities' Mission arrived with five English missionaries, with the noble Bishop Mackenzie at the head of it. Dr. Livingstone gave them the warmest welcome. He hoped much from the unity and rule of Episcopal order ; he rejoiced to see "the great Church of England arising, and setting herself to confront the wrongs and miseries of Africa ;" and he had great faith in Bishop Mackenzie himself—his readiness to endure hardness, his devotion and goodness.

"The Bishop is like my father-in-law, Dr. Moffat, in his readiness to put his hand to anything."

But the bright prospect was soon clouded. The Portuguese slave-traders scented danger to their traffic, and grew more and more desperate in their opposition. And the region around the Lake Nyassa which he was now exploring was dyed far deeper than any Livingstone had yet seen in the horrors of the trade.

Nineteen thousand slaves were said to pass annually through the port of Zanzibar, torn from the Nyassa district alone, without counting

those who were sold at the Portuguese ports. And the numbers of those who reached the coast at all must be multiplied tenfold to represent all that were kidnapped—such untold thousands perished on the way, from wounds, fatigue, and hunger. All this was going on year by year. And beyond, again, were the burnt villages where the victims had been captured.

Day by day their hearts were torn by seeing the long rows of wretched captives driven along with their necks fixed in the fork of the heavy cleft stick, or by the wails of deserted and starving women and children as they passed through the sacked and ruined villages.

Whole districts, but lately thickly peopled, had been made a desert.

Of one place near the Lake Nyassa, Livingstone writes (in 1863) :—"Wherever we took a walk, human skeletons were to be seen in every direction, and it was painfully interesting to observe the different postures in which the poor wretches had breathed their last. A whole heap had been thrown down a slope behind a village, where the fugitives often crossed the river from the east. Many had ended their

misery under shady trees, others under projecting crags in the hills, while others lay in their huts with closed doors, which, when opened, disclosed the mouldering corpse with its poor rags, the skull fallen off the pillow, the little skeleton of the child, which had perished first, rolled up in a mat between two large skeletons. The sight of this desert, but eighteen months ago a well-peopled valley, now literally strewn with human bones, forced the conviction upon us that the destruction of life in the middle passage (to America), however great, constitutes but a small portion of the waste, and made us feel that, unless the slave-trade—that monster iniquity which has so long brooded over Africa—is put down, lawful commerce cannot be established.”

At one point they met a train of eighty-four fettered captives. The Portuguese drivers fled on the approach of the missionary party, and the liberated slaves were given into the care of the Bishop.

But the wound was deeper than could be healed by a few scattered rescues such as this.

The whole of the rest of Livingstone's life, the whole of the first brave band of the Univer-



sities' Mission, were to be sacrificed in simply laying that wound open to the eyes and heart of Europe; and surely not wasted in that sacrifice.

The opposition of the traders, formerly concealed, became open and desperate. They felt the fight had begun in earnest. For the first time throughout his travels, in 1861 Dr. Livingstone had to defend himself by firearms against a marauding party. For the first time he was robbed of his property by natives. For the trade not only ruined, it demoralized the native tribes—setting them to fight with each other, and robbing them of all sense of security for property of their own or regard for property of others.

Meantime, the numbers of Europeans with whom Dr. Livingstone had to co-operate delayed his own plans, so that opportunities were lost, and month after month was wasted in dispiriting inaction.

The year 1862 was a dark year indeed to him. The work of the Universities' Mission was, for the time, virtually ruined by the death of the Bishop and Mr. Barrup.

They had gone on an expedition to rescue

the captive husbands of some Manjanga women, and had succeeded. But, in returning down the river Rio, their canoe was upset, the medicines and cordials provided against the fever always hovering about the moist low places were lost, the terrible disease attacked them, and, on the way back from their mission, the Bishop and Mr. Barrup both died.

"The blow is quite bewildering," Dr. Livingstone writes to the Bishop of Cape Town. "The strongest men so quickly cut down, and one of them apparently indispensable to the success of the Mission. I cannot, and shall not, swerve a hand-breadth from my work while life is spared; but I trust the supporters of the Mission may not shrink back."

And, although there was a check for the time, we know they did not. But the return tide from that ebb Livingstone did not live to see.

And to him this loss which so hindered his mission was soon followed by the loss which darkened his own life.

Not long after Bishop Mackenzie's death, Mrs. Livingstone was stricken down by illness. She had returned with her children to England, but, moved by an irresistible desire to share

her husband's perils, she had come back to Africa with the Universities' Mission.

The husband and wife met on the 1st of February 1862, on the Zambesi, and returned together to Shypanga. They were together only two months. On the 21st of April she became ill. On the 27th she died, on a rude bed formed of boxes covered with a soft mattress; unconscious, but with her husband beside her utterly broken down and weeping like a child. He asked his friend Dr. Stewart, for whom he had sent, to commend her spirit to God, and with Dr. Kirk, of Zanzibar, they knelt down beside her.

In less than an hour her spirit returned to God, and in the calm of death her face showed the likeness to her heroic father, Dr. Moffat.

"It is the first heavy stroke I have suffered," Dr. Livingstone writes in his journal, all else seeming light to this. "It quite takes away my strength. I wept over her, who well deserved them, many tears. I loved her when I married; and the longer I lived with her, I loved her the more.

"Oh, my Mary! my Mary! how often we have longed for a quiet home since I and you were cast adrift at Kolobeng!

"Among her papers were found the words, 'Accept me, Lord, as I am, and make me such as Thou wouldst have me be.' He who taught the prayer would not leave His work unfinished.

"She rests by a large baobab-tree at Shypanga. The native men asked to be *allowed* to mount guard until her grave had been bricked up."

And again, on the 11th of May, "My dear Mary has been a fortnight absent from the body, present with the Lord."

"Ah! He shall come with ten thousands of His saints. Therē they are now with Him.

"'I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am, there ye may be also, to behold My glory.' They behold His glory. Moses and Elias talked of His decease which He should accomplish at Jerusalem. Then they may know what is going on here on certain occasions. They had bodily organs to hear and speak with. For the first time I feel willing to die."

Later he speaks of their merriment and bright times together, and her saying, "'I could not bear to see you not playful, and grave and sober as some I see;' and this, when I know

her prayer was always to be spared to help and comfort me in my great work. It made me feel what I have always believed the true way, to let the head grow wise, but keep the heart always young and playful."

He regrets having let her come out so soon, because unkind words spoken by some in England, implying that she was of no use to him, had moved her.

To his daughter he writes: "I feel alone in the world now. God grant I may learn the lesson He means to teach me. All she told you, she now enforces as if beckoning from heaven. A right straightforward woman was she. No crooked way was ever hers. She could act with energy and decision when required."

To his wife's mother: "A good wife and mother was she. She was much respected by all the officers of the *Gorgon*, the ship she came out in. They would do anything for her."

To their friend Lady Murchison: "It will somewhat ease my aching heart to tell you of her. At Kolobeng she managed all the household affairs by native servants of her own training, made the bread and butter, and all the clothes of the family, kept also an infant

and Sunday school, by far the most popular and best attended we ever had. It was a fine sight to see her day by day walking a quarter of a mile to the town, no matter how broiling the sun, to impart instruction to the heathen Bechuanas. Ma-Robert's name is known through all that country, and eighteen hundred miles beyond."

Before long came a most wise and tender letter from her mother to him, speaking of the happiness the husband and wife had together.

A year after he writes "This day twelve-month my beloved Mary was removed by death," and quotes the lines :

" Though you'll not see me, mother,  
I shall look upon your face."

Sad and bitter years they must have been to him those next two in Africa—the Bishop dead, his wife dead, the Universities' Mission, to his grief, removed from the continent to the island of Zanzibar, and finally his own expedition recalled by the Government at home as being too expensive and not having accomplished its end, and, worse than all, the way he had hoped to open for freedom having apparently only opened the country to the slave-trade.

"No Portuguese," he writes, "dared to come up the Shirè valley; but, after our dispelling

the fear of the natives by fair treatment, they came in, calling themselves our children."

The steamer on which he had spent half his fortune, hoping to drive the Portuguese slave-dhows from Lake Nyassa, was twice beaten back by accidents on the rapids on her way up the river Shirè to the lake. Just as he had all but succeeded and had been baffled the second time, the recall of his expedition reached him. Everything had apparently failed.

But his hope and patience stood these extreme tests. His largest hopes for the African race, for the Kingdom of God, were undimmed. His interest in every scientific detail of natural history, for its own sake and for the sake of his great civilizing purposes, was as keen as ever; his accurate astronomical observations went on; his patient gentleness to the natives was unchanged, and even his pleasure in the laughter of little children and in the beauty of hills and skies. No "pathetic fallacy"\* deluded him. The beautiful earth, the Kingdom of heaven, were not dark because a cloud had come over his own heart.

To those who were intending to withdraw the

\* *Vide* Ruskin's "Modern Painters."

Universities' Mission from Africa for a time he did indeed write :

"I see that, if you go, the last ray of hope for this wretched, down-trodden people disappears. From the bottom of my heart I entreat you to reconsider this decision."

In his lifetime the decision was not altered, though much of his best hope has been fulfilled by that and other Missions since.

But of himself he writes with unswerving purpose :

"I do not know if I am to go on the shelf or not. If so, *I make Africa my shelf.*"

After the recall of the expedition he set out on foot with one European to take a last chance of exploring Lake Nyassa. But in this also he was baffled, being bound in duty to return to the Zambesi to get the ship of the expedition out to sea while the river was still in flood. So ended the expedition begun with such enthusiastic expectations. A few geographical discoveries ; a few rescued slaves.

Yet no failure, or, if a failure, but a failure in the sense of the grand old proverb, "Failures are the pillars of success."

For it had but been a path downward into



the depth of the abyss necessary to be trodden by the feet of the heroes and martyrs before the upward path out of the abyss into the light can be begun.





## VIII.

LAST VISIT HOME AND LAST JOURNEY IN AFRICA, 1863-1866.

**H**IS return home from those years of disappointment and failure was not like his first triumphal visit. No wife to meet him, no series of civic receptions. Yet he found many appreciative and generous welcomes, some in public, more in the houses of those who, having large hearts, were helped by a great position to see from heights above the ordinary level, and many in the homes of affectionate friends. In the meeting with his children, in such homes, especially, he found much to refresh him, and his buoyant spirit gradually recovered its spring.

Many injustices and disappointments, indeed, he had to suffer. But nothing long embittered that generous heart; and what he forgave it is better, perhaps, not to record. He wrote once :

“I got two of my best friends by being evil spoken of, for they found me so different from what they had been led to expect that they befriended me more than they would otherwise have done.”

His disinterestedness as to personal aims was so absolute that, when Lord Palmerston sent an informal message to ask what he could do for him, it never even occurred to him to ask anything for himself or his children. There was one thing only which he wished Lord Palmerston to secure—free access to the Central African highlands by the Zambesi and Shirè, and free navigation of those rivers, by all nations, so as to counteract the iniquities of the slave-trade by legitimate commerce. And this, we may hope, is in these last days secured, with a large extension, from the mouth of the Congo on the East to the Zambesi on the West. But this is a larger “arc of the circle” than he lived to see.

At length, after two years' absence from the continent to whose service he had devoted his life, he went out once more with a double appointment, from the Government and the Royal Geographical Society.

He was sent out by the Government—with no

salary—as consul-general to the tribes between Abyssinia and the Portuguese settlements ; and by the Society to explore the country with a view to the discovery of the sources of the Nile.

His own purpose remained unchanged, the rescue of the native races through the destruction of the slave-trade by laying Africa open. He started in January 1865. In answer to a proposition from his steady friend Sir Roderick Murchison he said, declining some advantageous offers from those who wished him to pursue only scientific objects, “I could only feel in the way of duty by working as a missionary.”

In a public meeting, in reference to the freedmen in the United States after the great slave war, he said, “I have no fear as to the mental and moral capacity of the Africans for civilization and progress.”

Fearlessly and cheerfully he went forth to the old battle-field, still full of hope for the ultimate issue, though knowing well what the struggle meant for him, and how it would probably end.

To his boys he spoke as to those who had to be fellow-soldiers with him on the great battle-

field. His motto for them and their companions was, "Fear God and work hard."

To his daughter : "I know you hate all that is mean and false. May God make you good and to delight in doing good."

He was also kept up, no doubt, by the travelling instinct of our race. He felt a positive exhilaration when he got on the ground of his old explorations again.

"The mere animal pleasure of travelling in an unexplored country is very great," he writes ; "the sweat of the brow is no longer a curse when one works for God ; it proves a tonic to the system, and is actually a blessing." And, moreover, as a counterpoise to his toils and troubles, there was no book to write, there were no speeches to make, there were no London streets to cross. And there was no Penny Post.

For six years longer he wandered about the country around the Lake Tanganyika and the rivers Rovuma and Lualaba. His track on the map looks sadly like the straying of a lost animal, or the aimless "wanderings" he so detested the thought of. Backwards and forwards, round and round, arrested at one point by all

but mortal illness, beaten back at another by attacks of slave-traders or hostile native tribes, alone as to European help, yet dragging with him numbers of feeble and half-hearted Moslem attendants, who had to be fed, there is only one interpretation which explains those six years of apparently wasted toil and suffering, and it is his own: he "had the impression that all this long and weary detention in the Manjuema country and in all that desolated land was designed by Providence to enable him to reveal to the world the horrors of the slave-trade."

As Sir Bartle Frere said after his death, "It was not until his third and last journey, when he was no more to return among us, that the description he gave of the horrors of the slave-trade in the interior really took hold upon the mind of the people of this country, and made them determine that what used to be considered the crotchet of a few religious minds and humanitarian sort of persons should be a phase of the great work which this country had undertaken, to free the African races and to abolish, in the first place the slave-trade, and then, as we hope, slavery on land."

With this clue, the apparent waste, and

thus the worst sadness, of those years vanishes. Livingstone's aim remains always clear and steadfast as at first, and if amidst all the baffling and suffering we can indeed trace the steadfast leading of the Divine Master corresponding to the steadfast following of the faithful servant, that seemingly irregular curve becomes a "little arc" of the great circle of redemption. If this be so, he was indeed led purposely down and down, and round and round, through circle after circle of that Inferno, to reveal to others point after point of its horrors—himself a willing slave chained to that redeeming work given only to the noblest to do. And so the "cleft stick" of the captive slave is seen to be indeed the Cross of the Christ-like disciple.

Lame and foot-sore with long journeying, hungry and thirsty, dreaming of feasts with the fever-dreams of starvation, often prostrated by pneumonia, dysentery, fever, sometimes helpless with fits of insensibility, often suffering excruciating pain, "old and shaky," his cheeks fallen in, his mouth almost toothless with biting hard uncooked maize, the fine constitution ruined at fifty-seven, an object of compassion to some of the more humane of the

slave-traders he was endeavouring to defeat, he suffered all this willingly day by day, and year by year, that the terrible sights he saw might be written on the heart of England in his blood.

With this interpretation, the broken wavering lines of the track of those terrible last six years become like the scientific military lines of approach to a great besieged fortress. Every one of those apparently baffled attempts has its definite purpose; every one of those weary misguided steps is the laying bare of an enchanted forest which has to be penetrated and cleared. It was, in literal truth, a continual descent, circle after circle, into that hell of torture and horror which, like Dante, he was to explore—but not to return from it to the light of our common day any more.

If, moreover, we may venture, through the traces of his own last journals, to track the hidden steps of his spiritual life, and if we see, all through, that Divine and perfect human likeness which was his example and inspiration more and more approached, the story of his wanderings and sufferings does indeed become a parable of instruction for us all through the



tangled jungles, the droughts, and the conflicts of our own life.

The very mistakes add to the pathos, and perhaps deepen the teaching, showing how God can make our confusions work into His higher order, and teach us His lessons through our imperfect translations.

While he was wearing out his strength as the messenger of the Geographical Society, loyally endeavouring to discover the sources of the Nile where no Nile was—a discovery chiefly “valuable in his eyes as enabling him to open his mouth against slavery”—he was fulfilling his supreme though not his immediate purpose, and indeed “joining,” as he wrote, “this poor little helping hand in the enormous revolution that in God’s all-embracing Providence He has been carrying on for ages, and is now helping forward.” And all the time, while he was helping on the undoing of the great wrong he knew, by ways he knew not, while in his work he was fearlessly descending into depth after depth of the Inferno which he had to reveal, in character and spirit he was steadily climbing height after height towards the Divine love which was his inspiration and the Divine likeness he

longed for ; developing a character most natural, because supernatural ; because his goodness was the inbreathing of a life, not the mere treading in footsteps ; because love, the most natural and the most supernatural of all things, was his inspiration, and the more utterly he sacrificed himself the more he felt the old keynote, " I never made a sacrifice ;" the sacrifice being altogether merged in the infinite pity and love.

Extracts from his own last journals and intimate letters best show what he suffered, and how he overcame—how all through he was himself because more and more his true self ; the same faithful care in little things, the same great unwavering purpose, the same courtesy to the lowest, so princely because so simple, the same playful kindliness to all weak creatures, animal or human, the same indignation against wrong, the same reserved depths of sympathy, the same clear eyes to see, the same open heart for laughter or tears. Alone and apparently forgotten and forsaken as few good men have ever been, yet never embittered, humble and hopeful, seeing more and more the depths of evil in men, yet never despairing of man.

In 1866, on his way from the coast to Lake Nyassa, coming on the track of the slave-traders, they found women dead, tied to trees or lying stabbed in the path, because they had been unable to keep up with the rest. In some instances they came on men, deserted and dying, with their necks still in the cleft slave-sticks.

Then they passed through a vast fertile region, but lately evidently well peopled, now absolutely desolate and empty of men. He speaks to the ruined people of "our relationship to our Father, the guilt of selling any of His children, and its consequences. We mention the Bible, future state, prayer, the necessity of unity as one family to expel the slave-traders."

He closes 1866 with—"We now end 1866. It has not been so fruitful or useful. Will try to do better in 1867, and be better, more gentle and loving."

He begins 1867 with—"May He who was full of grace and truth impress His character on mine: grace, eagerness to show favour; truth, truthfulness, sincerity, honour.

"It seems to have been a mistake to imagine the Divine Majesty on high was too exalted to take notice of our mean affairs. The great

minds among men are remarkable for the attention they bestow on minutiae. He who dwelleth in the light no man can approach unto condescends to provide for the minutest of our wants with an infinitely more constant care than our own utmost self-love can ever attain unto. With the ever-watchful loving eye ever on me, I may surely go among the heathens, in front, bearing the message of peace and goodwill."

Words of lofty trust, which have a meaning indeed read by the light of the next record of want and hunger.

"1st February 1867.—I have become very thin, though I was so before; but now, if you weighed me," he writes to his son Thomas, "you might calculate very easily how much you might get for the bones."

He did not know that at that very time his friends had, in consequence of a rumour of his death, sent out a search expedition for him, which returned after ascertaining that he was alive.

And then he writes of the death of a faithful dog:

"I grieve to write it, poor poodle Chitane was

drowned (15th January). We had to cross a marsh a mile wide, and waist-deep. I went over first, and forgot to give directions about the dog; all were too much engaged in keeping their balance to notice that he swam among them till he died. He had more spunk than a hundred country dogs—took charge of the whole line of march, ran to see the first in the line, then back to the last, and barked to haul him up; then, when he knew what hut I occupied, would not let a country cur come in sight of it, and never stole himself.

“We have not had any difficulties with the people, made many friends, imparted a little knowledge sometimes, and raised a protest against slavery very widely.”

In that year he first saw Lake Tanganyika and discovered Lake Moero, and also he lost his medicine-chest, and feels as if “he had received the sentence of death like Bishop Mackenzie” by a similar loss.

The journal for 1868 begins with a prayer that if he should die that year he may be ready for it.

He took very patiently the desertion of some of his men, and was rewarded by many of them coming back to him. “Consciousness

of my own defects," he writes, "makes me lenient."

Again, June 24—"Six men-slaves were singing, as if they did not feel the degradation of the slave-stick. I asked them the cause of their mirth, and was told that they rejoiced at the idea of coming back after death, and haunting or killing those who had sold them. Some of the words were 'Oh, you send me off to the sea, *but the yoke is off when I die*, and I shall come back to haunt and to kill you.' Then all joined in the chorus, which was the name of each vendor. It told, not of fun, but of the bitterness and tears of such as were oppressed, and on the side of the oppressors there was power. There be higher than they."

New Year's Day 1869 found him more ill than ever before. "With a distressing cough, the lungs, my strongest part, affected, unable to sleep or walk," he was carried back in a litter, and so ill was he that he lost count of the days of the week.

"I saw myself lying dead at Ujiji, and my letters useless. When I think of my children, the lines ring through my head perpetually—

'I shall look into your faces and be hearing what you say,  
And be very often near you, when you think I'm far away.'

Yet, on arriving at Ujiji and recovering to some extent, he at once set off again for the Lualaba and his loyal search for the sources of the Nile.

In July 1869 the beauty of the country seems to refresh his spirit—"palms crowning the highest heights, their graceful fronds waving beautifully in the breeze;" but the slave-traders had so embittered the people that even his kindness and truth and "the patient continuance in well-doing," which, whatever special charm others recognized in him, was "the charm on which he relied," failed to win him friends among the natives.

The next two years were spent in Manjuema, called by many the "cannibal country," where at last he died.

On the 24th of September 1869 he writes a most characteristic retrospective letter to his son Thomas.

He imagined himself then to be among the sources of the Nile, but was really among the fountains of the Congo. "The task I undertook," he said, "for the Royal Geographical Society was to examine the watershed of Central Africa.

“That was the way Sir Roderick put it” (Sir Roderick Murchison, “the best friend he ever had,” whom he loved and followed with much of the devotion of a Highland clansman for his chieftain, whose death not long after darkened life for him). “Sir Roderick said to me, ‘You will be the discoverer of the sources of the Nile.’”

Yet always the higher devotion to the Master and King pervaded and over-mastered all.

“Professor Owen said to me, ‘The discovery of the Nile sources is but the first step. The rest in due time will follow.’

“By different agencies the great Ruler is bringing all things into focus. Jesus is gathering all things to Himself, and He is daily becoming more and more the centre of the world’s hopes and the world’s fears. War [the great American Civil War, just ended] brought freedom to four millions of the most hopeless and helpless slaves in America. The day for Africa is yet to come. Possibly the freedmen in America may be an agency for elevating their Fatherland. Our Golden Age is not in the past, but in the future, in the good time coming yet for Africa and the world.



"I cared nothing for money, and contemplated spending my life as a hard-working poor missionary. Many have thought I was inflated by praise, but I made it a rule never to read anything of praise. I am thankful a kind Providence enabled me to do what will reflect honour on my children."

Then he has a generous word for the share of women in the good work of the world. Speaking of Mrs. Stowe: "The death-knell of American slavery was rung by a woman's hand." And of Miss Tinné's recent travels in Egypt: "We great he-beasts say explorations were not becoming to her sex. Well, considering 1,600 years have elapsed since Ptolemy's informants reached this region, and kings, emperors, and all the great men of antiquity longed in vain to know the fountains, exploration does not seem to have become the other sex either. She came much farther up than the two centurions sent by Nero Cæsar." And again he says, "Women never were cannibals." And again to his daughter Agnes, after saying he believed she could endure African travel, he adds, "Your mother understood roughing it in the bush. She was never any trouble." And

again and again he repeats some words of his daughter's saying that, "greatly as she longed to see him, she would rather he would stay to finish his work to his own satisfaction." "That is a noble sentence," he writes.

He believed himself actually at the fountains of the Nile, close to the secret of thousands of years. Yet no self-deceiving vanity even then blinded his eyes to facts which might tell against this hope.

"The vast volume of water drawing away to the North makes me conjecture that I have been working at the sources of the Congo too." His scientific medical training made it "impossible for him to accept any but full evidence, however much he longed to believe." At the same time he thinks he is "treading in the footsteps of Moses," and "prepares a blank despatch to send the moment he is sure," and calls the various springs by various dear and honoured names—Palmerston, Frere, Young.

All the time, however, his strength is getting exhausted. He is obliged to rest months together, in consequence of the deep ulcerated sores on his feet refusing to heal.

And it must be remembered that more and

more the difficulties he had to encounter were not the ordinary difficulties of explorers, but those arising from the slanders and stratagems and open warfare of the slave-traders as they were becoming more and more aware that this poor, solitary man, apparently abandoned of all, had come expressly to be the ruin of their traffic. At home some people of the religious world might misunderstand his aims, and on the spot the poor natives, indeed, sometimes failed to recognize their deliverer, confounding him with the Arabs and Portuguese, though some felt the truth and called him "*the good one*;" but the slave-traders, like the Pharisees of old, never misunderstood.

Now and then he had glimpses into the deeper heart of the natives.

"Do people die with you?" some young men once asked him. "Have you no charm against death?" And then he could speak of "the Father of all hearing the cry of His children. And they thought this natural."

In another entry he earnestly defends the Africans against the accusation of another traveller, that the mothers did not love their children.

His old love of animals and of observing their

ways continues, and his wide geological range of view. The drying up of the great central plateau, the strange and unique spongy bogs around the lakes, interest him. And the journals have constantly notes of the habits of new kinds of birds and "carnivorous plants," and fish.

He observes the gorilla, not easy to catch, biting the toes and fingers of those who try; speaks of a little captive gorilla, "most tame and least mischievous of monkeys, holding out her hands to be carried like a little child, and if refused she makes a sad face and sets up a bitter weeping, wringing her hands, and occasionally adding a foot to the hand to make her appeal more touching. She knew me at once as a friend, and when teased would lean her back against me. She would come and sit down on my mat, make a pretty little bed for herself of grass and leaves, and curl herself up on it to sleep."

His faithful Chumah and Susi were with him, but he heard no English voice for years, and no news from his country or people reached him year after year.

Still he pressed on to fulfil his promises and his work.

His few books were read through and through; he had to write notes on fragments of old newspapers.

One Book, to him speaking with an ever-living voice, in the mother-tongue of his soul, spoke to him always, with its marvellous searching and sustaining power.

"I read through the Bible four times," he wrote afterwards, "while I was in the Manjuema country."

At length he thought he had found a friendly and honest Arab trader, Dugumbe, who would, for £400 and all the property he expected to find when he returned to Ujiji, convey him safely to the region he desired to explore. He had made the agreement with him, and was in a village on the Lualaba waiting to start, when Dugumbe himself was mixed up with an atrocious massacre which Livingstone had to witness, the horror of which never faded from his mind.

One bright summer morning in July, fifteen hundred people, chiefly women, were marketing in a village on the banks of the Lualaba, when a murderous fire was suddenly opened on them by the slave-hunters, and a scene of such

atrocities ensued that he could only describe it as giving him "the impression of being in hell."

"Volleys were discharged on the panic-stricken women, who dashed at the canoes. The canoes were not to be got out, the creek was too narrow; men and women, wounded by the balls, leaped and scrambled into the water, shrieking. A long line of heads in the river showed that great numbers struck out for an island a full mile off. Shot after shot continued to be fired at the helpless and perishing. Some of this long line of heads disappeared quickly, whilst other poor creatures threw their arms high, as if appealing to the great Father above, and sank. Three canoes, got out in haste, picked up some sinking friends, till all went down together and disappeared. As I write, I hear loud wails on the left bank. Oh, let Thy Kingdom come! No one will ever know the exact loss on this bright sultry summer morning; it gave me the impression of being in hell."

His letter describing this atrocity was one great cause of the subsequent mission of Sir Bartle Frere to Africa to bring the dreadful traffic to an end.

Those terrible scenes brought on an attack of illness, and Dugumbe's being mixed up with it in any degree rendered it impossible for Livingstone to accompany him.

"I was laid up all yesterday afternoon with the depression this bloodshed made. It filled me with unspeakable horror. 'Don't go away,' the Manjuema chiefs say. But I cannot stay here in agony."

He returned to Ujiji. The journey through a wild and often hostile country, through thick forest and marshes, was very perilous. In one day, twice he narrowly escaped being killed by spears hurled at him.

At Ujiji, where he hoped to find friends and stores, he found nothing. The man left in charge of his goods professed to have found by divination that he was dead, and had sold and dispersed them all. Lane, enfeebled, dispirited at last, and prematurely old, he found at Ujiji no welcome, no letters, no provisions, no friends.

Yet even at the worst one good Samaritan came forward. An Arab trader, Syed bin Majed, touched by his misery, generously offered to sell ivory to help him. And at this very

darkest hour, deliverance, unknown to him, was close at hand.

Livingstone reached Ujiji on the 23rd of October 1871, from the interior of Africa. Five days afterwards, on the 28th, from New York, across the Atlantic, through Palestine and India, his journey just timed, by no possible foresight of his own, to meet the great traveller in his extremest need, Henry Moreland Stanley, sent from America to find and succour him, reached the same spot.

We must hear the story of the meeting in their own words.

"I felt in my destitution," Livingstone writes in his journal, "as if I were the man who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thieves; but I could not hope for Priest, Levite, or Good Samaritan to come by on either side. But one morning Syed bin Majed (a good man), said to me, 'Now, this is the first time we have been alone together; I have no goods, but I have ivory; let me, I pray you, sell the ivory and give the goods to you.' This was encouraging, but I said, 'Not yet, but by-and-by.' I had still a few barter goods left. But when my spirits were at their lowest ebb, the



Good Samaritan was close at hand, for one morning Susi came running at the top of his speed and gasped out, 'An Englishman, I see him!' and off he darted to meet him.

"The American flag at the head of the caravan told of the nationality of the stranger. Bales of goods, baths of tin, huge kettles, cooking pots, tents, &c., made me think, 'This must be a luxurious traveller, and not one at his wits' end, like me.' It was Henry Moreland Stanley, the travelling correspondent of the *New York Herald*, sent by James Gordon Bennett, junior, at an expense of more than £4,000, to obtain accurate information about Dr. Livingstone living, and if dead to bring home my bones.

"The news he had to tell one who had been two full years without any tidings from Europe made my whole frame thrill. The terrible fate that had befallen France, the telegraphic cables successfully laid in the Atlantic, the election of General Grant, the death of good Lord Clarendon, my constant friend, the proof that Her Majesty's Government had not forgotten me in voting £1,000 for supplies, and many other points of interest revived emotions that had lain dormant in Manjuema. Appetite returned,

and in a week I began to feel strong. I am not of a demonstrative turn; as cold, indeed, as we islanders are usually reputed to be; but this disinterested kindness was simply overwhelming."

And, on the other hand, Stanley writes:

"We push on rapidly; the port of Ujiji is below us, embowered in palms. We do not think of the hundreds of miles we have marched, of the forest and jungles traversed, the fervid salt plains, the blistered feet, the difficulties, dangers. Our hearts are with our eyes, trying to peer into the palms, and to make out in which hut or house the white man with the grey beard lives.

"'Unfurl the flags, and load your guns.'

"A volley from nearly fifty guns roars a salute; we shall note its effect on the peaceful village below.

"Our repeated volleys had had the desired effect. We had awakened Ujiji. We were about three hundred yards from the village, a dense crowd around us.

"Suddenly I hear a voice on my right say, 'Good morning, sir!'

"I turn sharply around, and see a man with

the blackest of faces, in a long white shirt and a turban round his woolly head, and I ask :

“ ‘Who are you ?’

“ ‘I am Susi, the servant of Dr. Livingstone !’

“ ‘What ! is Dr. Livingstone here ?’

“ ‘Yes, sir !’

“ ‘Are you sure ?’

“ ‘Sure, sure, sir ; I leave him just now.’

“ ‘Good morning, sir !’ said another voice.

“ ‘Hallo !’ said I, ‘is this another ? What is your name ?’

“ ‘My name is Chumah, sir !’

“ ‘And is the Doctor well ?’

“ ‘Not very well, sir !’

“ ‘Now you, Susi, run and tell the Doctor I am coming.’

“ And off he ran like a madman.

“ In the meantime, one of the expedition said to me : ‘I see the Doctor ! Oh, what an old man. He has got a white beard.’

“ As I advanced slowly towards him I noticed he was pale, looked wearied, had a grey beard, wore a bluish cap with a faded gold band around it (in token of his being an English consul), had on a red-sleeved waistcoat and a pair of grey tweed trousers.

"I did not know how he would receive me.

"I walked deliberately towards him and raised my hat. 'Dr. Livingstone, I presume?'

"'Yes,' he said, with a kind smile, lifting his hat slightly.

"We both grasp hands, and I say aloud, 'I thank God, Doctor, I have been permitted to see you.'

"He answered, 'I feel thankful I am here to welcome you.'

"We seat ourselves under the broad overhanging eaves of his house, a thousand natives around us.

"'How did you come here?'

"'Where have you been all this long time? The world has believed you to be dead.'

"But whatever the Doctor informed me I cannot correctly report. I was gazing at him, conning the wonderful man at whose side I now sate in Central Africa. Every hair of his head and beard, every wrinkle of his face, the wanness, the slightly wearied look, were all imparting to me the knowledge I had so craved for ever since I heard the words (from Mr. Bennett), 'Take what you want, but find Livingstone.'

“ He had so much to say that he began at the end—a marvellous history of deeds.

“ I gave him the bag of letters ; he kept it on his knee, read one or two of his children’s letters, his face lighting up the while.

“ He asked me to tell him the news.

“ ‘ No, Doctor, read your letters first. I am sure you must be impatient to read.’

“ ‘ Ah !’ he said, ‘ I have waited years for letters, and I have been taught patience.’

“ Afterwards came the first meal together, a feast of welcome.

And he kept repeating :

“ ‘ You have brought me new life. You have brought me new life.’ ”





## IX.

1872-1873.



LIVINGSTONE and Stanley stayed four months together travelling and resting.

“The wan features which had shocked me at first meeting, the heavy step which told of age and hard travel, the grey beard, and bowed shoulders belied the man. Under that well-worn exterior lay an endless fund of high spirits and inexhaustible humour; that rugged frame enclosed a young and most exuberant soul. He is about sixty, but, when he recovered health, he appeared not more than fifty. His hair has a brownish colour yet, but is here and there streaked with grey hues over the temples; his beard and moustache are very grey. His eyes, which are hazel, are remarkably bright; he has a sight keen as a hawk's.

His teeth alone indicate the weakness of age. His form, rather stout, a little over the ordinary height, has the slightest possible bow in the shoulders; when walking, he has a firm but heavy tread, like that of an overworked or fatigued man. His dress, when first I saw him, exhibited traces of patching and repairing, but was scrupulously clean. There is a good-natured *abandon* about him. Whenever he began to laugh there was a contagion about it—it was such a laugh as Herr Teufelsdröckh's—a laugh of the whole man from head to heel."

Then there are notices of the neatness and accuracy of his scientific notes and of the wonderful retentiveness of his memory, his reciting whole poems from Byron, Burns, Tennyson, Longfellow, Whittier, and Lowell; of the energy of his character, his temperance and his kindness, and of the religion that inspired all.

"His religion is a constant, earnest, sincere practice. It is neither demonstrative nor loud, but manifests itself in a quiet practical way, and is always at work. In him it exhibits its loveliest features; it governs his conduct towards servants, natives, bigoted Mahomedans, all. Without it, with his ardent temperament, high

spirits, and courage, he must have become uncompanionable, a hard master. It has made him a Christian gentleman, the most companionable of men, and the most indulgent of masters. From being thwarted in every way, through his uniform kindness and mild, pleasant temper, he has won all hearts. Even the Mahomedans never passed his house without calling to pay their compliments and saying, 'The blessing of God rest on you.'

"Each Sunday morning he gathers his little flock around him, and reads prayers and a chapter from the Bible, in a natural, unaffected, and sincere tone, and afterwards delivers a short address, in the Kisawahili language, about the subject read to them, which is listened to with evident interest and attention."

At length the time for parting came.

"For four months and four days," Mr. Stanley writes, "I lived with him in the same house, the same boat, or the same tent, and I never found a fault in him. I am a man of a quick temper, but with him I never had cause for resentment. Each day's life with him added to my admiration for him." "When I fell ill with remittent fever, hovering between life and



death, he attended to me like a father, true, noble, Christian, generous-hearted, frank man."

A wonderful vision those four months give us into the whole life. For years he had lived with no "means of grace" but the "Practice of the Presence of God" and the Bible, with no civilized eyes on him, with no news from the civilized world to freshen his mind, with no woman's hand to mend his poor torn and worn-out dress; yet, when the light falls on him through the eyes of that keen-sighted stranger, whom those four months together made his revering friend, we find the worn-out clothes carefully patched and clean, his mind full of interest in all European progress, keeping all the old reverent ways of worship, the kindly, humorous, intellectual, Christian gentleman, the *princely*, chivalrous man. His *only* means of grace the Bible and the "Practice of the Presence of God!" Indeed, is not this last the inmost shrine to which all the thresholds lead?

Often Mr. Stanley, foreseeing the toils before him in Africa if he lingered there alone, entreated him to come home to recruit and then to return to his African work again. But, much as the old traveller longed for it, nothing could bring

him home until he felt his work was done, as far as he could do it.

"He followed the dictates of duty," Mr. Stanley concludes. "With every foot of ground he travelled over, he forged a new chain of sympathy which should hereafter bind the Christian nations in bonds of love and charity to the heathen of the African tropics. If he were able to complete the chain, so as to attract the good and charitable of his own land to bestir themselves for their redemption and salvation, this he would consider ample reward."

And so they parted, Mr. Stanley to England, to be at first actually snubbed and scolded by the old country in her jealous vexation that the young country had been before her in rescuing her own brave son, though afterwards to be generously honoured; Livingstone, resolutely back to his old work, to the dreary regions desolated by slavery, to the horrors of heathenism, to the spongy bogs, the tangled jungles, and the lion-haunted forests, back to search out the fountains of the Nile which he never found, but was always hoping to find that he might make of the discovered secret of ages a weapon wherewith to move his countrymen to rescue "black mankind."

At Unyanyembe he had to wait long for the men and supplies Stanley was diligently collecting at Zanzibar. There he meditated, and wrote his last letters and journals.

On the last birthday but one, his fifty-ninth, March 19, he writes :

“My Jesus ! my King, my Life, my All. I again dedicate my whole self to Thee. Accept me. O grant, O gracious Father, that ere this year is gone I may finish my task.”

In these journals he also notices “the cock wingdale feeding the young, and the playfulness of the chickens lifting a feather, like a child a toy.”

He is struck by the variety in the children's games. “In some places they have so few games, life being very serious with their parents ; they amuse themselves with imitating the parents' work, hut-building, making little gardens, bows and arrows, shields and spears.

“Elsewhere the boys are very ingenious little fellows, and have several games ; they teach captured linnets to sing ; make double-barrelled guns of clay and have cotton-fluff as smoke.”

In another place—“I would say to missionaries, ‘Come on, brethren, to the real heathen ;

leaving the coast tribes, devote yourselves to the savages ; with some drawbacks and wickedness, you will find much to admire and love. Goodness and unselfishness impresses them more than any skill or power.' ”

At another time he speaks of the love of African mothers, defending them against careless accusations of another traveller.

Again—“What is the Atonement of Christ ? It is *Himself*. It is the inherent and everlasting mercy of God made apparent to human eyes and ears. The everlasting love was disclosed by our Lord’s life and death. It showed that God forgives, because He loves to forgive. works by smiles, if possible ; if not, by frowns ; pain is only a means of enforcing love.”

Another day doubts cross him as to the Nile fountains ; as to the “fountains of living water” never !

“I am oppressed with the apprehension that after all it may turn out I have been following the Congo.”

“1872, July 3rd.—Received sad intelligence of Sir Roderick Murchison’s departure. Alas ! alas ! This is the only time in my life I ever felt inclined to use the word, and it bespeaks a sorry

heart; he loved me more than I deserved, he looks down on me still.

“July 5th.—Weary! weary!

“7th.—Waiting wearily here.

“10th.—The Forty Days of Lent might be well spent here, fasting for the good of others, visiting adjacent tribes, bearing unavoidable hunger and thirst with a good grace.”

Sir Roderick's death weighed heavily on him; during those last years of his absence his heart had turned much to the welcomes in England, and especially from him. At first he had thought of falling in Africa, and of the home above; but latterly the thought of the meetings on earth was much with him, that tender drawing of the heart to all dear ones below which makes ready for the home above, perhaps, more than mere meditation on its joys.

At last, the fifty-seven men and boys chosen and sent by Mr. Stanley arrived, for whose choice he writes most gratefully to him, and on the 25th of August he started on what proved his last journey of that life of journeying. They penetrated the country about the rivers near where he hoped were the sources of the Nile. The winter came, pouring rains and cold; and many were ill.

But he kept his fifty-seven together to the end, and on Christmas day he writes :

“I thank the good Lord for the good gift of His Son, Christ Jesus our Lord. This is our great day. So we rest.”

“Wet and cold” recurs often. But the astronomical observations are never omitted if possible to be taken, and in the forest he observes “marigolds, many orchids, white, yellow, and pink asclepias, clematis, gladiolus, beautiful blue flowering bulbs, balsams, pretty flowering aloes.”

On and on through spongy bogs and flooded plains and deep rivers, wading and struggling wearily on, often now having to be carried on the shoulders of one of the men—“one part neck-deep, and water cold ;” often hungry and refused food by unfriendly tribes ; “hungry and cold” are among the frequent entries.

In January 1873 he writes his last letters. To his old friend Mr. Young he says :

“*Opere peracto ludemus.* It is true for you. I am differently situated ; I shall never be able to play. To me it seems to be said, ‘If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and those that be ready to be slain ; if thou sayest, Behold, we knew it not, doth not

He that pondereth the heart consider, and He that keepeth thy soul, doth He not know, and shall He not give to every one according to his works?' I have been led unwittingly into the slavery-field of the Banians and Arabs in Central Africa. I have seen the woes inflicted, and I must still work and do all I can to expose, and mitigate, the evils. Though hard work is still to be my lot, I look genially on others more favoured in their lot.

"During a large portion of this journey I had a strong presentiment that I should never live to finish it. This presentiment is weakened now, as I seem to see the end towards which I have been striving looming in the distance. This presentiment did not interfere with the performance of any duty. It only made me think a great deal more of the future state."

On the 19th of March 1873, his sixtieth and last birthday, he writes :

"Thanks to the Almighty Preserver of men for preserving me thus far on the journey of life. Can I hope for ultimate success? So many obstacles have arisen. Let not Satan prevail over me, O my good Lord Jesus."

On the 5th of April he begins a new pocket-

book. For the first few days pen and ink were used; afterwards a well-worn stump of pencil.

“Pitiless pelting showers” — “watching by turns at night against thieves;” — still, there are the old careful descriptions of the country, of grasses, mosses, papyrus, arums, fish in the swampy creeks of the lake.

A woman, wife of a chief, gives a present of a goat and maize, and it is gratefully recorded. All the time, with failing strength, he is still loyally struggling to find those fountains of old Nile. And he is unconsciously drawing near the Fountains of life.

“April 19th.—No observations now, owing to great weakness. Tent gone; the men built a good hut for me. I can scarcely hold the pencil, and my stick is a burden.

“April 20th, Sunday.—Service.

“21st.—Tried to ride, but was forced to lie down, and they carried me back to vil (*i.e.*, village) exhausted.”

He was suffering excruciating dysenteric pain. But of that there is no mention.

“22nd. — Carried on kitanda (litter) to Buga.”



On the next four days no entry except the date. It is pleasant to think that the chiefs and the villagers amongst whom those last days were spent were friendly, generous, and helpful.

On the 27th—"Knocked up quite, and remain—recover—sent to buy milch goats. We are on the banks of the Molilano."

These are the last words David Livingstone wrote.

A few more miles on the shoulders of his faithful bearers—a few hours' rest in the little hut they built for him, and then, on the morning of the 1st of May, "the boy who slept at the door of the hut grew alarmed at the stillness inside. He called Susi, and Susi called Chumah, and, going in together, they found the master kneeling by the side of his bed, his body stretched forward, his head buried in his hands on the pillow.

"The weary dying man had not merely turned himself to pray, he had risen; he still rested on his knees, his hands were clasped under his head; when they approached him, he seemed to live. There was merely the gentle

settling forwards of the frame unstrung by pain, and the traveller's perfect rest had come."

He had died in prayer. He had found the Fountains, the secret of all the ages, at last, in the heart of Africa, of the land he lived to save. And Africa, in the person of her two young sons, Susi and Chumah, his devoted servants and friends, bore his body home to the heart of England—all the native horror of death, all fear of the fierce tribes they had to traverse, vanquished by the overpowering love for the dead master.

He died alone in the little hut they made for him amidst the African forests. Thanks to the steadfast faithfulness and courage of Chumah and Susi, he was buried, amidst the silent reverence, the tears, and hymns of multitudes, in the great national shrine of the greatest of his race.

The funeral service in Westminster Abbey was read by Dean Stanley.

It was a wonderful sight to see, from the roof of the Deanery, the wide open spaces around the Abbey thronged with a reverent crowd,

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bare-headed as the procession passed, and he who died alone, kneeling in prayer, was borne amidst mourning thousands into his last resting-place.

From the little gallery of the Deanery, looking down on the crowded nave of the Abbey, at one moment we heard the Dean's clear voice grow tremulous as he read the last words by the open grave.

After the service was over, he came up into the gallery and said how nearly he had broken down himself, for so bitter was the anguish of the young African who had brought the body home from Africa that, at the words "Dust to dust," it seemed as if he would have thrown himself into the grave, before it was closed, beside his master.

The young African would have gone into the grave with Livingstone, as he had gone to the grave for Africa.

But for Africa life, not death, was to be the fruit of that life and death.

Seven years afterwards, a touching instance of the love and reverence that life had won in Africa was given by Rev. Chauncey Maples, of

the Universities' Mission, in a paper he read to the Geographical Society describing a journey to the Rovuma and Makonde country. He told of a man he found there with the relic of an old English coat over his shoulder. The man said that, ten years before, a white man, who gave him the coat, had travelled with him, "a white man who treated black men as his brothers; a short man, with a bushy moustache and a keen, piercing eye, whose words were always gentle, and whose manners were always kind; whom, as a leader, it was a privilege to follow, and who knew the way to the hearts of all men."

The old prayer, repeated day after day in those "hesitating family prayers" which echoed so long in the heart of his fellow-student, "that we may imitate all the imitable perfections of Christ"—was it not indeed granted to this man?

"I never made a sacrifice," he said—true disciple of Him who loved us, and gave Himself for us; giving because He loved. For the sacrifice, like all sacrifices worth the name, seemed as nothing to the love that made it.

In the words of the inscription over his grave in Westminster Abbey :—

BROUGHT BY FAITHFUL HANDS

OVER LAND AND SEA

HERE RESTS

DAVID LIVINGSTONE,

Missionary, Traveller, Philanthropist,

*Born, March 19, 1813, at Blantyre, Lanarkshire;*

*Died, May 4, 1873, at Chitambo's Village, Ilala.*

For thirty years his life was spent in an unwearied effort to  
evangelize

The native races, to explore the undiscovered secrets,  
And abolish the desolating slave-trade of Central Africa,

Where, with his last words, he wrote :

“All I can say in my solitude is, may Heaven's rich blessings  
Come down on every one—American, English, Turk—  
Who will help to heal this open sore of the world.”



CHARLES GEORGE GORDON.





# CHARLES GEORGE GORDON



## I.

EARLY YEARS, AND SEBASTOPOL, 1833-1856.

“**T**HE faults of a saint and the courage of a hero,” the venerable Bishop Wordsworth of Lincoln wrote of General Gordon whilst he was standing alone for England and for oppressed Africa at Khartoum.

Only a few months since, and now both the venerable Bishop and the man he so characterized are at rest !

They rest from their labours, “rest from their troubles,” as Gordon wrote, “rest from works of weariness, from sorrow, from tears, from hunger and thirst, and sad sights of poor despairing bodies and sighing hearts, at rest by the side



of the River of Life, at rest for ever with that kind and well-known Friend, no new Friend to be made then, but an old Friend."

"Saint and hero;" the words rise naturally to the lips of all.

It is not one of the "little hills," it is one of the "mountains of God," that has been close to us. And on those closest and most familiar, even while they were glad with the laughter of the little springs bubbling up from its depths, and rejoiced in its wild flowers, or felt the ruggedness of its rocky places, and the rush of its torrents, from time to time the awe of the mountain-presence fell, with far-off glimpses of snowy heights which caught earlier sunbeams and held closer converse with heaven than can be known below.

We feel in him, amidst all the naturalness as of a little child, the strangeness also as of childhood that has not yet learned our poor earthly values, or quite learned our low earthly language. It is not that he *tries* to renounce the poor prizes of the world; he, like Joan of Arc and the rest of that highest society, simply does not value them. "I am pricked to the heart until my work is done," they say; or in the

words of the Forerunner, "I have a baptism to be baptized with, and how am I *straitened* until it be accomplished." "Yes, *straitened*;" this world cramps them; "the world is a hard prison; we are in cells, solitary and lonely, looking for a release," Gordon writes.

The Regent of China, Prince Kung, wishing to do him honour, paid a visit to Sir Frederick Bruce, then English Minister in China, when Gordon was returning home after putting down the Tai-ping Rebellion, and said, "You will be astonished to see me again, but I felt I could not allow you to leave without coming to see you about Gordon. *We do not know what to do.* He will not receive money from us, and we have already given every honour it is in the power of the Emperor to bestow; but, as these can be of little value in his eyes, I have brought you this letter, and ask you to give it to the Queen of England, that she may bestow on him some reward which would be more valuable in his eyes."

But the Queen and Government of England, no more than the Emperor of China, held in their gift the rewards of value in his eyes.

He disliked decorations, he did not care for money, he fled from human praise. Or rather,

he valued these things only as current coin of the country he had to live in, to purchase the eternal things he did value, freedom to do the will of God, the means of serving and succouring the weak and oppressed, of bearing and bearing away some of the sins and miseries of his brethren.

He was at home in China putting down a cruel anarchy which was laying the land waste, he was at home in Greenwich among his ragged boys, his "kings;" he was at home on his camel worn out with hunger, thirst, and fatigue, if only he could baffle the slave-traders; he was at home with little children, white or black or Chinese, rich or poor; he was *not* at home in conventional society, and *could* not care for its rewards and notice, or its lionizings—naturally, necessarily, he could not; he belonged to another society.

Not at all, by any means, that he was a dreamer, walking like a somnambulist shut up in his own dream; the prosaic conception of a poet, the worldly conception of a saint.

He was simply awake in a world of dreamers; the walls of the cells of self which imprison us were broken; he was under the open sky. He

saw the wrongs and sufferings of other men, of weaker races, as an angel from another world may see them, not dimly or vaguely, but with the widest, keenest, and most acute vision. He never grew used to the bad air and the narrow horizons, or blunted to the sights of misery and the wails of helplessness, as if these were the things meant to be, that must be. It never occurred to him to pass by the wounded brother on the other side. At the sight of the dragons, not only did his courage rise to fight the battles for the wronged, but his sight grew clearer to see how to fight them. For in all campaigns the victories are not won by heroic courage only, but by surveying the ground, and measuring the forces, and seizing the strong points and the weak points, and keeping the brain quiet while the heart is most stirred.

And to trace one more of the campaigns of the ceaseless Holy War, as far as we can trace anything still so close to us, may help us to fight better the bit of it assigned to every one of us; a hope which is an apology for daring to increase by ever so brief a record the many words written and said about him who so hated to be talked about! In the world where these

Three are hidden now from our gaze it matters not, we suppose, to them how much, or how little, is said about them here, if only the silence, or the words, help forward the great ceaseless conflict for right and mercy in which they died.

General Gordon's life divides itself naturally into three portions, like distinct books in a poem, each with its preludes and close; three distinct campaigns in one Crusade. And, after that, follows what might have been a fourth campaign, but has proved more like going up the steps of a sacrificial altar, there to be slain.

A soldier's life, from beginning to end, not inwardly and spiritually only, though indeed essentially that, but outwardly and visibly; "Chinese Gordon," Gordon Pasha, Governor-General of the Soudan, combatant of the slave-trade in the Soudan, the "Kernel" blessed by the Gravesend ragged boys; and then the willing sacrifice, going out to save, or to die at, Khartoum. In each of these there is no thought of choice for himself; no declining of any peril, yet no irregular grasping at any post; always under orders; the old symbols of the Holy War, of the ceaseless Crusade, wake up to

a new life through this man who was so essentially a soldier, and so essentially a Christian.

He came on both sides of the house of a race of soldiers and sailors; his father of an ancient Scottish military stock, who fought and fell on both sides in the wars of the Chevalier, himself a General spending his life in the Service, and devoted to his profession, "living by the code of honour, greatly beloved, genial, generous, full of humour, fitted to command, cheerful, with an inexhaustible fund of humour;" his mother, "with a perfect temper, cheerful under most trying circumstances, with a genius for making the best of everything, hopeful, busy all day caring for the wants of others," of a stock of Enderbys, great merchants and explorers, one of whose ships carried the taxed tea to Boston, the cargo of tea which the Americans began the War of Independence by sinking, whilst others of the race were among the first to weather Cape Horn, and gave the name of Enderby to islands discovered near the South Pole. This blending in one stock of the Highland loyalty and soldierly dash of the "gay Gordons" with the old Norse Viking adventurous and exploring element of the Enderbys

might seem in itself to predict a hero, if heroes were compositions, and not also creations, and personal victors over circumstances and self.

Born at Woolwich in 1833, educated at Taunton and at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, in 1852, at nineteen years of age, he received his commission as second lieutenant of the Royal Engineers.

In December 1854 he volunteered for service in the East, and joined the Army before Sebastopol.

His letter home dated February 14, 1855, describes the kind of work he had to do, and gives an account how, being fired on first by the English sentries and then by the Russian pickets, after the working party and sentries under his command had bolted, he was able to carry out his first definite order on active service. This was to effect a junction, by means of rifle-pits, between the French and English sentries who were stationed in advance of the entrenchments.

He had a narrow escape from a Russian bullet, which passed within an inch of his head.

His comment on this in the home-letters is :

“The Russians are very good marksmen ; their bullet is large and pointed.”

Of an officer who was killed near him he writes : “I am glad to say he was a serious man. The shell burst above him and, *by what is called chance*, struck him in the back and killed him at once.”

The thoughts predominant throughout are here at the beginning : death not an *exit* only, but an *entrance*, and the door never burst open by chance, but deliberately unlocked by a key . in a Hand within.

*No death*, in reality, for him ; and *no chance* ! What force lies in these two negations !

He speaks with a brave soldier's respect for brave enemies. “The Russians are brave,” he writes, “certainly inferior to none ; their work is stupendous, their shell practice is beautiful.”

He writes of the disappointment of the corps at a brave officer who fell not being mentioned, and adds, “I, for one, do not care about being ‘lamented after death.’”

He writes also of the whole ground before Sebastopol as “one great graveyard of men, freshly made mounds of dark earth covering



English, French, and Russians ;” and on the evacuation of the place, describes the sun rising on the burning city, the flames of destruction meeting the quiet beauty of sunrise, and every now and then terrible explosions bursting through.

Of his capacity as a soldier Colonel Chesney writes : “ He had first seen war in the hard school of the ‘ black winter ’ of the Crimea. In his humble position as an Engineer-subaltern he attracted the notice of his superiors, not merely by his energy and activity, but by a special aptitude for war, developing itself amid the trench-work before Sebastopol in a personal knowledge of the enemy’s movements such as no other officer ever attained. We used to send him to find out what new move the Russians were making.”

From the first it was the same combination ; —the keen eye and quick resource of the soldier, with the vision into the spiritual combat always underlying all external struggles, and the ceaseless waging of the true warfare there.





## II.

### SUPPRESSION OF THE TAI-PING REBELLION, 1856-1864.



AFTER working for four months at the demolition of the surrendered fortress of Sebastopol, in May 1856 Lieutenant Gordon was ordered to help in laying down the new frontiers of Russia, Turkey, and Roumania ; this he enjoyed, and carried out with keen interest. Afterwards, with an interval of six months in England, he was sent to Armenia on a delimitation commission to arrange the boundaries of Russia and Turkey, in Asia. Here he climbed the mountain of Ararat, had large practice in surveying, and made the first proof of his marvellous power of influencing wild and uncivilized races. Then he spent a year as instructor of field-works and adjutant at Chatham, and in July 1860, as Captain Gordon, at twenty-seven, he left home for service in China. There he remained till November 1864.

But it was not till January 1863 that he was called to the great work which gave him the name of "Chinese Gordon." For two years he was engaged in ordinary service as captain of Royal Engineers, and was present at the burning of the Summer Palace at Nanking by the French and English to avenge the treacherous cruelties inflicted on the envoys.

But in January 1863 the English Government was asked by the Chinese Government to give them an English officer to command the European adventurers employed in putting down the Tai-ping Rebellion; the choice fell on Captain Gordon, and in two years he had put down the rebellion which had distracted and devastated China for more than twenty years.

Twenty years before, in 1842, when the Opium War (which turned Livingstone from China to Africa) had taught many of the discontented in China the use of arms, a village schoolmaster, Hung-tsue-Schuen, one of the oppressed aboriginal races, proclaimed himself commissioned by Heaven to throw off the tyranny of the Mandarins and the Manchoo dynasty, to relieve his own oppressed kinsmen, and to be a supreme ruler of men.

How much he himself believed of the

heavenly mission he claimed, how much was mad fanaticism, how much calculating ambition, must remain among the problems for ever besetting all such careers.

To the end he retained the worship of his followers, and at the beginning, his intentions and proclamations bewildered and misled many religious men in England.

The wrongs he professed to redress, the tyranny he undertook to demolish, were real enough. Like the great prophet of Islam, he derived his religion from many sources. He had caught up Christian ideas and phrases from an uneducated missionary. He said he had a trance of forty days, and declared that he had been to heaven and seen God, and that the Almighty had sent him forth, as the second Celestial Brother (second to the Lord Christ), to rule all men and kingdoms, and rivers and seas. For a time he kept himself mysteriously apart, and professed to hold especial communion with Heaven.

But, unlike Mahomet, he demanded to be himself worshipped. In the ritual he established the worshippers first knelt, if he were absent, with their faces towards his empty seat as the throne of the Great King, the "Tien-

Wang," and uttered a prayer to him as the Heavenly Brother, and then afterwards prayed to the Heavenly Father.

No true thought of abolishing idolatry and proclaiming God as God seems to have ever really possessed him as it possessed Mahomet ; and certainly no conception whatever of what the Heavenly Father or heavenly and human brotherhood means.

He seems to have first rallied twenty thousand of his clansmen around him, making his kinsmen "Wangs," or subordinate Kings, under himself ; and then, with the pretence of avenging the wrongs of his race on the Imperial dynasty and the Mandarins, he advanced on the city of Nanking, plundering towns and villages, and all the rich and carefully cultivated country. Joined by pirates from the coast and robbers from the hills, his rebel army rose to hundreds of thousands, and with these, armed with any weapons they could find, he laid the land waste until he reached Nanking and established his Court there as "the Heavenly King."

The misery of the country under the devastation of these fierce piratical hordes was frightful ; ruin, starvation, and cannibalism

followed in their steps. "Words could not depict," wrote General Sir Charles Staveley, "the horrors these people suffer from the rebels, or describe the utter desert they have made of this rich province." "Flaying alive and pounding to death were frequent modes of punishment, and every kind of outrage was sanctioned."

It was to put down this desolating rebellion that Gordon was summoned.

He was not yet thirty; he held no higher rank than brevet-major; he had come out with the English force sent out the year before to avenge the murders of the English envoys.

He had, as has been said, been present with the allied French and English forces which had taken Peking, and burnt the magnificent Summer Palace to punish the Emperor for the tortures inflicted there on European envoys, and had grieved over the destruction of so much beautiful work, however needful the lesson might be.

It was a perplexing thing for the English Government to be called on, so soon after inflicting this humiliation on the Imperial dynasty, to assist in subduing its rebel subjects.

But it was a question of order, however imperfect, against chaos. Shanghai and the European merchant settlements were endangered. European and American adventurers had already entered the Chinese Imperial service against the rebels, and the question lay between allowing Western civilization, in the person of unprincipled adventurers, to introduce a third element of disorder into the chaos, and the restoration of peace and order by a disciplined force under a firm and just English commander.

It was Li-Hung-Chang, the Imperialist Governor-General of the Kiang provinces—"Governor Li," as he used to be called then in England—who begged the General, Sir Charles Staveley, to appoint a British officer to the command of the irregular forces, European and Chinese, already partially drilled by two Americans,—Ward, a seaman and adventurer with courage and character, who had just fallen, and Burgevin, another American adventurer, son of an old officer of Napoleon, but with a character not to be trusted.

Sir Charles Staveley at once recommended Gordon, and he, asking to be permitted quietly to finish the survey he was making of the district, accepted the post.

The military history of the next two years in which Major Gordon first created a disciplined army out of a troop of adventurers gathered from all countries, and then with this army suppressed the rebellion, must be read in detail in the books of those capable of writing military history. Only just enough can be attempted here to enable us in some measure to comprehend the heroic purpose which inspired Gordon himself; what he himself was, and his influence over other men, which ceases to be a wonder as the character which gave him the influence becomes clearer to us.

He writes apologetically to his mother, on accepting the post in March 1863 :—

“I have taken the step on consideration. I think any one who contributes to putting down this rebellion fulfils a humane task, and I also think tends a great deal to open China to civilization. I can say that, if I had not accepted the command, I believe the force would have been broken up, and the rebellion gone on in its misery for years. I trust this will not now be the case. You must not fret on this matter. I keep your likeness before me, and can assure you and my father I will not be rash. I trust I am doing a good service.”



And again—"As you say, the pay is not my motive." (The £1,200 a year he received was spent in relieving the distressed districts, and supplying comforts to his own force, and to do so he trenched also on his own private means.) "I really do think I am doing a good service in putting down this rebellion, and so would any one if he saw the delight of the villagers in getting out of their oppressors' hands."

At once, as soon as he took the command, the strong hand began to be felt—the combination of grasp of purpose with detail of arrangement,—the strong hand and the delicate touch.

The European force had to be made an army instead of a swarm of adventurers.\*

Their form of service before Gordon's rule seems to have been—that the soldiers were to do the work, and to pay themselves out of the "loot." This was at once changed; regular "pay" was to be given, and plunder was absolutely forbidden. There was to be a uniform for the Chinese as well as the Europeans. At first the Chinese strongly objected to this. They resented being made into "imitation foreign devils." But in a short time, as part

\* Out of 120 of these adventurers and officers, eleven had died of delirium tremens.

of an Ever-Victorious Army, they grew proud of their assimilation to Gordon's race, and one of the Chinese officials, himself, bought thousands of European shoes for the native soldiers, that the sight of their footsteps might alarm the enemy.

The tactics also were revolutionized ; instead of a series of skirmishes, there was a system of rapid attacks on strong points, which soon drove the Tai-pings from piratical aggressions into the defensive, shielding themselves behind the ramparts of walled cities and forts.

The history of the war seems to gather itself chiefly into the capture of four cities,—Taitsan, Quinsan, Soochow, and Chanchufu.

Gordon's first object was Quinsan. But, before reaching it, he had to turn aside to avenge on the city of Taitsan the treacherous murder of three hundred of Governor Li's soldiers. Taitsan was bombarded and stormed, not without severe loss and fighting.

Quinsan was taken in May 1863, Chanchufu in April 1865, not quite two years afterwards, and with it fell the Tai-ping Rebellion. Quinsan was the key of the rebel position, a large fortified city connected with the capital of the province, Soochow, by a causeway. The country around

was flat, intersected in all directions by creeks, canals, and dykes, and Gordon's survey had made him master of its geography. "Knowledge of the country," he wrote, "is everything, and I have studied it a great deal." He set himself at once to cut off the communication with Soochow, and effected it by a little river steamer, with two guns, the *Hyson*, which its daring and skilful captain (an American skipper called Davidson) was reported to have made "amphibious." He "drove her over the bed of a creek where there was not water to float her," and surprised the enemy by appearing at what they had regarded as an inland fort. Seized with panic, the garrison of the fort fled into the city of Taitsan.

When, after nightfall, they took courage to issue forth again, and had encountered a detachment of Gordon's men on the causeway, suddenly the little dragon of a steamer appeared again, and so bewildered the rebels with her lights, her steam whistle, and the fire of her gun into their midst, "huddled together" as they were, that once more they ran helplessly back to the city, laying it bare, as they entered it, to any foe. The Imperialists marched in and took possession, and thus Quinsan fell without an assault.

But, as in so much of our warfare of all kinds, the success against enemies without only revealed the treachery of enemies within. Immediately after the fall of this great city, Tait-san, Gordon had to encounter the jealous hostility of a Chinese General, and then to quell a mutiny among his own non-commissioned officers, which he did by a wonderful combination of resolution and tact. And soon after this the adventurer Burgevin joined the Tai-pings, and became a "Wang," or subordinate "King," promising those who enlisted under him not only pay, but liberty to sack every town they captured, including the European port of Shanghai. In addition to this, Gordon's character had not yet told, as it did afterwards, on Governor Li and the Chinese officials. He was thwarted at point after point: the regular pay for his soldiers, which he had made a condition of his serving, was held back; there were arrears of three months; and the promises he had given the prisoners that they should be treated as having surrendered to a British officer, and not be tortured or killed, were broken in several instances.

Unfortunately, also, misinformed people on the spot reported to England instances of

murder and torture by the Mandarins as the work of Gordon. Thus, besides the hundreds of thousands of piratical rebels he had undertaken to subdue, he had to encounter treachery and mutiny close at hand, and misunderstanding and calumny in his own country.

He did encounter and overcome all.

In the next city he captured, the capital, Soochow, "the City of Pagodas," he actually succeeded in rescuing Burgevin and his wretched band of European adventurers out of the hands of the rebels at the very time when Burgevin was planning his destruction. Mutiny was no more thought of among his own soldiers and officers, enthusiastically devoted as they became to the man who had made them into an army. "Governor Li" became his fast friend. The details of the capture of the other cities, Soochow and Chanchufu, by Gordon's military genius may be left to military history; but the conquest of "Governor Li" himself by Gordon's *character* must be briefly told, because it is typical of his whole life and work, and also gathers into itself the whole story of the suppression of the Tai-ping Rebellion which made him "Chinese Gordon."

It seems that Gordon accomplished for the

Chinese statesman the greatest service one man can render another—a new revelation, through his own life, of what goodness is.

At first Li had trusted Gordon apparently little more than the various clever European and American merchants or adventurers he had come across. He had thought him accessible to ordinary temptations and motives, pay, honour, promotion.

By degrees he came to understand that what this man cared for supremely, or only, was truth and justice and mercy, the bringing order out of anarchy, the relief of wretched starving populations, the keeping of promises to enemies; that war was to him simply a terrible but necessary way of making peace. He came to see that unless lives sacredly guaranteed to be spared were spared, and pay justly due for services rendered was regularly made, Gordon would throw up his appointment, and that no amount of money or power for himself was of the slightest value to him as a compensation for wrong done or promises broken to others.

Their last conflict, which might easily have proved fatal to both Gordon and Governor Li, was during the capture of Soochow. The city was strongly fortified, and defended by twice the

number of the assailants, many of whom had fallen in the siege.

It was in this siege that occur some of the stories which most vividly present Gordon to us.

"In almost all these engagements," Mr. Hake writes, "Gordon found it necessary to be constantly in the front, and often to lead in person. The officers of his force were brave enough, but were not always ready to face their desperate antagonists. Gordon, in his mild way, would take one or the other of them by the arm and lead him into the thick of the foe." (He almost always went unarmed himself, like Joan of Arc, without her sword and with her lily-banner, even when foremost in the breach.) "He never recognized danger; to him a shower of bullets was no more than a hail-storm. He carried one weapon to direct his troops, a little cane, and this soon won for itself the name of Gordon's 'magic wand of victory.' His Chinese followers, seeing him always victorious, and always foremost in the fight, concluded that it was his wand that ensured him protection. This idea encouraged the Ever-Victorious Army greatly, and was of more service to the

young commander than any arms he could have borne."

One who served under him writes that this short stick was looked on "as a talisman—an idea substantially aided by his constant habit, when the troops were under fire, of appearing suddenly, in his quiet undress uniform, usually unattended, and always standing in the hottest part of the fire."

It was in this siege that his power to restore a lost character by the influence of hope and trust was shown in a young lieutenant who had carelessly (it might have seemed treacherously) sent important information in a letter to the enemy. Gordon said, "I shall pass over your fault this time on this condition, that, in order to show your loyalty, you undertake to lead the next forlorn hope." Gordon had forgotten the test to which he had pledged his comrade when, a few days after, he (as the natural and ordinary thing) stood himself by the ditch at the head of the forlorn hope. But the young Lieutenant had not forgotten. He was there beside his chief, who first learned his presence when, struck by a ball in the mouth, he fell with a last cry into Gordon's arms and died.



The siege had lasted some time, and Gordon's life had been risked on countless occasions, when, at last, the Wangs (*i.e.*, subordinate kings) began to perceive that resistance was hopeless, and entered into negotiations. Virtually on the faith of Gordon's word they surrendered, and trusted themselves, the garrison, and the city to the Imperialists, admitting them within the walls.

The result was that, in defiance of promises and understandings of mercy and pardon which Gordon had earned by his generalship, and which were the only rewards he would accept, the Wangs, or Kings, were at once murdered, whilst the city was given up to be sacked.

Gordon's indignation was unbounded. At the first discovery of the treacherous murder of the "Kings," he burst into tears. And then, revolver in hand, he sought Governor Li, intending to avenge the treachery on him at once.

But the Governor was nowhere to be found. Gordon threatened to relinquish the service, and withdrew his troops to a distance.

However, the misery of the continued devastations of the rebels, whom Burgevin had once more joined, and the desolation of the starving people at length moved Gordon to resume his

command. The Chinese Government could not see that these treacherous murders were contrary to their idea of the laws of war, but they, and General Li, did come to see that they were contrary to the Christian laws represented by Gordon; and it was guaranteed that in future all promises and treaties made through him should be kept.

And so he returned to his difficult leadership. The last great stronghold, Chanchufu, was invested and taken, the rebellion was virtually suppressed, and the Heavenly King of the Taipings killed his wives and himself in his palace at Nanking. "The result of Gordon's operations," it was written in the *Times*, "was this: he found the richest and most fertile districts of China in the hands of savage brigands. The silk districts were the scenes of their cruelty and riot, and the great historical cities, Hangchow and Soochow, were rapidly following the fate of Nanking, and were becoming desolate ruins. Gordon cut the rebellion in half, recovered the great cities, and utterly discouraged the fragments of the brigand power. All this he effected, first by the power of his arms, and afterwards, still more rapidly, by the terror of his name."

Governor Li, by this time understanding Gordon, and permanently conquered to confidence in him, left all questions of pay and reward absolutely in his hands.

He saw that his officers and men were liberally remunerated.

For himself he would accept nothing in the way of remuneration; the yellow jacket and peacock's feather, corresponding to our Order of the Garter, he did accept. "I do not care twopence about these things," he wrote to his mother, "but I know that you and my father like them. The Chinese Government have offered me a fortune." They pressed large sums of money on him twice. On the first occasion 10,000 taels were brought into his room, and he indignantly drove out the bearers of the treasure, and would not even look at it. "I do not want anything," he wrote. "As for honours, I do not want them. I know I am doing a great deal of good, and, liking my profession, I do not mind going on with my work." "Do not think me ill-tempered, but I do not care one jot about my promotion or what people may say. I know I shall leave China as poor as I entered it, but with the knowledge that, through my weak instrumentality,

upwards of 80,000 to 100,000 lives have been spared.”\*

Sir Frederick Bruce wrote of him: “The feeling that impelled him to resume operations after the fall of Soochow was one of the purest humanity. He sought to save the people of the districts that had been recovered from a repetition of the misery that had been entailed on them by this cruel civil war.”

And it was then that Prince Kung wrote to Sir Frederick Bruce saying that the Chinese Government had given, or vainly offered, the highest honours and rewards they could to Gordon—the title of Ti Tu, Commander-in-Chief, the Imperial yellow jacket and peacock’s feather—and now they entreated his own Government to give him some reward for which he would really care. His services were not disregarded by the English Government. He was made a C.B., a rare distinction to be given for service under a foreign Power, and he was entrusted with the defences of the Thames at Gravesend, the central point of the empire.

But his true reward came fifteen years

\* “Charles George Gordon,” by Barnes.

afterwards when, in 1880, China was on the brink of war with Russia.

"The Chinese courtiers were keen for war; Gordon's old friend, the 'Governor Li' of the Tai-ping Rebellion period, now in effect Prime Minister of China, stood almost alone in urging the wisdom of peace." All those years the memory of the gentle and just man in whom mercy was a fire, who to avenge a treachery had once sought his own life with a revolver, had remained in Governor Li's heart. He had seen a man in whom mercy and justice and truth were an enthusiasm and an inspiration. And he sent to entreat him to come over again and save his country from war, as before from rebellion.

And Gordon went.

Mr. Hart, his old friend, Chinese Commissioner of Customs, wrote (no doubt with authority) to ask him to come.

He saw his way to be of use to China, and he telegraphed from India that he would be there by the first opportunity.

"As for conditions, Gordon is indifferent," was his characteristic postscript.

He resigned his commission and sailed for China. The English Government appreciated

his worth too truly to accept his resignation, and he received permission to visit China, provided he accepted no military service. He did not pledge himself to this.

“My fixed desire,” he said, “is to persuade the Chinese not to go to war with Russia, both in their own interests and in those of the world, and especially those of England. Whether I succeed in being heard or not is not in my hands. In the event of war breaking out, I could not answer how I should act for the present; but I shall ardently desire a speedy peace. Inclined as I am, with only a small degree of admiration for military exploits, I esteem it a far greater honour to promote peace than to gain any petty honours in a wretched war.”

And that peace he did accomplish.

He left India for China on the 10th of June, and by August the 14th he was in Shanghai again, his work done.

At Tientsin he had an interview with Governor Li, who, when he saw him, fell on his neck and kissed him. “I have seen Hung Chang Li,” Gordon telegraphs to London, June 27, “and he wishes me to stay with him.

I cannot desert China in her present crisis." His counsels turned the scale to the side the statesman Li advocated—the side of peace. "China," Gordon wrote in the memorandum which brought this about, "wants no big officer from foreign Powers ; I say big officer, because I am a big officer in China. If I stayed in China, it would be bad for China, because it would vex the American, French, and German Governments, who would want to send their officers. Besides, I am not wanted. China can do what I recommend, herself ; if she cannot, I could do no good."

And so, having simply by his clear words and the weight of his presence and character reconciled two great empires, he returned, from being the "big officer" in China to whatever little place his country would give him in her service, or in the service of mankind, anywhere. In England, "Chinese Gordon ;" in China, the Christian Englishman who had twice saved her, from civil and from foreign war, the great soldier, "big officer," whose end and work was peace.



### III.

RETURN TO ENGLAND AND GRAVESEND, 1864-1874.



THE next six years of Gordon's life after the suppression of the Taping Rebellion are perhaps among the most instructive of all. He had shown how on strange battle-fields and on high levels visible to the whole world, the simplest Christian duty means the loftiest heroism. And now he was to show how the most burning enthusiasm and the highest heroic quality can find an adequate battle-field in doing on low levels and in quiet places the simplest duties open to us all, and fighting the common miseries and sins, around and within us all.

"Those six years," Mr. Egmont Hake writes, "different from any other period of his career, were perhaps among the happiest of



his life." He was surely too true and patriotic a man not to be pleased by the appreciation of his work, and one who knew him says it did gratify him. But he had such an intense conviction of all power being of God, such a hatred of all that which exalts the conscious self and so lowers the true man, that he could not, and would not, be made the lion and hero of the hour.

The high-bred modesty and reticence of his nature, which belongs to the true knights of all ages, made such publicity a vulgarity to him; and the high mystical faith in the indwelling presence of God made it a profanation. Praise, to him, was at once an "impertinence" and a "blasphemy."

"The individual is coming home," he wrote to his mother on the 17th of November 1864, "but does not wish it known, for it would be a signal for the disbanded to come to Southampton; and although the waits at Christmas are bad, these others are worse."

Invitations which would have made him the hero of the season he resolutely declined; invitations which Dr. Livingstone, with as true

a simplicity, accepted, in the interests of the cause he served.

"On his return, therefore," Mr. Hake writes, "none save his relatives heard anything of the campaign. By the fireside at Southampton he told the strange and splendid romance of those fifteen months—a story teeming with the loftiest and most noble incidents of war, with singular encounters, disastrous chances, and moving accidents by flood and field. To listen to it was a new and unique experience; and as he stood every evening for three or four hours descanting on the things he had seen, now pointing to the map before him to explain the position, now raising his voice in sudden anger at defeat, or dropping it, with victory, in mercy for the fallen, the company was spell-bound and amazed. The wonderful scenes he described, and the simple enthusiasm with which he described them, left the impression of a new Arabian Nights."

His temper, naturally quick and fiery, though "well under control," was never so roused as by those who praised him. His mother kept as a relic a map, which he had drawn when a

boy, torn in two and pieced together, which she had rescued from the fire into which he threw it on finding her exhibiting it to some friends.

And there are other similar incidents recorded ; for instance, of his tearing out sheets of a manuscript narrative of the Tai-ping War in which he was much lauded, and of his going to the printer's on finding that some narrative of his own had been printed for private circulation, demanding the manuscript, and giving orders that all copies printed should be destroyed and the type broken up.

"He was seen at his best," his friend the Rev. Reginald H. Barnes writes, "in his intercourse with young children ; with children he was quite at home ; and they instinctively felt that in him they had a friend who understood them and whom they could trust and love." They recognized him as one of themselves, as not having lost and unlearned their heavenly native mother-tongue, and permitted him to be their friend and comforter. So among the ragged boys around his house at Gravesend, his "kings" as he called them, he was entirely at home.

“To the world,” Mr. Hake writes, “his life at Gravesend was a life of self-suppression and self-denial ; to himself it was one of happiness and pure peace. He lived wholly for others. His house was school and hospital and almshouse in turn ; it was more like the abode of a missionary than of a colonel of Engineers. The troubles of all interested him alike. The poor, the sick, the unfortunate, were ever welcome. He always took a great delight in children, but especially in boys employed on the river or the sea. Many he rescued from the gutter, cleansed and clothed them, and kept them for weeks in his house. For their benefit he established evening classes, over which he himself presided, reading to and teaching the lads with as much ardour as if he were leading them to victory. He called them his ‘kings,’ and for many of them he got berths on board ship. One day a friend asked him why there were so many pins stuck into the map of the world over his mantelpiece ; he was told they marked and followed the course of the boys on their voyages, that they were moved from point to point as his youngsters advanced, and that

he prayed for them as they went, day by day."

Another, who often was with him at that time, writes\* : " As great, as good, he was, and as true, as any have described him ; not a colourless saint without a flaw to relieve his goodness from monotony, but a man whose genius was too brilliant, and whose parts were too strong, to be without corresponding weaknesses and prejudices almost as marked as his talents. Who could have loved Gordon as we did if he had been nothing more than a model of all the virtues ?

" I was a long slip of a lad when I was introduced to him. ' This is my new assistant, Colonel Gordon,' said my chief (the manager for the contractors who were constructing the fortifications). My hand was grasped heartily, a quick nervous voice bade me a kindly ' Good-morning,' and the next moment I was looking into ' Chinese Gordon's ' eyes. What eyes they were ! keen and clear, filled with the beauty of holiness ; bright, with an unnatural brightness ; their colour blue grey, as is the sky on a bitter March morning. I know not

\* *Nineteenth Century*, March 1885. By Arthur Stannard.

what effect those eyes had on all he came in contact with, though, from the unfailing and willing obedience with which his orders were carried out, I fancy he unconsciously mesmerized nine out of ten to do his will; but I know that upon me their effect was to raise a wild longing to do something, anything, at his bidding. His power was the power of resolute goodness, and it was so strong that if he had told me to perform some impossible feat I should certainly have tried my utmost to accomplish it.

“It was his custom to begin his working-day at eight o'clock in the morning and to end it at two in the afternoon. Before and after those hours he was practically as inaccessible as if he had been on the other side of the globe. For, in spite of the beautiful goodness of his heart and the great breadth of his charity, he was far from possessing a placid temperament, or from being patient over small things. Indeed, his very energy and single-mindedness tended to make him impatient and irritable whenever any person or thing interfered with his instructions or desires.”

Another of the many instances that the

apostles of love are not made out of the imperturbable placidities, but out of the sons of thunder.

“When Gordon *was* at work there was no mistake about it, and woe to the man who dare keep him waiting a moment longer than was necessary.

“In the early days of his command at Gravesend he was sorely tried by the time spent in rowing from one fort to another, and before long he discarded the pair-oared boat for a four-oared gig, which came soon to be known for the ‘fastest boat pulled in those waters. His crew were in a high state of discipline, and it was a suggestive sight to see these men, who had been waiting for hours on the chance of being wanted, when he gave the word, scurry along down the jetty and into the boat, and almost before he was fairly seated have her cast off and their oars dipped. I believe they adored him in their hearts, but he certainly took it out of their bodies; a constant fire of impatient appeals, ‘A little faster, boys, a little faster!’ until the goal was reached.

“There was indeed nothing more remarkable

about him than his almost morbid appreciation of the value of time. He would not, of his own accord, waste a single moment. His own words, 'Inaction is terrible to me,' were indeed literally true.

"For a man of his small stature, his activity was marvellous ; he seemed able to walk every one else off their legs. It was a most comical sight to see him land at a fort and run up the glacié, his followers, some of them massive, slow-moving men, struggling up after him in various stages of breathlessness.

"There was no undue self-assertion or *hauteur* in his manner, but it was never possible to forget, when he was on duty, that he was the colonel commandant. He was exceedingly sparing of remarks when on the works, and always confined himself strictly to the business on hand.

"When *his* mind was made up on a matter, it never seemed to occur to him that there would be any more to say about it." Yet, "with him the desire to efface himself amounted almost to a disease. Nothing irritated him more than to be effusively thanked.



"All sorts and conditions of men became the objects for his labour and recipients of his charity, and of their deserts he was not critical.

"As was but natural, he was often imposed upon, though with many he succeeded. It needed many failures to convince him that defaulters were in truth incorrigible.

"In one instance he took a boy into his house—one of many so helped—fed, clothed, and taught him, and at last placed him satisfactorily on board ship." But all to no purpose. "Three times this little impostor was taken in, fed back to strength, clothed, and well placed; and as often did he return to the streets to sink into wretchedness and rags. The last time he came back was at night. When the colonel returned, he found his *protégé* on the doorstep, half-dead with hunger and cold. To take him in, with three other boys then living in the house, was impossible. He led him across the yard to a stable, found an empty stall, and some clean straw, and bade him rest till the morning. Just after six the colonel appeared, carrying a lump of soap, a large towel, a brush, and a sponge. He

poured a pail of hot water into the drinking trough, and then and there gave the boy a thorough cleansing from head to foot, and dressed him in new clothes, his own being only fit for the flames.

“Two afternoons a week he went to the infirmary, where he read, talked, and prayed with all who were lying there. Of his sympathy with the sick, and exertions on their behalf, I have heard more grateful words than of anything he did. He was especially fond of seeking out old and bedridden people, living outside the town, who had few to look after them. To these old people he was more genial and communicative than to any one else, and would tell them long stories of his days in Russia and China.”

There is one incident which recalls the story of Edward the Confessor warning the thief to escape lest the steward should catch him :

“Five valuable patent locks had been carried off by a soldier the worse for liquor. The colonel, who in some way or other found out everything, asked the manager what he intended to do about it. When he was told that, as the carpenters were to blame for leav-

ing the locks about, no action would be taken, he was apparently as much relieved as if he had been the pardoned culprit. 'Thank you, thank you; that is what I should have done myself.'

"When one saw what he did day by day, one could not fail to comprehend that he did indeed live for God and not for himself. He spared himself no exertion to add to the comfort of the sick and miserable; his gifts were only limited by his means. He made arrangements to have various old and disabled persons paid pensions from one to ten shillings a week.

"Perfectly free from cant, he did not press religion indiscriminately on all. He was an assiduous tract distributor in a quiet way, hanging them on nails, wrapping them round gate handles or bars.

"The last time I saw him an incident occurred which showed his kindly consideration for others. At Cliffe Fort, my chief went round with him and a distinguished party, and I followed. On the visitors reaching the jetty, I turned back and entered my little hut. I had scarcely closed the door, when it was violently thrown open again, and in rushed Colonel Gordon. He

hastily wrung my hand, and exclaimed, 'Good-bye, Stannard ; God bless and keep you always.' Before I could utter a word in return, he had darted out again, and was making his way at a sharp double across the glacis towards the steam launch, on which, by this time, all the others had taken their places."

Mr. Arnold White writes of him and his work during those years: "The five great forts that form the first and second line of the Thames defences are mainly the result of Gordon's work at Gravesend. He taught us in his leisure moments the right way to approach the poor man and boy, and to arouse in them those feelings of devotion and love which enabled them to resist the temptations common to their class, and to help themselves. Clinker-built and russet-tiled, the outside of the cottage where he lived, in the centre of one of the forts, appears more humble than it really is. The drawing-room looks on a spacious lawn with one spreading chestnut-tree. A fireplace faces the bow-window, and over the chimney-piece he placed the map of the world with the little flags to mark the progress of his 'kings' in their wanderings by land and sea. This room

was used in his leisure moments; and in it many a poor fellow from the gutter and the shrimp-boat first found help and hope. Upstairs is his bedroom, with a fine view of the Sheerness bend in the Thames, of the four forts, and the busy steamers. Adjacent is the boys' room, where Gordon's 'kings' were accommodated wholesale, so near to his own chamber that any uproar could be quickly checked.

"Outside, the garden with old-fashioned box-edged beds was on summer-days, in his time, the resort of the old and the halt. Fourteen years have passed since he left Gravesend; but he has left, especially among the poor, so passionate a clinging to his memory that his loss is to them a reality which cannot be observed without sharing in the pain. He never taught them that the language of religion is a panacea for hunger and despair. Hothouse grapes carried nightly to the bedside of a fevered and improvident waterman, and placed one by one in his mouth, were the sort of religious message he favoured. A man whose intelligence made him fretful on a sick-bed, where he was condemned to idleness of mind

found, by his thought, a *Daily News* delivered every morning at his door.

“An old woman, whose sons had long since been helped by him, and who had since herself fallen on evil days, hearing he was dead, conceived the idea that he was to be buried in London. She actually negotiated to sell some dilapidated nets, which were all she possessed, to pay the fare to London, that she might throw herself on the remains of him she loved so well. ‘For,’ she said, ‘I do not care if I starve the day after.’”

In another case, “he took daily delicacies and wine, recommended by the doctor, to a poor sick old woman.”

“Perhaps the spot most directly connected with the story of his life at Gravesend is the dingy corner of the ragged-school, with the tall window looking on the unlovely red tiles and grey bricks and mortar of the soup-kitchen. Here, in this corner, every Sunday, he was regularly to be found with his class of sixteen boys, on whom he shed the light of his singular nature. These boys were ‘rough ’uns’ when they were first caught, but they soon sobered down, and in every known case became person-

ally indebted to Gordon for a changed life. He would never take the chair except on one occasion when 300 of the parents of these boys were entertained at a tea-meeting. He carried self-effacement into the smallest details of life. Some of the poorer lads he would have to the Fort House, where he would feed and lodge them. Three or four of them had scarlet fever, and he would sit with them far into the night, talking to them and soothing them till they fell asleep.

“He entered into all their concerns, caring nothing for himself. He only cared to make them happy and industrious, while his chief aim, said one who knew, was to lead them to the Saviour.

“He would enter houses infected with fever when others feared to do so. He would often go to the workhouse and walk with the old men in the yard. With him, out of sight was not out of mind. He would send his photograph to an old washerwoman. His four principles of life (he said) were : (1) Entire self-forgetfulness ; (2) The absence of pretension ; (3) Refusal to accept, as a motive, the world’s praise or disapproval ; (4) To follow in all things the will of God.

"His benevolence embraced all," writes a lady who saw much of him at this time. "Misery was quite sufficient claim for him, without going into the question of merit; and of course sometimes he was deceived—but very seldom, for he had an eye that saw through and through people; it seemed useless to try to hide anything from him. I have often wondered how much this wonderful power was due to natural astuteness, or how much to his own clear singleness of mind and freedom from self, so that the truth about everything seemed revealed to him. The workhouse and infirmary were his constant haunts, and of pensioners he had a countless number all over the neighbourhood. Many of the dying sent for him, and ever ready he was to visit them, no matter in what weather, or at what distance. But he would never take the chair at a religious meeting, or be in any way prominent. He was always willing to conduct services for the poor and address a sweeps' tea-meeting, but all public speechifying, especially when complimentary speeches were made in his honour, he *loathed*.

"All eating and drinking he was indifferent to. Coming home with us one afternoon late, we



found his tea waiting for him, in a most unappetizing state—a loaf and a teapot of tea. I remarked on the dryness of the bread, when he took the whole loaf (a small one) and crammed it into the slop-basin, and poured all the tea upon it, saying it would soon be ready for him to eat and in half-an-hour it would not matter what he had eaten.

“He always had dry humorous little speeches at command that flavoured all his talk, and I remember the merry twinkle with which he told us that many of the boys, thinking that being invited to live with the colonel meant delicate fare and luxury, were unpleasantly enlightened on that point when they found he sate down with them to salt beef and just the necessary food.

“He kindly gave us a key to his garden, thinking our children might like to walk there sometimes.

“The first time my husband and I visited it we remarked what nice peas and vegetables of all kinds there were, and, the housekeeper coming out, we made some such remark to her. She at once told us that the colonel never tasted them—that nearly all the garden, a large one, was cultivated by different poor people to

whom he gave permission to plant what they chose, and to take the proceeds. She added that it often happened that presents of fine fruit and flowers would be sent to the colonel, and that he would never so much as taste them, but take them or send them at once to the hospital or workhouse, for the sick. He always thanked the donors, but never told them how their gifts had been appropriated.

“We used to say he had no *self*, in that following his Divine Master. He would never talk of himself and his doings. Therefore, his life never can and never will be written.

“It was in these years that the first book about him came out. He allowed the author to come and stay at Fort House, and gave him every facility towards bringing out his book, and all the particulars about the Tai-ping Rebellion, even to lending him his diary. Then, from something that was said, he discovered that personal acts of his own (bravery, possibly) were described, and he asked to see what had been written. Then he tore out, page after page, the parts about himself, to the poor author's chagrin, who told him he had spoiled his book.

“I tried to get to the bottom of this feeling of

his, telling him he might be justly proud of these things; but was answered that no man had a right to be proud of anything, inasmuch as he has no *native* good in him, he has *received* it all, and he maintained that there was deep cause for intense humiliation on the part of every one—that all wearing of medals, adorning of the body, or any form of self-glorification was quite out of place.

“Also, he said he had no right to keep back anything, having once given himself to God. What was he to keep back? He knew no limit.

“He said to me: ‘You, who profess the same, have no right to the gold chain you wear; it ought to be sold for the poor.’

“But he acknowledged the difficulty of others regarding all earthly things in the light that he did; his purse was always empty from his constant liberality.

“He told us the silver tea-service that he kept (a present from Sir William Gordon) would be sufficient to pay for his burial without troubling his family.

“But, though he would never speak of his own acts, he would talk freely of his thoughts, and long and intensely interesting conversations

have we had with him; his mystical turn of mind lent a great charm to his words, and we learned a great deal from him. I have often wished I had recorded at the time many of his aphorisms. We saw him very frequently, but there was a tacit understanding that we were never to invite him, nor to ask him to stay longer when he rose to go. To ask him to dinner would have been a great offence; he would say, 'Ask the poor and sick; don't ask me, who have enough.'

"He had a great number of medals, for which he cared nothing. There was a gold one, however, given to him by the Empress of China, with a special inscription engraved upon it, for which he had a great liking. But it suddenly disappeared; no one knew when, or how.

"Years afterwards it was found out, by a curious accident, that he had erased the inscription, sold the medal for ten pounds, and sent the sum anonymously to Canon Miller for the relief of the sufferers from the cotton famine at Manchester." \*

And so he spent those six happiest years, "in

"Chinese Gordon." By Egmont Hake.

slums, in workhouses, or knee-deep in the river, at work upon the Thames defence."

Then, in 1871, he was appointed British Commissioner to the European Commission of the Danube. In taking leave of Gravesend, he presented a number of splendid Chinese flags of all colours, the trophies of his victories, to his "kings" at the ragged-schools.

From time to time proofs came of the enthusiastic personal devotion felt for him in those who worked with or under him.

He had gained a name, it was said when he left, "by the most exquisite charity, that will long be remembered."

He had lived a life which shows that the most literal following of Christ is never an impossibility or an anachronism. He had made for all around him a rift in the clouds, through which had shone on all the Sun of righteousness, whose light is at once a consuming fire and healing as a mother-bird's brooding wings.

Consciously or unconsciously, when he went away, children and men and women felt they had seen one who had seen into heaven, and belonged to it.



#### IV.

TWICE IN THE SOUDAN, 1874-1879.



ON February 1874 Colonel Gordon was at Cairo, on his way to the Soudan, "the Country of the Blacks," on one more mission of peace and mercy, as "his Excellency General Colonel Gordon, Governor-General of the Equator under the Khedive of Egypt." "An extraordinary mixture of titles," he writes.

It is remarkable that Gordon started for the Soudan on the very day when the sad tidings of Dr. Livingstone's death in the heart of Africa was first surely known in England, one life spent in the saving and succouring of "the unhappy land" thus linked on to another, as if there were not to be a moment's break in the chain.

His instructions from the Egyptian Government were "to put down brigandage, break up

the slave-trading factories, giving compensation to the owners, to restore the captive slaves to their homes, or, when this was not possible, to settle them on lands in the provinces. In dealing with the chieftains of the native tribes he was above all to win their confidence, to respect their territory, and to conciliate them by presents. Their obedience must be secured by making them dread his power. At the same time, as an Egyptian Pasha, he had to see that the Egyptian Government got its revenue."

In 1879 he could say, at the end of his second expedition, "I am neither a Napoleon nor a Colbert; I do not profess to have been a great ruler or a great financier, but I can say this: I have cut off the slave-dealers in their strongholds, and I made the people love me."

But, while clear about his own purposes, he was also, as usual, equally clear about the intrigues and cross purposes of those around him, and also about the difficulties he had to surmount.

"I think I see the true motive of the expedition, and believe it to be a sham to catch the attention of the English people."

The frontier of ancient Egypt, he wrote,

was never pushed farther than Wady Halfa. Between that and the Black Country, the Soudan, lay two hundred and eighty miles of desert.

The so-called Egyptian conquests of the Soudan, Darfour, and the Equatorial Regions had ended simply in the establishment of Zebehr, the atrocious slave-trader, as Pasha, and in the destruction of hundreds of villages, and at least two-thirds of the population, for the enrichment of the traders and the payment of the Egyptian taxes.

And it was merely the fear of this Zebehr's setting up an empire of his own in opposition to Egypt that had awakened the Khedive to the horrors of the slave-trade, which had been freely tolerated as long as the proceeds went into the Egyptian treasury.

General Gordon refused the proffered salary of £10,000. It was, he knew, to be wrung from the wretched starving people he was sent to govern. He would take only £2,000.

He saw through the intrigues around him. "There has been a mutual disappointment," he wrote to his sister. "Nubar Pasha thought he had a rash fellow to do with, one who



could be persuaded to cut a dash, and found he had one of the Gordon race; this latter thought the thing real and found it a sham, and felt like a Gordon who had been humbugged. 'Do not make an enemy of Nubar,' some one said; 'he may do you mischief.' It was too much, and your brother replied, in the midst of a circle of guests, there was no one living who could do him the slightest injury he could feel." In another place he speaks of "the rottenness of Egypt. One wants £600, and another a house, and the poor people are ground down to get the money. Who art thou to be afraid of a man. If He wills, I will shake all this in some way not clear to me now. Do not think I am an egoist. I am like Moses, who despised the riches of Egypt. We have a King mightier than these. I will not bow to Haman."

Nevertheless he starts on his new enterprise full, not only of faith, but of spirit and gaiety.

"I am quite well, and have quiet times in spite of all the work. Either there is a God or there is none; that is the whole question. Tell —, as he said, self is the best officer to do anything for you."

"I have put the district under martial law—*i.e.*, the will of the General. Things promise, with God's help, to work out all right."

He insisted on taking with him an Arab slave-trader, Abou Saoud, whom he rescued from prison in Cairo, and believed he could make trustworthy by trusting. He was disappointed in this, and had to dismiss Abou Saoud, after risking his own life often in the process of endeavouring to make him into a loyal servant. In view of the last generous trust and base treachery of another rescued captive, which finally proved fatal to him—to him whose trust, with the high influence of his character, *had* conquered so many—the story of Abou Saoud reads like a foreshadowing.

He writes vivid bits of description as he goes along the Nile to his capital, the wretched station of Gondokoro, as far from Khartoum, the ultimate point of anything like civilization, "as London from Turin."

The welcome at Khartoum has a pathetic meaning to us now. "The Khartoum people make a shrill noise, when they see you, as a salutation; it is like a jingle of bells, and is somewhat musical."

At another time, as he goes up the Nile, he writes: "Troops of monkeys come down to drink, with very long tails stuck up straight like swords over their backs. They look most comical.

"We have passed some people who wear a gourd for a head-dress; also some who wear no head-dress or other dress.

"Last night we were going slowly in the moonlight, and I was thinking of you and Nubar and the expedition, when all of a sudden, from a large bush, came peals of laughter. I felt put out, but it turned out to be birds, who laughed at us in a very rude way. They are a species of storks, and seemed in capital spirits and highly amused at anybody thinking of going up to Gondokoro with the hope of doing anything.

"The crocodiles were lying interlaced on the few rocks, with their mouths, garnished with teeth, wide open. You could see the hippopotamuses walking about like huge islands."

At one time he speaks of the air as "so dry that things do not decay nor smell. A dead camel becomes like a drum."

From time to time came mentions of warn-

ings not to trust Abou Saoud, not to eat with him, and then of the "poor," and one or two higher kind of Arabs, who did trust him, and his own determination to trust him still. "He will be a great man; he is built and made to govern."

Then again, aphorisms: *e.g.*, "—— lives on what he *has done*, and of course that does not help what *has to be done*." "There is a set of officers I hate; Captains '*I told him to do it*,' '*I am going to do it*,' '*I thought you were going to do it*.'"

And, all through, glimpses into the depths of the heart, into the two springs of his spiritual life—the absolute trust in God and the ceaseless self-sacrificing love for man.

"As to paying taxes, or any government existing outside the forts, it is all nonsense," he says. "I apprehend not the least difficulty in the work; the greatest will be to gain the people's confidence again. Poor people; they are very badly fed, and appear to be in much suffering. What a mystery, is it not? why they are created, a life of fear and misery night and day. One does not wonder at their not fearing death. ["It was," he wrote at another time, "as if

Azrael, the angel of death, had spread his wings over the land.”] No one can conceive the utter misery of these lands, and heat and mosquitoes day and night all the year round. But I like the work, for I believe I can do a great deal to ameliorate the lot of the people.

“I have given them some grain. I have employed a few of them to plant maize, and they do it fairly. The reason they do not do it for themselves is that they would run the chance of its being taken by force from them, so they plant only enough to keep body and soul together.

“One man brought me over his two children because he could not keep them, and sold them to me for a small basketful of dhoora. A man and his wife and two children came and have settled close to the station.”

Starvation and total insecurity seemed to have destroyed all family affection. The entries vary in tone. But the pity and tenderness towards suffering are never chilled, nor, as with Livingstone, is hope ever quenched. He thinks, with Livingstone, emigration on a large scale would be the best remedy.

"I prefer it to going out to dinner in England," he writes, "and have kept my health. For young men it is deadening, but if you have passed the meridian and can estimate life at its proper value—viz., as a probation—then the quiet is enjoyable. We throw away our best years in trying for a time, which will never come, which will content us. I am sure it is the secret of true happiness to be content with what we actually have. We raise our own goblins. I have not patience with the groans of half the world. I declare I think there is more happiness among these miserable blacks than among our own middle classes. These blacks are glad of a handful of maize. They have not a strip to cover them, but you do not see them grunting and groaning all day long as you see scores in England, with wretched attempts at gaiety, all hollow and miserable. There would be none so unwelcome to come and reside in our world as our Saviour, in the state it is in now. He would be dead against nearly all our pursuits, and be altogether *outré*."

"The quiet peacefulness of His life was solely due to His submission to God's will.

"There will be times when a strain may come

on one, but it is only for a time, and, as the strain, so will your strength be."

And then in a letter to his sister, a glimpse into his daily acts of mercy:—"I took a poor old bag-of-bones into my camp a month ago, and have been feeding her up; but yesterday she was quietly taken off, and now knows all things. She had her tobacco to the last, and died quite quietly. What a change from her misery."

Again—"A wretched *sister* of yours is struggling up the road, but she is such a wisp of bones that the wind threatens to overthrow her. I have sent her some dhoora, and will produce a spark of joy in her."

Next day—"I am bound to give you the sequel of the Rag helped yesterday in the gale of wind. I had told my man to see her into one of the huts, and thought he had done so.

"The night was stormy and rainy, and when I awoke I heard often the crying of a child near my hut. When I got up I went to see what it was, and, passing though the gateway, I saw your and my sister lying in a pool of mud; her black brothers had been passing, and had taken no notice of her. To my surprise, she

was not dead. After considerable trouble I got three black brothers to lift her out of the mud, poured some brandy down her throat, and got her into a hut with a fire, having the mud washed out of her sightless eyes. She was not more than sixteen !

“ There she now lies. I cannot help hoping she is floating down with the tide to the haven of rest. I dare say you will see—in fact, I am sure you will see—your black sister some day, and she will tell you about it all, and how Infinite Wisdom directed the whole affair. I know this is a tough morsel to believe, *but it is true*. I prefer life amidst sorrows, if those sorrows are inevitable, to a life spent in inaction. Turn where you will there are sorrows. Many a rich person is as unhappy as this Rag of mortality. ‘ *This mustard is very badly made*, ’ was the remark of one of my staff, some time ago, when some of our brothers were stalking about showing every bone of their poor bodies.”

Again—“ The Rag is still alive.”

And at last—“ Your black sister departed this life at four P.M., deeply lamented by me ; not so by her black brothers, who considered her a nuisance.”



Then observations about ants—"It is curious to see the large black ants on a foray crossing a path. They have a regular line of sentries. If you put anything near these sentries, they make at it with the greatest fierceness. It is odd to see how the wish to gather stores prevails with the ants brought in with the fire-wood—how they have no home, and yet you see them as busy as possible, carrying in bits of food, dead friends, &c., into holes. They seem to be of the opinion that to be idle is to be very bad."

Again—"The children of the natives are very extraordinary: at a year old they walk and carry gourds of water."

Then in September the letter of dismissal to Abou Saoud, found out at last—"Abou, when I took you at Cairo, there was not an Arab nor a foreigner who would have thought of employing you, but I trusted to your protestations, and did so. Soon, however, I came to find out my fair treatment was thrown away—you tried to deceive me—you misstated—you told me falsely—your appointment is cancelled."

This time the generous heart was undeceived—not too late.

Then an allusion to what it cost him to give up the Empress of China's medal which he sent to Canon Miller, for the distress at Greenwich.

"How full we are of high-sounding phrases; how ready to judge. How we ignore God in all things.

"Never shall I forget *what I got* when I scored out the inscription on the gold medal. How I have been repaid a million-fold. There is now not one thing I value in the world. Its honours, they are false, they are knick-knacks, they are perishable and useless. Why did I come here? I felt too independent to serve, with my views, at Malta or in the corps, and perhaps I felt I had in me something that, if God willed, might benefit these lands, for He has given me great energy and health and some little common-sense."

In 1875, later on, speaking of the wretched Egyptian troops he had to work with—"I have written to the Khedive; his officers and men are so wretched, they are no match for the natives; there is no discipline at all."

And in August 1875—"There is generally a mode of action against any particular enemy which gives you victory, if you can grasp the

secret. Against us, no doubt, with our defective organization, the first thing would be to force us into frequent changes of position. Against the Chinese I never succeeded as long as they had their retreat secure."

Again—"These people are unfit to acquire the country. Everything rots in this country, but they make it rot quicker, and will leave a good rope tangled and sodding in the bilge water of their boats. Oh dear! what a people to slave for! In fact, you have in *war* to teach your men the rudiments of *drill*."

And, October—"The toil up the river, slowly forming the chain of posts, has worn me very much. I shall never be fit for anything again."

He was ill with ague and fever, and from drinking bad water.

Again—"My dear, why will you keep caring for what the world says? Try, oh try to be no longer a slave to it. You can have little idea of the comfort of freedom from it; it is bliss. Hoist your flag and abide by it. In an infinitely short space of time all secret things will be divulged.

"Roll your burden on Him. He will make straight your mistakes. He will set you right

with those with whom you have set yourself wrong. Here am I, a lump of clay. Thou art the Potter. Mould me as Thou in Thy wisdom wilt; never mind my cries. Cut off my life, so be it; prolong it, so be it. Out of sorts with bleeding from the nose, nearly suffocated last night. Poor sheath, it is much worn." So three years (from January 1874 to December 1876) were passed. The summary of their history is given by Mr. Scott.

In January 1874, having secured from the Khedive the Governorship, not only of the "Equator," but of the whole Soudan, without which he felt sure he could do no good, "he started on his new career as Governor of Equatorial Africa. The province of Khar-toum and the littoral of the Red Sea were under other governors, but he did not anticipate any obstacle from them, and went away cheerily to his work at the Equator. He found Baker's task sadly incomplete, 'a mere conquest on paper.' It was in reality a stupendous work, one never to be performed by Egypt. The objects are thus set forth in Baker's Firman of Nomination : 'The subjugation of the countries to the south of Gondokoro, the suppression of

the slave-trade, the introduction of a system of regular communication, the opening up of the navigation of the great lakes of the Equator.'

" 'Nothing had really been done towards the accomplishment of any of these objects.'

" Three military posts, at vast distances apart, were the sole proofs of Egyptian rule in Equatorial Africa. Gordon remained at his post for three years. During that time tribes that were hostile became friendly, order took the place of disorder, a line of military stations fifty to a hundred miles apart was established from Khartoum to Gondokoro, and thence to Lake Albert, where he put together and launched a fifty-ton iron steamer, 2,800 miles south by river from Cairo.

" But the governors and local officials in his rear were all against him *in the task he had most at heart, the suppression of the slave-trade*. Even at Cairo he found no support. *No notice was taken of his reports on that head*. In fact, neither the Khedive nor his Ministers cared a straw for the slave-trade as long as the other objects of the mission were accomplished. Gordon accordingly came back to Cairo, and threw up his appointment in December 1876. He wrote

at that time to the present writer [Mr. Justice Scott] : ' If the Khedive will not guarantee the removal of obstacles to the suppression of the slave-trade, I will not go back. The guarantee I require is the whole of the Soudan, not only the Equatorial regions. I consider, if he will not give me the Soudan, I have no guarantee. I will not suffer as I did before. I will not go up to contend against the governors in my rear and the difficulties ahead of me.'

"So Gordon came back to Cairo and declined to serve the Khedive again until the real power he demanded was placed in his hands, which in fact was done."

It was in this interval that Mr. Scott saw much of him, and gives this characteristic picture :—

"It is hard to say where lies the secret of his success. (Ismail Pasha said of him 'The secret of Gordon's success is his contempt for life and money.' The ex-Khedive was too cynical to divine the whole secret, and did not see the chivalric sense of honour and duty to his God and his country.) He is careless of danger, but many other men hold their lives as cheaply. He despises money, but he is not singular in

that indifference. He is all frankness and sincerity, but these qualities are, fortunately, not very rare. He has an intense faith, but there are other men who possess equal trust and belief. Self-reliance equal to his own has ensured success to other leaders. It is perhaps the rare combination of all these qualities which goes to make him remarkable. Few men have a kinder heart. His pensioners are many, and scattered over the world. But, with all his kindness, he can be very stern. He has shot evil-doers with his own hand, and unflinchingly ordered men to execution by way of example. His religion is the most powerful factor in his actions. Whenever he is in doubt, he turns to his Bible. With the English newspapers, that formed his whose library in the Soudan. But shrewd common-sense is mixed up with his utmost mystical religion; and his constant reference to his Bible, opening the book at random for guidance in the practical working of life, has never led him astray."

Mr. Scott well remembers the first time they met.

"It was in Egypt, at Ramleh, the desert suburb of Alexandria, just at the close of the

first chapter of his Equatorial rule. A slight man, under middle size, of erect military bearing, with a clear-cut face and small moustache, and penetrating light blue eyes, walked into the room from the back way, apologizing in a shy gentle voice for coming in through the kitchen, 'because, you see, I could not find your front door.' We sate that day for hours and over endless cigarettes; he told with simple eloquence how he won the hostile tribes by justice and fair dealing. He paid, he said, for all he took, carried everywhere with him a public petition box, and always read the petitions, helped the weak against the strong, and freed all captives who were being carried away into slavery. He never went armed, not even when the natives were creeping through the long grass, spear in hand, ready to attack whenever there was a chance.

"Later on, he corrected himself about the arms, and said, 'Yes, I did sleep once with a revolver by me, but I was sorry afterwards that I did.' It is seldom that he will talk as he did that day. He was generally rather a silent man, low-voiced when he did speak, and gentle in all his ways, especially gentle with women and children.



"We remember another occasion when, as we sate together, one of the children rushed into the room all tears because her brother had gone out without her. 'Never mind, my dear,' said Gordon, calling her to him, 'all will come right.\* You have your troubles, and I have mine; we must both try to bear them.' And he took the child on his knee, and talked to her till she had forgotten her woes. His troubles then were no small ones. His work was all over, and he was leaving Egypt without a word of gratitude from those he had served so well. The Government was even haggling over his arrears of pay. 'They need not mind,' he said; 'I have told them I will make them a present of all they owe me.'

"The story of the next three years," Mr. Scott writes, "is told at length in the works of Dr. Hill and Mr. Hake."

"The Khedive conceded every demand, and in February 1876 Gordon, again full of hope, once more turned his face southward, and this time as Governor-General of the whole of the

\* And for that dear child, also, doubtless all has "come right." She reached the end of all troubles, and the fulfilment of all joy, before the hero who so tenderly tried to comfort her.

Soudan, the Equator, and the littoral of the Red Sea, a territory 2,000 miles in length and 1,000 broad. "So there," he wrote, "is an end of slavery, if God wills, for the whole secret of the matter is in that Government (the Soudan), and if the man who holds the Soudan is against it, it must cease."

"Gordon thought more now of the suppression of the slave-trade than of the development of his province. He hunted the slavers in every district. His life was spent on the backs of camels. He became an object of superstitious terror to the dealers and their bands by reason of the amazing rapidity of his movements. He estimated that in the three years of his pro-consulship he traversed 8,490 miles on camel-back. He almost entirely suppressed the wholesale slave caravans which fed Cairo and Constantinople, and his faithful Italian lieutenant, Romulus Gessi, completely crushed the formidable trained marauders under Zebehr Pasha's son Suleiman, who had for years carried desolation into the homes of the natives.

"In 1877 he obtained the passing of a decree by the Khedive which abolished all slave traffic

at once, and slavery itself after a lapse of twelve years, in the Soudan.

"But, meanwhile, the finances of the Gordon provinces fell into confusion. Taxes were no longer collected by force as in the old times; and, voluntarily, they were paid by nobody.

"The Budget showed a heavy and increasing deficit. Petty disturbances broke out here and there. Finally, Darfour burst out into open rebellion. Gordon's favourite work was put aside, and he hurried off to the scene of disturbance. The influence of his name, his absolute fearlessness, and the wonderful trust in his word won submission from the rebels, without a struggle. The ex-Khedive Ismail was very fond of telling anecdotes of Gordon's bravery, but this Darfour expedition particularly took his fancy," and Mr. Scott heard him tell, more than once, "how Gordon, 'the greatest and best of my officials,' went unarmed and without escort from his own camp of a few hundreds into the camp of the Sultan with his thousands, and won him back to obedience on the promise that all wrongs should be redressed.

"Three years of incessant labour were spent in

suppressing the slave-trade, pacifying hostile tribes, punishing corrupt officials, and everywhere introducing administrative reforms and everywhere winning the love of the natives by his unswerving justice. 'I had taught the natives,' he wrote, 'that they had a right to exist. I had taught them something of the meaning of liberty and justice, and accustomed them to a higher ideal of government.' But even Gordon's iron endurance had to yield to life in such a climate. He was forced, by physical warnings not to be neglected, to think of change.

"After many delays, he at last set off for Cairo; no definite intention of resignation was then formed in his mind. His main object was to persuade Ismail Pasha, first to curtail the extent of his Equatorial empire, in order that the rest might be properly governed, and, secondly, to establish a system of surveillance of all the great slave caravan roads.

"But an Egyptian revolution intervened. Ismail Pasha was dethroned, and his son, Tewfik, reigned in his stead before Gordon Pasha reached the capital. This change altered all his plans. He tendered his resig-

nation, and was with difficulty persuaded to withhold it while he went on a mission to King John of Abyssinia. The mission was a fruitless one. The quarrel with Abyssinia remains open to this day, and she will continue to be a thorn in Egypt's side until the Abyssinians are given a sea-port and free access to the outer world."

We must return for a few of the details of how these results were gained to Gordon's letters, after suppressing the rebellion in Darfour.

"The large slave caravans with the 'sheybas' [Livingstone's slave-sticks] around the neck will cease, and I consider have ceased."

It was indeed a carrying on of the same warfare as that of the heroic missionary who died to lay this iniquity and "open sore of the world" bare; and thought *that* worth while. Another step gained, at least for the moment, and every such step gained, though but for a moment, is a promise of permanent gain in the future; for we have to do, not merely with an advancing tide, but an advancing ocean, slowly crumbling away the fortresses and gates of hell.

Again—"The Darfourians were so fanatical

they would never let a Christian into their country ; *and now they ask me to send Christian Governors.*

“I hold my house on a rock—viz., to do what I think fair and just, and not to heed what it may cost. That one can always be so is not human, but at any rate it is my pole-star ; and, in a way, I do not care if my mission be a success or not so that I can have the conscience of not having sought my own ends, followed my own spites, or acted to get the world’s praise.”

And to understand his victories, in any degree, we must never forget the secret weapons of his warfare—prayer, especially intercession. Often when about to encounter the hostile chiefs he prayed for them beforehand, and then when he saw them he “felt as if something had passed between them before they met.”

He felt keenly the miseries of his enemies. Speaking of the sufferings from thirst of a fierce tribe, “the Leopards,” allies of the slave-hunters, who had to be subdued by surrounding the desert wells so as to keep them from the water, he writes : “Consider it as we may, war is a cruel, brutal thing. Do you notice how

often, in the wars of the Israelites, the people were in want of water? You have not the very least idea of the fearful effect of want of water in this scorched-up country. Hunger is nothing to thirst; the one can be appeased by eating grass; the other is swift and insupportable." And when the end was gained, he speaks with great delight of seeing these "Leopards" rush to the wells.

Then came another of those "ridings into the enemy's camp" which the Khedive Ismail so much admired. This time it was into a nest of slave-traders under Suleiman, son of Zebehr. "I got to Dara alone about four P.M., long before my escort, having ridden eighty-five miles in a day and a half. If I had no escort of men, I had a large escort of flies. I came on my people like a thunderbolt. Imagine to yourself a single, dirty, red-faced man [he had a new skin on his scorched face, he says, about once a fortnight], on a camel ornamented with flies, arriving in the divan all of a sudden. The people were paralyzed, and would not believe their eyes. I told the son of Zebehr to come with his family to my divan. I gave them, in choice Arabic, my ideas; that they meditated revolt, that I

knew it, and that they should now have my ultimatum—viz., that I would disarm them and break them up.

“They listened in silence, and then went off to consider. They have just now sent in a letter stating their submission, and I thank God for it.

“They have pillaged the country all around.”

Again—“God has given you ties and anchors to this earth. You have wives and families; I thank God I have none, and am free. Now, understand me. If it suits me, I will do what God in His mercy shall direct me about domestic slaves, *but I will break the neck of these slave-raids even if it costs me my life.* Would my heart be broken if I were ousted from this command? Should I regret the climate, camel-riding [he speaks of it elsewhere as shaking every organ in his body], the heat, the misery I am forced to witness? The body rebels against this constant leaning on God; it is a heavy strain; it causes appetite to cease. Find me the man—and I will take him as my help—who utterly despises money, name, glory, honour; one who never wishes to see his home again; one who looks to God as the Source of good and



Controller of evil, one who has a healthy body and an energetic spirit, and one who looks on death as a release from misery, and, if you cannot find him, then leave me alone."

Again—"There must have been over a thousand slaves in this den, and yet the slave-dealers had warning of my approach, and at least as many as five hundred must have got away from me. *We have got 'at the heart of them this time.* What a terrible time these poor patient slaves have had for the last three days, harried on all sides.

"Another caravan of eighteen slaves captured, mostly children and women—such skeletons! In less than twenty-four hours I have caught more than seventy, besides those thousand I liberated (?) at Kalaka."

"He was once defied," Mr. Barnes writes, "by six thousand Turks and Bashi Bazouks whom he had employed as his frontier guards, but who would not obey his orders to stop caravans of slavers. He resolved to disband them, and this was how he commented on his determination: 'Let me ask who that hath not the Almighty with him would do that? I have the Almighty with me, and I will do it.

Consider the effect of harsh measures among an essentially *Mussulman* population carried out brusquely by a *Nazarene*; measures which touch the pocket of every one.’”

“The number rescued in this campaign must be seventeen hundred.” “I ordered the skulls which lay about in great numbers to be piled in a heap as a memento of what the slave-dealers have done to the people. In a week we must have caught from five to six hundred. I suppose that number must have been passing every week for the last year and a half.”

June 25.—“Yesterday the post came in from Gessi,” the brave and able Italian who commanded under him. “He says the last of the bands of robber slave-dealers is crushed. He has arrived, looking much older.”

Then came the perilous and fruitless expedition as an envoy from the Khedive to King Johannis of Abyssinia.

It was at his introduction to King Johannis that he insisted, as an Englishman and an envoy of the Khedive, in being treated as on an equality by the King, and placed his chair beside the throne. “Do you know that I could kill you on the spot?” the very uncivilized King,

who carried about with him a train of maimed or blinded captives, is said to have exclaimed. Gordon replied that he was quite ready to die, and that in killing him the King would only confer a favour on him, opening a door he must not open for himself. "Then my power has no terrors for you?" said the King. "None whatever," Gordon replied. And King Johannis collapsed.

Then, after the perilous, fruitless expedition to King Johannis of Abyssinia, his health failed, and he was compelled to rest, and leave Egypt. He could say, "I have cut off the slave-dealers in their strongholds, and I made the people love me."

And we, who have mournfully learnt that his victories were not, alas! the end of the war, yet know without doubt they were victorious campaigns in a warfare which is assuredly a war of conquest, though the conquerors one by one are so often martyrs.





## V.

BETWEEN THE SOUDAN AND THE SOUDAN, 1879-1884.

**I**N December 1879 General Gordon left Egypt,—“not a day too soon,” the physicians said. At forty-six his strong frame, sustained as it was by all his strength of faith and will and buoyancy of spirit, was all but failing under the strain of that burden of war and rule, of cares and thwartings and sleepless nights, and days of weary travel in desert lands, and sights of misery. He was commanded to rest for months.

But rest was probably impossible for him here, however free he had been from outward demands ; and from outward demands his own country and the world were beginning to know his true metal too well to leave him long free.

Those four years of rest, or pause, between his return to England in 1879 and his going back to the Soudan in 1884, were spent in the brief secretaryship to Lord Ripon in India, which he felt to be a mistake; in the expedition to China at the call of the Imperial Government which resulted in the reconciliation of two empires and the saving of war between China and Russia; in an expedition of pacification to the Cape; and in a few quiet months in the Holy Land.

Read in the light of what followed, that quiet retreat in the Holy Land seems like being led "apart into a desert place to rest awhile" by the Voice he sought always to follow, in preparation for the final conflict and the last sacrifice.

In Palestine the intense spirit was indeed as eagerly at work as anywhere. Being fire, it could not but burn and shine, and from Jerusalem, in July 1883, he wrote: "I have now a sense of very great weariness—not discontent, but a desire to put off my burden. I believe it is good for me to be here by myself, else I would not be here, and certainly God gives me comforting thoughts; but one's body is tired of

it, and somehow it seems a selfish life, for I see no one for weeks sometimes."

He *could* not rest, being thus "lightened with Celestial Fire," and in a world where so much wrong had to be burned up, so many hearts to be enkindled. Inaction was simply a weariness to his body.

He was searching the Scriptures with ardour, in the light of what to him was, it is said, their central truth, "the indwelling of God, the union of the human spirit with Him." He read them with the simplicity of a child, taking single passages as direct voices to himself, and with the accuracy of a mathematical student whose mathematics had been put into practice in constructing fortresses and surveying the country for armies, bringing his engineering skill to bear on mystical interpretations of the geography of Sion and Calvary and Moriah, the Temple and the Holy City.

His reading, we are told, though, like his life, centred in religion, had a wide range. Not that he read many books—he never had time,—but he read books of many kinds and on every side; and what he read he mastered.

He had read much of the Fathers of the

Church. The Prayer-Book and Thomas à Kempis were among his most cherished devotional books. The writings of Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius (Goring's translation) he knew intimately, and often gave to his friends.

So those few quiet months passed in study of the Bible, in surveys of Jerusalem (as accurate as those he made of the flat peninsula around Shanghai to suppress the Tai-ping Rebellion), in order to establish spiritual correspondences ; in intimate, real intercourse with true-hearted men and women from England and elsewhere, as usual winning love and enthusiastic reverence from all who were sufficiently akin to his spirit to understand him ; in devout participation as often as possible in the Blessed Sacrament ; and in "mapping out a missionary life at Whitechapel and Bethnal Green."\*

And all the time, in Belgium, King Leopold was mapping out philanthropic enterprises on the Congo, and looking to Gordon to help him in accomplishing them, and thus to resume his old combat against the slave-trade. And in the Soudan that Gordon had conquered and

\* Egmont Hake, vol. ii.

ruled, the new prophet, the Mahdi, had arisen, and was gathering a force of thousands of fanatics to destroy Gordon's work, and civilization, in Central Africa.

The Mahdi, unknown to him, arraying his forces in the Soudan; and Gordon, in the Holy Land, like a knight of old watching by his arms for his call to knighthood, fortified by the Sacraments and prayer—the Body given, the precious Blood shed, for us; the life-blood of love and sacrifice, entering into the whole being of the disciple whose body was so soon to be yielded up to death, and his blood shed in willing sacrifice for the oppressed and wronged.

His life has sometimes been considered an anachronism. But surely no life of sacrifice and self-denying service can ever be an anachronism in the ever-living Church of the ever-living Christ. From St. Paul, who fought with beasts, to the monk Telemachus, who died beneath the swords of the gladiators in the Colisseum, and, dying, stopped for ever the gladiatorial games, to St. Francis, Joan of Arc, Livingstone, Gordon, Patteson, the form of service may vary, but the service, its command, and its inspiration are the same.



And, moreover, if we look closer, surely Gordon, like all the true saints and heroes, not only rises above his age by virtue of the heavenly birth, but is also steeped in all that is nobly characteristic of his age. Gordon could not, as Telemachus of the Thebaid and St. Francis of Assisi *could*, and did, spend half a life in the solitudes of the Thebaid, or found an Order. The spirit of mercy, the "enthusiasm of humanity," which glows through the scepticism of the nineteenth century as well as in its faith, burned in him through those solitary months in Palestine, so as to "tire his body" in a way he seldom complains of when strained to the utmost by thousands of miles of camel-riding over the deserts of the Soudan.

His prayers at this time are most significant and touching. Among the things most characteristic of him is the number of people remembered day by day in intercession in his hours of communion with God.

"Thou hast moulded me out of dust, every fibre; therefore Thou knowest every fibre. Thou gavest me Thine own life; Thou didst mould me in Thine exact image and likeness (for none but Thou couldst make me) by

Thyself. Thou gavest me free-will to be altogether like Thyself. I have abased and defiled Thy sacred Image. Though Thou couldst have made myriads with no trouble, yet didst Thou so love *me* that Thou camest in my form and didst so suffer every conceivable injury that I could commit against Thee. Thou didst bear the guilt as entirely Thine as if Thou hadst done those sins. Surely now Thou hast routed Thine enemies. Thou wilt not permit them to trample and scoff at Thee. Remember Thy sufferings, for they were beyond conception. Are those sufferings to go for naught, as they do if Thou permit those unconquered enemies to prevail against me, Thy own flesh and bone, Thy member?"

And again he writes—"The world is a vast prison-house under hard keepers. We are in cells, solitary and lonely, looking for a release. By the waters of earthly joy and plenty to earth's inhabitants, to our flesh; but by the waters of lively affliction to our soul, we sit down and weep, when we remember our home from which death, like a narrow stream, divides. We hang our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof, for they that oppress require of

us mirth, saying, 'Sing us one of the songs of home!' How shall we sing the song of the Lamb in a strange land? Oh! for that home, where the wicked will cease from troubling and the weary have rest; where the good fight will have been fought, the dusty labour finished, and the crown of life given; when our eyes will behold the only One that ever knew our sorrows and trials, and has borne with us in them all, soothing and comforting our weary souls. No new Friend to be made then, but an old Friend! Are you weary? So was He. Are you sad? So was He. Are you despised and laughed at? So was He. Is your love repelled, and does the world not care for you? Neither did it for Him. He has graciously taken a lower place than any of His people. Unutterably weary, sad, and lonely was He on this earth. A Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, strong crying and tears. And shall we repine at our trials, which are but for a moment? We are nearing home day by day. No dark river, but divided waters are before us; let the world take its portion. Dust it is, and dust we leave it.

“‘I heard a voice from heaven saying unto

me, Write, Happy are the dead that die in the Lord; even so, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labours,' and rest from their troubles, rest from works of weariness, from sorrow, from tears, from hunger and thirst, and sad sights of poor despairing bodies, and sighing hearts, who find no peace in their prisons, from wars and strife, and words, and judgments. It is a long, weary journey, but we are well on the way of it. The yearly milestones quickly slip by; and, as our days, so will our strength be. Perhaps before another milestone is reached the wayfarer may be in that glorious Home, by the side of the River of Life, where there is no more care, or sorrow, or crying, and rest for ever with that kind and well-known Friend. The sand is flowing out of the glass, day and night, night and day; shake it not. You have a work here—to suffer even as He suffered."

Prophetical words indeed for himself, and to us who are left behind they ring down from the heaven he has reached, not as a tolling of a funeral bell, but like a peal of victory and of welcome.

And then came the summons to more

work in Africa from the King of the Belgians. Three years before, General Gordon had promised King Leopold that, if his own Government would permit, he would go to the region of the Congo to help found there a State which should be a germ of civilization for Africa, and a drying up of the slave-trade in some of its fountains.

Now, in Palestine letters from the King reached him claiming his promise, and at once he put aside all else, left Jaffa by the first ship, a battered merchantman, which was nearly wrecked by the way, and arrived at Brussels, ready for another campaign against the old enemy.

"But the scroll of events," as Mr. Hake writes, "was not yet unrolled." The writing of Providence, which he always obeyed, was not yet clear to him. When at last, as he believed, he saw and read it, without hesitation he went—and went to martyrdom; scarcely, indeed, unconsciously, since for death he was always ready, and martyrdom had been a possibility of his daily path for years.



## VI.

KHARTOUM, 1884-1885.

**W**HILST General Gordon had been in retreat in the Holy Land and the King of the Belgians constructing his philanthropic plans for a free State to be a centre of civilization on the Congo, in the Soudan a Prophet, or Pretender, had arisen, claiming, like Hung-tsue-Schuen, the "Heavenly King" of the Tai-pings, a Divine mission, and proclaiming the establishment of "an universal equality, an universal law, and a community of goods."

He did not, indeed, like the Tai-ping leader, propose any new religion or any fusion of old religions, but simply the reform of Islam; but, like the Chinese, he was a village schoolmaster. And having retired for some time into a cave on an island on the Nile, repeating for hours at

a time, with prayers and incense-burning, one name of God,—like the Chinese leader he began by claiming special sanctity and communion with God, and came forth as a deliverer of his own oppressed race. And, also like him, when recognized, he allowed himself various kinds of earthly and sensual indulgences, married countless wives, and avenged himself with ferocity on enemies.

As in the Tai-ping Rebellion, the oppression the False Prophet rose against was terribly real. There was indeed enough to draw the wretched people he claimed to rescue to the standard of any deliverer. They were the same people who five years before had rallied round the just and firm rule of the Christian Governor Gordon, and had learned to love him.

When a cry came from that very region, where he had laboured for years to put down wrong and to relieve the oppressed, to come once more and save them, it was impossible for the one man who, if any, could have done it to refuse to go.

At the very moment when he had been summoned back to Brussels and was arranging to go to West Africa under the King of the

Belgians, the need in the Soudan was greatest, and the call to deliver seemed to fall on England.

An army of eleven thousand, led by Hicks Pasha, an English officer, had been entrapped into an ambush, and entirely destroyed, killed or dispersed, thousands of the Egyptian soldiers, conscripts with no desire to fight for any one, going over to the Mahdi.

At that moment there were between Dongola and Gondokoro, the capital of General Gordon's former government, twenty-one thousand Egyptian troops, scattered in various garrisons, and a whole population of civilians loyal to the Egyptian Government. Colonel Coëtlogan telegraphed from Khartoum the hopeless position of the troops, European and Egyptian, there, and implored orders to retreat and evacuate the Soudan.

General Gordon believed, and wrote, that to evacuate the Soudan was to abandon it, like the Chinese provinces in the Tai-ping Rebellion, to disorder and ruin, to abandon all that had been gained, and gained by his own patient and perilous toil, through years, for civilization and justice, and to incur the danger of the Arabs in



Egypt and Arabia (and no one could say where else) taking fire with a wild and aggressive fanaticism.

He did not believe the Mahdi, any more than he had believed the "Heavenly King," the Tien-Wang, to be a religious leader and a true fanatic, but "a personification of popular discontent," called forth by the renewal of the old oppression after his own departure.

"Two courses only, in his opinion, were open—absolute surrender to the Mahdi, or the defence of Khartoum at all costs." His convictions became known, and were fervently advocated; the enthusiasm of England was aroused. Gordon was still within reach, and a demand sprang up for the tried hero and leader to be sent forth once more to his old work of subduing rebellion and restoring order.

The call came to him in a characteristic English and nineteenth-century form, not from a royal mandate, or from a heavenly vision, but from the Press, from the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

The editor wrote entreating Gordon to allow a reporter to see him and take notes of his views. He consented, freely expressed his sug-

gestions, and the *Pall Mall Gazette* published them. The nation was moved, and finally the Government. Gordon was summoned back from Brussels, where he had gone actually on his way to the Congo.

From Brussels he wrote to a friend: "You and those like you are my joys. Therefore there can be no effort to remember you. There can be no birth without blood. Nothing good can come to us but by travail of soul and sorrow; it is the plough to prepare for the seed. So in spiritual, so in earthly things, and our Lord will rule all events in Soudan for good. If we do not allow this, we deny His being Lord of heaven and earth, and make Him a negligent ruler. Stanley and I will halve the district. Thank God, He has greatly blessed me, and I know hosts are with me through the prayers of my many friends."

He was asked at Downing Street by the Ministry whether he would be willing to undertake the mission to Khartoum. He was ready to go, and to go that very night.

"I would give my life for these poor people of the Soudan," he had said. "How can I help feeling for them? All the time I was there I

used to pray that God would lay on me the burden of their sins, and crush me with it, instead of these poor sheep."

He had, or rather, as he would say, God through him, had suppressed one great rebellion of hundreds of thousands of rebels fortified by strong walled cities. He had made peace between two great empires, he had already brought hope and order to the Soudan, why should he not bring back a rule of justice there again, quench another fanatical rebellion, and make peace once more?

"I find that in all my career," he had written from the Soudan before, "I can lay no claim to cleverness or wisdom. I own nothing, am nothing. I am as a pauper, and seem to have ceased to exist. A sack of rice jolting along on a camel would do as much as I *think* I do."

The conscious poverty in self, the infinite riches of faith, were there still. Why should not the result be a success as wonderful?

And yet he was prepared for the contrary, as always. "The Lord has not promised that we should succeed," he wrote from Khartoum. After thanking for intercessory prayer for him,

he writes, March 11, 1884: "It is my only support. My feelings are not for success or honour. I feel for the peoples who are here exposed to such a danger. But our Lord is Ruler of heaven and earth, and my part is to accept His will, however dark that will is to me. Thanks for your kind prayer-meeting. All will be done to me in love and mercy, for nothing can happen but by His will. Remember that our Lord did not promise success or peace in this life. He promised tribulation, so that, if things do not go well after the flesh, He still is faithful, and what we have to do is to bend our will to His in all things." He knew always that the Divine will he sought to do might be wrought through his failure, the breach might probably be stormed, the stronghold be won over his body, in another of the many forlorn hopes he had already led. And for this also he was ready. Indeed, a presentiment of his own death seems to have been with him on this mission as never before. Before he left he gave away some trinkets and things he prized, as if with dying hands.

Nevertheless, he entered on the work full of hope.

"If He goes with me, all must be well," he telegraphed from Brussels to a friend.

From the borders of the desert he wrote, after the camel-ride of two hundred and fifty miles across it, in which the heart of Europe may be said to have followed him, "the most urgent and desperate of his many rides, at his old unrivalled pace, through dreary gorges, past stifling sandstone rocks, past solitary encampments, past skeletons of man and beast scorching in the sun." "Arrived borders of desert," he telegraphs; "am quite well. Hosts [the Mahanaim he loved to dwell on in his solitudes, hosts of invisible angels] with me through your kind prayers."

Then he alludes to his not being able to receive the Holy Communion in the Soudan.

"I do not believe in advance of the Mahdi. The little letter your children gave me is now before me. I am very hopeful. All things are in His hands."

From Abou Hamed—"The cold was great in the desert at night, and the heat by day. It is a terrible desert [between Korosko and Abou Hamed], worse than any in the Soudan."

And then he speaks of two "*pleasant things*"

he saw at Cairo—two families of little English children: “chicks” and “lambs,” he calls them.

The whole journey, all outward life and circumstances, seem more and more as parables and symbols to him.

“We are on the Nile, the river of Egypt, the strength of the flesh. It is a mighty river, with its leviathan, the crocodile.”

Along the Nile the people thronged down to the water's edge to welcome their deliverer.

On the 18th of February he entered Khartoum. All England thrilled with the tidings of his enthusiastic welcome by the poor people he came to save.

“I come without soldiers,” he said, “but with God on my side, to redress the evils of this land. I will not fight with any weapons but justice. There shall be no more Bashi-Bazouks. I will hold the balance level.”

For here, as in China, he came with a double salvation, from the anarchy of the rebels and the tyranny of the Government against which they rebelled.

He established at once his box with the slit for petitions. He ordered all the Government books to be collected, and heaped up outside

the palace and burnt, together with all the kourbashes, whips, and instruments of torture. He visited the hospital, the arsenal, and the terrible Egyptian prison, where two hundred men, women, and children had long been lying about in chains—one woman for fifteen years. After a rapid inspection and a careful inquiry, he set the wretched prisoners free.

The people thronged around him weeping and shouting and laughing for joy, and, when they could, kissing his hands and feet.

"Such is the influence of one man," wrote a correspondent to the *Times*, "that there is no longer any fear for the garrison or people of Khartoum."

He at once sent down sick men, women, and children by the river into Egypt.

At first he had had hope that the Mahdi himself might be open to negotiations, and was ready to confer on him a governorship ; but this hope soon passed away.

"One day three armed dervishes arrived from the Mahdi and demanded an interview. It was at once granted. Their mission was to return the robes of honour which Gordon had sent to their Prophet, and to announce

his refusal of the Sultanate of Kordofan which had been offered him. They handed Gordon a dervish's dress, with a letter calling on him to become a Mussulman at once, and to embrace the cause of Mohammed Achmet the Mahdi."

And after that the year wore slowly on.

Through all the perplexities of policy, from whatever quarter the mists and storms gather around him, at every moment, whenever there is a glimpse to be had through them, the rift reveals to us that heroic Christian soldier and single-hearted English gentleman, more and more forsaken, more and more alone, till he stands at last absolutely alone, yet still commanding, and as far as possible inspiring, helpless multitudes, and with the shield of his own brave heart and right arm defending a whole city.

He deemed himself forsaken of all. Yet this was not what so sorely grieved him.

Livingstone had seemed, and had believed himself, for years forsaken and forgotten by his country and had not become embittered. And, in justice to General Gordon, it must be understood that what so grievously distressed him was that he believed his country had been



made to seem faithless to her word, and to her great mission of mercy and justice. It was to help the oppressed Soudan and rescue the beleaguered Egyptian garrisons that he had consented to go again to Africa. Himself he could have saved at any moment.

In October he wrote: "I hear a British force is coming up—of course it is a query what it is coming for? If *for the garrisons*, then I have done what the Government wants, and have kept the city; if *for me*, then I have done wrong, for I should have come down at all costs."

It was because he thought it base and mean to abandon his Egyptian garrison, his poor "sheep," who had trusted England and him, that he could not save himself.

We know now that almost the last words in his last journals are: "I have done what I could for the honour of my country. Good-bye." Whatever light the future may throw on difficulties of policy, there can be no doubt that it was for England and for mercy General Gordon died.

Yet throughout those last journals there are flashes of the old humorous way of looking at things that amused him; *e.g.*, the donkey

who "walked away, surprised and angry," from the mine he had exploded by walking over it.

On October 10, he observes : " The Mussulman year 1302 begins on the anniversary of Trafalgar. ' England expects ' (does not even say ' Thank you ' ) ' you will do your duty . ' "

Again, October 13 : " We are a wonderful people ; it was never our Government which made us a great nation ; our Government has ever been the drag upon our wheels . " " England was made by adventurers, not by its Government , " wrote the descendant of the Enderbys, " and I believe it will only hold its place by adventurers . "

" What a fearful infliction hero-worship is to its victim. I think it a great impertinence to praise a man to his face. It implies you are his superior, for the greater praises the smaller. Supposing one is wrinkled and grey-haired, it is satire to say you are smooth-skinned, &c., and so it must be with every man who knows himself and is praised—endurance, self-denial, and twaddle. Self-sacrifice is that of a nurse—ignored (and ' paid , ' of course, what can she want more ? ). No one goes into ecstasies over her self-denial . "

Again—"The Muslims do not say Mahomet was without sin; the Koran often acknowledges that he erred, but no Muslim will say 'Jesus sinned.' The God of the Muslims is our God; in fact, they are as much under the law as the Jews."

Just after his arrival on September 13 he writes: "I toss up in my mind whether, if the place is taken, to blow up the palace and all in it, or else to be taken and, with God's help, to maintain the faith, and if necessary to suffer for it, which is most probable. The blowing up of the palace is the simplest, while the other means long and weary humiliation and suffering of all sorts. I think I shall elect for the last, not from fear of death, but because the former has more or less the taint of suicide, as it can do no good to any one and is in a way taking things out of God's hands."

All through we get quiet glimpses into the steadfast resolute bending of that strong "free will" to the will of God, and the unwavering trust in the Divine love. And all through we know his longing, and determination, to rescue once more the desolated Soudan, and once more to destroy the slave-trade at its

source, remained unchanged. In a private letter he writes: "In January 1886 we will, D.V., be at Bahr Gazelle" (co-operating with the King of the Belgians and Henry Stanley on the Congo). "*We will take back every province from the slave-traders*; but these are secret prophecies." And so the slow hot days of worry and conflict and the long nights of lonely watching wore on. Abandoned as he felt himself, his vigilance never flagged in defending the city, nor his energy and invention in attack when action was possible.

The poor Egyptian troops, torn from their poor huts so reluctantly to be soldiers at all, were defeated again and again in the sorties and driven back on the city. His engineering of the defences is said to have been a work of supreme military genius. He made his steamers bullet-proof, and erected on them towers capable of delivering a powerful fire. He wrote in one of his latest letters, August 24, that these steamers were doing "splendid work." In them his poor "sheep" had to become soldiers. "You see," he wrote, "when you have steam on, the men can't run away, and must go into action."

Hunger pressed on the besieged city.

Meantime, communication with England became rare and precarious. In April the telegraph wire was cut. And from that time the only messages came through casual passengers or runners, not always to be trusted.

It is during this dark period that Mr. Power's letters give us those precious glimpses of what the last steps of that noble life were, just as Stanley's four months with Livingstone throw light on the last years of the great missionary explorer.

Gordon's own journals show us the pain he felt at what seemed to him the abandonment by England of her promises and her mission. Power's letters show us how Gordon bore that pain, and what he himself was through it all.

Mr. Power had been six months at Khartoum, from August 1883 to February 1884, before General Gordon came. "The Soudani and the Arabs," he writes, "are splendid fellows, ground down and robbed by every ruffian who has money enough (ill-gotten) to buy himself the position of Pasha or free licence to rob. They are quite right to rebel and hurl the nest of robbers to

the other side of Siout. For years it has been *kourbash, kourbash, et toujours kourbash.*"

The town, held 319 days against the forces of the Mahdi by the marvellous courage and ability of one Englishman, was no walled city; until a few months before, it had not even possessed a ditch by way of fortification.

The population consisted for the most part of people, Arabs and others, secretly favourable to the Mahdi, of the feeble Egyptian garrison—the "sheep" Gordon had to make into soldiers—some rich native traders living in what seemed outside mere huts and inside were like Oriental palaces, and a very few Europeans, one, a French merchant, living in a house provided with luxuries and splendours combining the "Arabian Nights" and Paris, riches made out of the trade of the starving Soudan. One by one the Europeans left, and only the hungry people remained—only the feeble, hungry people, and one Englishman to defend and feed them.

In January 1884 the hope dawns of deliverance through Gordon. "I hear that Chinese Gordon is coming up," Mr. Power writes. "They could not have sent a better man. He, though severe, was greatly loved here."

And after his arrival in February—"Gordon is a most lovable character—quiet, mild, gentle, and strong; he is so humble, too. The way he pats you on the shoulder when he says, 'Look here, dear fellow, now what do you advise?'" would make you love him.

"When he goes out of doors there are always crowds of Arab men and women at the gate to kiss his feet, and twice to-day the furious women, wishing to lift his feet to kiss them, threw him over. He appears to like me, and already calls me Frank." (General Gordon speaks of him as a chivalrous, brave, honest gentleman.) "He likes my going so much among the natives, for not to do so is a mortal sin in his eyes.

"He is Dictator here; the Mahdi has gone down before him, and to-day sent him a 'salaam,' or message of welcome. It is wonderful that one man should have such influence over 200,000 people. Numbers of women flock here every day to ask him to touch their children to cure them; they call him the 'Father and the Saviour of the Soudan.' He has found me badly up in Thomas à Kempis, which he reads every day, and has given me an 'Imitation of Christ.'

"I stay on here to the end. I'll stop while he stays."

And again—"I like Gordon more and more every day; he has a most lovable manner and disposition, and is so kind to me. He is glad if you show the smallest desire to help him in his great trouble. How one man could have dared to attempt his task, I wonder. One day of his work and bother would kill another man, yet he is so cheerful at breakfast, lunch, and dinner; but I know he suffers fearfully from low spirits! I hear him walking up and down his room all night (it is next to mine). It is only his great piety carries him through."

Again, in March—"Gordon is working wonders with his conciliatory policy."

And again—"I send a book, which Gordon gave me, to M——. He hopes you will continue to pray for his success. He has the greatest faith, he says, in women's prayers."

And lastly—"Poor man, he is nearly worn out with hard work, but very cheerful."

Always cheerful when others had to be sustained.

And in the book sent home which he gave to Power, Cardinal Newman's "Dream of



Gerontius," are underlined passages which give deeper glimpses still into his heart: "Pray for me, O my friends!" "Use well the interval." "'Tis death, O loving friends, your prayers, 'tis he." "So pray for me, my friends, who have not strength to pray."

After many delays, at last the expedition sent from England was rapidly approaching through the desert and along the river. Severe battles had been fought, precious lives sacrificed, victories hardly won.

On the 10th of September General Gordon sent the last of his countrymen left with him, Colonel Stewart and Frank Power, down the river to effect communication with the advancing force. The steamer was stranded in the river; Colonel Stewart and those with him were treacherously murdered. Henceforth General Gordon was the only Englishman left in Khartoum. He wrote to Lord Wolseley, commander of the relieving force, November 14: "Your expedition is for relief of garrison, which I failed to accomplish. I decline to agree that it was for me personally. . . . From the 16th of March we had continued skirmishes with Arabs. . . . The palace was

the great place for the firing. . . . We have built two new steamers. We defended the lines with wire entanglements and live shells as mines, which did great execution. We put lucifer matches to ignite them. The soldiers are only half a month in arrears. We issue paper money, and also all the cloth in magazines.

“We have got a decoration made and distributed, with a grenade in centre; three classes : gold, silver, pewter.”

Surely among the most pathetic of last words.

The distinctions between all earthly values were vanishing—indeed, had long vanished for him—but he did not scornfully lose sight of their values for those who had still to do with them. As a mother herself bereaved and broken-hearted might keep up the hearts of her children with little gifts and pleasures,—as an angel would bring to the weary prophet the little cake,—he took pains to arrange these little rewards for his poor Egyptian soldiers. How much the mere love for him gave the value to them in those poor human hearts he could scarcely know. For they “still loved and believed in him,” though, as he said, alluding

to the long-delayed relief, "we appeared as liars to the people of Khartoum." "While you are eating, drinking, and resting on good beds," he wrote, "we, and those with us, both soldiers and servants, are watching by night and day, endeavouring to quell the movement of this false Mahdi."

"The old men and women had gone, and Gordon pulled down the empty quarters of the town and walled in the rest. Meantime, he built himself a tower of observation, from the top of which he could command the whole country round. At dawn he slept; by day he went his rounds, looked to his defences, administered justice, cheered the spirit of his people, did such battle as he could with famine and discontent; and every night he mounted to the top of his tower, and there, alone with his duty and his God, a universal sentinel, he kept watch over his ramparts, and prayed for the help that never came." \*

But also alone with his God and His invisible hosts praying for the help that *never* fails to come! He did indeed "use well the interval."

Even on the 14th of November he had a

\* "The Story of Chinese Gordon," vol. ii. By Egmont Hake.

time of hope. A letter reached Lord Wolseley from him. He had heard of Colonel Stewart's and Frank Power's death, for which he had expressed great grief. The Mahdi was eight hours distant from Khartoum.

News came also to England that Gordon was "still very powerful, and believed in by every man in the city."

Nearer and nearer the relieving force of his countrymen had fought their way. At last Sir Charles Wilson and his steamers were pushing up close to the city. In England the hope of his being reached and relieved for a moment amounted to certainty. It was held that the relief was accomplished.

And then came the thunderbolt of the news of the fall of Khartoum, the massacre of the garrison, and the death of General Gordon. Sir Charles Wilson, instead of a welcome, had found the enemy in possession of the city, dervishes flaunting their banners on the shores, the guns turned against them, and sure to sink the steamers had they advanced a few hundred yards farther.

Still, it was long before the nation could bring itself to believe that charmed life had been

sacrificed. And, terribly sudden as the news of the fall of the city had been, we were slow to believe in the hero's death. But once more he seems to have trusted a traitor he had saved and forgiven. He fell by the treachery of Faragh Pasha, who opened the gates of the city to the Mahdi.

In August he had written—"There is one bond of union between us and our troops; they know that if the town is taken they will be sold as slaves. *And we* must deny our Lord if we would save our lives."

Natives who escaped describe him as having been killed in coming out of his house to rally his faithful troops, who were taken by surprise. They were cut down to a man. For hours the town was given up to a merciless massacre.

A later account speaks of his having been called on to become a Mussulman or die, and so literally having the choice of dying as a martyr for the faith of Christ given to him and accepted.

Yet such literal details matter little. As a martyr for Christ and for justice and mercy he lived, and lived on to that last act of his life which we call dying.

All Christendom was awakened to remember

what Christianity means by the sacrifice of that one Christian. From Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Madrid, and also from beyond the utmost bounds of Christendom, from China especially, came mournful recognition of what he was and what he had achieved.

“All Christendom turned its eyes to that lonely Englishman ready to ransom the lives of his black people by his own blood, and comprehended that the story of the Divine Founder had a new illustration.” \*

“General Gordon died as he had lived, true to his trust and faithful to the end. Nor will any one who can get out of his eyes the dust of the present say that he has died in vain. His immediate effort has been foiled, and his purpose has failed, and the city he strove for has fallen; but it is still true that ‘the grandest heritage a hero can leave his race is to have been a hero.’ His memory, the memory of a soldier whose life was willingly laid down for the people he went to save, and whose strength through life was his strong trust in God, may yet be a source of inspiration to the generations unborn.” †

\* *Daily Telegraph.*

† *Tablet.*

By his life and death to have awakened Christendom once more to the sense of its own unity in the life of that glorious Lord for Whom and in Whom he lived and died, and to have flashed His light on the whole world,—what more could he ever have asked? What more would he ask now?

And for us half the force of his tragic, glorious story is that it is no rounded story of effort and achievement, of high aims sought and won. He has fallen too obviously in the midst of the battle, with the special wrong he combated for the moment triumphant, leaving us to press on until it falls.

He has made it once more an impossibility for us to glide into soft dreams of dwelling at peace in a restored Paradise of an improved world; impossible to forget that every Christian life is a warfare to the end, because the Church is still militant here below, an army of conquest against stronghold after stronghold of iniquity and wrong; impossible to forget that, although not one of the gates of hell shall in the end prevail against her, many remain still untaken and some scarcely yet assailed.

JOHN COLERIDGE PATTESON,

*MISSIONARY BISHOP OF MELANESIA.*







## JOHN COLERIDGE PATTESON.



### I.

ETON, OXFORD, AND DEVONSHIRE, 1827-1854.



O enter into the life of Bishop Patteson after tracing the steps of Dr. Livingstone and General Gordon, seems like passing from the thunder of waves dashing on a rocky shore or from the tumult of a battle-field into the quiet beauty of a cathedral, the stillness broken only by the exulting tumult of *Te Deums* and all the waves of music bathing "day by day" the walls of the City of God.

Instead of besieged cities, and skirmishes with ferocious hordes of enslaving robbers, and swift rides or weary tramps across African

wildernesses, the scenery of the life leads us to the peaceful English country home, the playing-fields or the stately buildings of Eton and Oxford, the cities of Italy and Germany with their treasures of art, the mission-ship gliding in and out amidst the tropical beauty of southern islands. The world our thoughts are led to is not that of the soldier and the explorer, of tumultuous warfare or perilous and weary wayfaring, but of the Builder and the Founder silently laying foundation-stones, which are to lie at the base of the work of many future generations, and be hidden.

The sermon of Bishop Selwyn which, when John Coleridge Patteson was a boy of fourteen at Eton, sowed in his heart the seed of his missionary life is thus spoken of in his boyish language at that time: "*It was beautiful when he talked of his going out to found a church, and then to die neglected and forgotten.*" A nobler view of the work of founders and foundation-stones could scarcely be given than in that boyish abstract of the sermon of one who was indeed to be a Founder, by one who was to be himself a foundation and corner-stone among the martyrs on whom the walls of the City of God are raised.

And yet the Christian warfare was as real and fierce for Patteson as for the other two ; the inward conflict with himself, and the ceaseless outward battle against falsehood and wrong. It is no new thing for the builders of the Holy City to need "to have every one his sword girded by his side, and so to build."

It is the likeness underneath the difference which gives the point to this as to all contrasts ; —the common desire in each of these three to be hidden in their work and in the light of Him they worked for.

A wider range of circumstance could scarcely be embraced in our island life than that between the weaver's cottage and the loom at Blantyre and the country-seat and the halls and playing-fields of Eton. If, with the other two, of these lives the interest lies in seeing how the old familiar light can guide in the wildest and strangest scenes, in this it comes from seeing how from our familiar homes, a door may suddenly open straight on the heights of martyrdom, and the Eton boy, the English gentleman, the Anglican bishop, be revealed in an instant, transfigured, in the white raiment—white as no fuller on earth can whiten it—of the white-robed army of martyrs.

For in each the warfare and its inspiration were the same : the same desire to do the work and be hidden ; the same Divine, heroic instinct never to keep on the safe "other side," but always to go where the wounded and wronged are, to set the robbed and wounded on their "own beast," and themselves to tramp along the dusty ways ; the same inspiration of adoring love to our Lord which made each feel, as Livingstone said, through all they did and suffered in feeding His sheep, "I never made a sacrifice."

In all three much is to be traced to early training and to the character of the father and mother. One who knew well Bishop Patteson's father, the judge, Sir John Patteson, speaks of his "masterly judgments, his singularly strong common-sense, simplicity and geniality of manners, devout faith, and warmest, gentlest charity." Of his mother it is said : "She was of the most loving disposition, without a grain of selfishness ; her tendency was to deal with her children fondly, but this never interfered with good training and discipline. What she felt right she insisted on, at whatever cost to herself."

"She had to deal," Miss Yonge, Bishop

Patteson's cousin and biographer, writes, "with strong characters. Coleridge, or Coley, to give him the abbreviation by which he was known not only through childhood, but through life, was a fair little fellow, with deep-blue eyes—not by any means a model boy. He was, indeed, deeply and warmly affectionate, but troublesome through outbreaks of will and temper, showing all the ordinary instinct of trying how far the authorities for the time will endure resistance ; sufficiently indolent of mind to use his excellent abilities to save exertion of intellect" (a tendency which he acknowledges regretfully again and again throughout his letters), "passionate to kicking and screaming pitch, and at times showing the doggedness which is such a trial of patience to the parent. To this Lady Patteson never yielded ; the thing was to be done, the temper subdued, the mother to be obeyed, and all this upon a principle sooner understood than parents suppose.

"There were countless instances of the little boy's sharp, stormy gusts of passion, and his mother's steady refusal to listen to his 'I will be good' until she saw that he was really sorry for the scratch or pinch which he had given,

and she never waited in vain, for the sorrow was very real, and generally ended in 'Do you think God can forgive me?' And yet the mother was the very life of all the fun and play and jokes, enjoying all with merriment like the little one's own, and delighting in the exchange of caresses and tender epithets. Thus affection and generosity grew up almost spontaneously towards one another and all the world."

"At five years old he could read, and on his birthday received, as a gift from his father, the Bible which was used at his consecration as a Bishop at thirty-two, twenty-seven years later." There is something in this clinging to the familiar things and early associations very characteristic of the reverent tender nature.

Very early he had an earnest wish to be a clergyman. His mother delighted in it. Her brother writes: "No thought of his being an eldest son interfered with it for a moment." It is also characteristic of his constant sense of the need of being forgiven, and his longing always to communicate the joy of forgiveness (as indeed all the joys he possessed) to all he could, that among his chief childish reasons for

wishing to be a clergyman was that he would like to "say the Absolution to people; it must make them so happy."

For the first fourteen years of his life, from 1827 to 1841, his home was in London, in Bedford Square; though the holidays were usually spent with relations in the Eastern counties, or on the then wild sea-shore of St. Mary Church, Torquay, boating, fishing, and climbing the rocks.

In 1841, Feniton Court, in the beautiful country near Exeter, became the family home, so that Devonshire, the home of his boyhood and the scene of his work in England as a clergyman, may fairly claim him, with St. Boniface, her other missionary bishop and martyr.

He was nearly eleven when he first went to Eton. Several of his cousins were in the same master's house, his uncle's (the Rev. Edward Coleridge). There is a letter, Miss Yonge says, "pathetic in its simplicity," showing how the child's heart was in the "manly high-spirited boy, telling his mother how he could not say his prayers nor fall asleep the first night at school till he had resolutely put away the handker-



chief that seemed for some reason a special link with home."

Then in contrast comes a description of an "immense row" made by the "Eton fellows" at the Windsor fair : pulling down the curtain of the theatre, the soldiers taking the part of the boys ; three of the boys being taken into custody in consequence of a "rush at the police," and the whole ending in the rescue of the captured three by four hundred and fifty other boys, who burst open the door and knocked the police down.

In another letter to his mother he speaks with enthusiastic loyalty of the young Queen Victoria, and describes the boys rushing along to get near her Majesty's carriage at her wedding.

Very fully he entered into the spirit of Eton—the Eton of his days : the delight in boating, bathing, and cricketing ; the sense of the "real importance" of the "cut" of the first tail-coat ; the fastidiousness as to binding of books and arrangement of rooms ; also (it must be admitted) the joys of "knocking over the clods." To the joys of intellectual work (to his lifelong regret) he did not awake till much later, although he wrote with the greatest delight of

his success in a copy of verses ; saying to his parents, "I hope I have given you some proof that I have been sapping and doing well." And it was simply as outsiders to the world of Eton that the people were "clods" to him. The servants in his home remembered always his thoughtful courtesy to them ; how he never left home for London without offering to take parcels or do anything he could for them ; and to the working people of his country home he was a natural and familiar friend—"our Mr. Patteson" to the last. Moreover, all through his Eton years, day by day he had Bible reading in his room with his brother and cousins and a friend or two, keeping a Shakespeare at hand to hide the Bible if any one came to the door ; "praying at the corners of the streets" being at no time a temptation in English public schools.

In another visit of her Majesty to Eton, he was pressed so close to the Royal carriage that he became entangled in the wheel, when the young Queen, with the presence of mind which characterized her, held out her hand, which the boy grasped, and so was able to regain his feet.

Five years afterwards, when he was seventeen, he gives a description of the reception of the Duke of Wellington at Eton. The Duke had come with King Louis-Philippe :—" When they got off their horses in the school-yard, the Duke, being by some mistake behindhand, was regularly hustled in the crowd, with no attendant near him. I was the first to perceive him, and, springing forward, pushed back the fellows on each side, who did not know whom they were tumbling against, and, taking off my hat, cheered with might and main. The crowd, hearing the cheer, turned round, and then there was the most glorious sight I ever saw. The whole school encircled the Duke, who stood entirely alone in the middle for a minute or two, and I *rather* think we *did* cheer him ! At last, giving about one touch to his hat, he began to move on, saying, ' Get on, boys ; get on.' I never saw such enthusiasm here ; the masters rushed into the crowd round him, waving their caps and shouting like any of us."

It is something, literally and symbolically, to be rescued by the touch of a gracious young Queen's hand ; and more to be the first to perceive and welcome the hero !

But this letter was not written to his mother. She was no more on earth. Between twelve and seventeen, much had happened for Coleridge Patteson; at fourteen, he had heard the sermon from Bishop Selwyn, on his way to his diocese of New Zealand, which gave the first impulse to his own missionary career. And just afterwards Bishop Selwyn, an old friend of the family, said to the mother as he took leave, "half in playfulness, half in earnest:" 'Lady Patteson, will you give me Coley?' She started, but did not say no, and when, independently of this, her son told her that it was his greatest wish to go with the Bishop, she replied that, if he kept that wish when he grew up, he should have her blessing and consent."

The boy was then fourteen; at fifteen, in 1842, he was confirmed at Eton and received his first Communion. This was in June. Soon after, his mother's health began to cause anxiety, and on the 27th of November she died.

"It is a very dreadful loss to us all," he wrote, "but we have been taught by that dear mother that it is not fit to grieve for those who

die in the Lord. Thank God, we are certain that she is far happier than she could be on earth. She said once, 'I wonder I wish to leave my dearest John and the children and this sweet place, but yet I do wish it.' So lively was her faith and trust in the merits of the Saviour."

The boys had been summoned from Eton to her death-bed. "She had seen them a few moments on the night she died; they restrained their grief while she kissed and blessed them for the last time, and then, throwing her arms round their father, thanked him for having brought her darling boys for her to see once more."

Those sacred minutes never passed from his heart, but, according to the nature of his character, silently went deep into it, moulding his life, "though at the time he seemed to recover his spirits sooner than the others."

The words in which he speaks of his own feelings seem characteristic of him, and recur in letter and in spirit often in his life.

"We are much more happy than you could suppose," he writes, wondering with a beautiful childlike wonder (as afterwards, when he had

torn himself from his beloved home and England to go to the other end of the world) to find such a fountain of quiet joy within. And part of the secret comes out in the next words, "for, thank God, we are certain she is happy."

It was love of his mother, not mere love of his own happiness in her presence, real unselfish love, that had made the joy, and now made the consolation; this, and also the "THANK GOD," no mere phrase with him at fifteen, or at any time.

In his Melanesian diocese, years afterwards, he writes of her as his "polar star;" and just a year before his death he writes again: "It is a solemn thing to begin another year on the anniversary of dear mother's death. I often think whether she would approve of this or that opinion or action."

And always deep underneath all, high above, penetrating everything, was that supreme Will and Love, the source of content and of sacrifice, the hidden fountain of life springing up within, which again and again makes him wonder that in this and that trial he is so happy. But *he is*. Of this he is sure.

It was not a life of "turning-points," his biographer writes, "for his face was always set the right way;"—unless, indeed, in the sense that every point is a "turning-point" in that spiral movement which seems the mode of so much of the onward motion throughout the universe, each world revolving as a planet in its orbit, round the centre of its own little system, and at the same time round the great centre of all the earths and suns and systems in the universe.

And so he went back from that sacred dying embrace, and from the glimpse into the grave and into heaven, to Eton—to the schools and the playing-fields and the river, the working for the Balliol scholarship, the cricket (where he was held among the best of the eleven), the debating society, where his speeches, always to the point, are said to have been singularly free from the bombast not infrequent with orators from fifteen to eighteen. It is necessary to see how fully he entered into the spirit of that Eton world to understand the force of character implied in his daring to resist it when at a dinner given by the eleven of cricket and the eight of the boats, full of life and fun as he was himself, and ready to sing his song, on one

of the boys beginning to sing something objectionable, he called out, "If that does not stop, I shall leave the room;" and, as no notice was taken, he left, with a few others. And more than this, he felt obliged to say that unless an apology was sent he should leave the eleven—a sacrifice scarcely to be measured out of Eton. But the apology was sent, and he remained in the eleven.

His full intellectual development seems to have been rather slow than rapid. But if saintliness means rising above the special temptations of the special world to which we belong, surely his spiritual growth was vigorous indeed.

Throughout his undergraduate days at Oxford, Eton seems to have been dearer to him than the university; and it was not, he himself felt, until after he had taken his degree that, in travelling on the Continent, his "real education began." Frequently we find expressions of regret at wasted time and neglected opportunities of mental culture at Eton and Oxford. To one outside it seems rather as if Eton and Oxford and home had all contributed their full portion to his growth of body and mind and heart;



although the full awakening came from entering on a wider world.

He had always had a delight in music and art. He had a good ear and voice, and was envied for his singing in the chapel at Eton. But it was the mountain scenery of Switzerland and the art of Italy, Mont Blanc and Venice and Rome and Florence, that woke up his whole soul to beauty.

His delight in Fra Angelico and Francia (much stirred by Mr. Ruskin) and in the Roman, Florentine, and Venetian galleries of sculpture and painting was indescribable.

"It is difficult for you to understand what I write," he says in a letter, "or the great change that has taken place in me, without *seeing* the original works. No one can see them and be unchanged. I *never* had such enjoyment."

His birthday presents were spent on a copy of Raphael's "Madonna del Cardellino," the one in which the Infant Christ, with the little bare foot resting on the Mother's sandalled foot, is setting the little bird free.

There are "overflowing notes on painting, sculpture, and architecture;" "and without them," his biographer says, "it is scarcely

possible to realize the young man's intense enthusiasm for the Beautiful, especially for spiritual beauty, and thus how great was the sacrifice of going to regions where all these delights were unknown and unattainable."

He seemed also, now, to discover that unusual capacity for seizing rapidly the genius of various languages which formed so large a part of his qualification as a missionary by enabling him to acquire and compare the various languages and dialects of his Melanesian diocese.

For instance, he found himself, to his surprise, talking easily (chiefly from the result of his sister's lessons at home) to a German on one side and a Frenchman on the other; as afterwards, when he had not been a year in New Zealand, a Maori said to another missionary long in the island, "Why do not you speak like Te Pattihana?" And again and again the Melanesians said, "We want *you*; you speak plain; we can understand you."

"One language helps another very much," he wrote, "and the beautiful way in which the words, ideas, and the whole structure indeed, of language pervades whole families, and even

the different families (the Indo-Germanic and Semitic races), is not only interesting but very useful. I wish I had made myself a better Greek and Latin scholar, but unfortunately I used to hate classics. What desperate uphill work it was to read them—a regular exercise of self-denial every morning! Now I like it beyond any study except divinity. I *try to make up for lost time*. My real education, I think, began with my first Continental trip. . . . I have Hebrew, Arabic, &c., to go on with. And of course I want to be reading history as well, and that involves a great deal—physical geography, geology, &c.; yet one thing helps another very much.”

It is this “one thing helping another”—this sense of continuity in his own life, in the sciences and art, in the life of the Church here below and in heaven—which is so characteristic of him; this moving “in rank,” as one of a great army, which really intensifies the individual life, by gradually throwing off the false, separating self-conscious self, which at once isolates and cramps.

Most interesting it is to trace, as far as outside human eyes can trace, those deep inward

workings, the gradual emerging of introspective struggles into unconscious love; the growth of the strenuous striving to be humble into the humility which forgets itself through looking up in adoration and around in ceaseless service.

Within, from his baptism and early home training to his martyrdom, as without, from St. Alban, the first British martyr, to John Patteson, it is all one continuous life.

Such a life of quiet, steady growth, like all growth, can only be truly studied in detail. Here the merest indications can be given of what it was in relation and contrast to other kinds of growth.

And among the most helpful points to observe seems to be this just touched on in his "I try to make up for lost time"—the repairing of neglects, the making up for lost opportunities. For while in one sense all lost moments are irrecoverable, and no work missed at its right time can be done at another time, yet we must never forget that one great characteristic of Christianity, in the smallest things as well as the greatest, is *redemption*. The lost time, the lost occasion, the neglected work, *can*, through

the fires of repentance, be wrought, not precisely into what is lost, but into some of the very best work in the fabric of the Church, which recognizes at the Cross the Magdalen as well as the blessed Mother, and sees the keys of many locks in the hands of St. Peter.

It is interesting also to find him with his conservative nature, one of the most earnest reformers of the abuses within his own college—one more of the many instances of the true reforms being effected by those who reverence what they reform, and the greatest battles won by those who most hate strife and love peace.

Mr. Roundell writes :

“ His early years as Fellow of Merton coincided with the period of active reform at Oxford which followed upon the Report of the Commission in 1852. What part did the future missionary-bishop take in that great movement ? One who worked with him at that time—a time when university reform was as unfashionable as it now is fashionable—well remembers. He threw himself into the work with hearty zeal ; he supported every liberal proposal. To his loyal fidelity and solid common-sense is largely due the success with which the reform of Merton

was carried out. And yet in those first days of college reform the only sure and constant nucleus of the floating Liberal majority consisted of Patteson and one other. Whatever others did, those two were always on one side.

“It is to the honour of Patteson, and equally to the honour of the older Fellows of the college at that time, that so great an inroad upon old traditions should have been made with such an entire absence of provocation on one side or of irritation on the other. But Patteson, with all his reforming zeal, was a high-bred gentleman.

“Those who knew the man—like those who have seen the Ammergau play—would as soon think of fastening upon that a sectarian character as of fixing him with party names. His was a catholic mind. What distinguished him was his open-mindedness, his essential goodness, his singleness and simplicity of aim. He was a just man, and singularly free from perturbations of self, of temper, or of nerves. You did not care to ask what he would call himself. You felt what he was—that you were in the presence of a man too pure for party, of one in whose presence ordinary party distinctions almost ceased to have a meaning.”

Again, it is the "saintliness" which consists in resisting the especial temptations of the especial world which surrounds him.

On Sunday, September 14, 1853, he was ordained to the diaconate and afterwards to the priesthood, in Exeter Cathedral. For seventeen months he worked as curate at the hamlet of Alington, living in a small house near his father's place.

But twenty years and more, those who know the parish say, have not dimmed the memory of what he was and did during those seventeen months, in the hearts of the poor among whom he lived and ministered.

"*Our* Mr. Patteson," they called him.

Yet the wish aroused by Bishop Selwyn's sermon at Eton, told his mother at fourteen, and accepted by her if it should prove enduring—of being a missionary among the heathen—never died away in that steadfast heart.

Again, for the third time Bishop Selwyn crossed his path; and this time the call was decisive.

On August 19, 1854, the Bishop of New Zealand and Mrs. Selwyn came on a visit at his father's house at Feniton.

The Bishop asked the young curate if his work

at Alfington satisfied him; and then came out in confidence the longing hidden and repressed for more than twelve years in his heart. He would indeed like to go out as a missionary, only the thought of his father withheld him.

Bishop Selwyn convinced him that it was due to his father to give him the choice. And nobly that choice and the surrender it involved were made and kept to. The first impulse to say no, the passionate grief which said to the daughter, "I can't let him go!" were changed, almost as soon as felt, into the "God forbid that I should stop him!" and the father ended his conversation with the Bishop on the subject with the words, "Mind, I give him wholly, not with any thought of seeing him again. I will not have him thinking he must come home again to see me."

And the sacrifice was accepted. The son never came home, and the father never saw him more.

His farewell service was said by one of the poor old people of his parish to be like a great funeral.

His own letter to a little cousin, a girl of eight years, very dear to him, to whom he wrote often



throughout his busy life, expresses his own feelings perhaps as much as anything :—

“ MY DARLING PENA,—

“ I am going to tell you a secret, and I am afraid it is one which will make you feel very sorry for a little while. Do you remember my talking to you one day after breakfast rather gravely, and telling you afterwards it was my first sermon to you? Well, my darling, I was trying to hint to you that you must not expect to go on very long in this world without troubles and trials; and that the use of them is to make us think more about God and about heaven, and to remember that our real and unchangeable happiness is not to be found in this world, but in the next. It was rather strange for me to say all this to a bright, happy, good child like you; and I told you that you ought to be bright and happy, and to thank God for making you so. It is never right for us to try to *make* ourselves sad and grieve. Good people and good children are cheerful and happy, although they may have plenty of trials and troubles. You see how patiently mamma and grandpapa and grandmamma take all their trouble about dear aunty. That

is a good lesson for us all. And now, my darling, I will tell you my secret. I am going to sail at Christmas, if I live so long, a great way from England, right to the other end of the world, with the good Bishop of New Zealand. I dare say you know where to find it on the globe. Clergymen are wanted out there to make known the Word of God to poor, ignorant people ; and, for many reasons, it is thought right that I should go. So, after Christmas, you will not see me again for a very long time, perhaps never in this world ; but I shall write to you very often, and send you ferns and seeds, and tell you about the Norfolk Island pines ; and you must write to me, and tell me all about yourself, and always think of me, and pray for me, as one who loves you dearly with all his heart, and will never cease to pray to God that the purity and innocence of your childhood may accompany you all through your life, and make you a blessing (as you are now, my darling) to your dear mother and all who know you.

“ Ever your most affectionate

“ J. C. PATTESON.”





## II.

### FIRST YEARS IN MELANESIA, 1855-1856.

**T**HE life of Bishop Patteson is so essentially one of quiet, silent growth day by day, his work so essentially one of quiet building stone by stone, that length and detail are necessary to a true record of it. A sketch like this can merely indicate what there is to look for in the long lesson of that holy and humble life, and any one who wishes for the privilege of knowing him in any true sense should live for months with Miss Yonge's *Life of him*, day by day drinking in its spirit. Like the continual dew of blessing he prayed for daily, his influence distils slowly and softly, and the essential condition of growing thereby is to be quiet and let it rest on our hearts.

His missionary career is indeed full of inci-

dent, but the most melodramatic incidents, the most heroic acts of courage, in his quiet narrative read like unexceptional portions of "the trivial round and the common task" of the "Christian Year" he so loved and lived on. Simply because the most "trivial things" of his life had become steps, higher or lower, of the great world's altar-stair; the "common round" for him was indeed a planetary orbit round the Sun; "denying self" to him meant quite literally counting not his life dear unto him; and growing "nearer God" meant indeed very near.

The beginning of his missionary life was, as his friend Lady Martin, wife of the New Zealand Judge, said, being "as a son to the great missionary-bishop whose call had summoned him, the son Timothy he so long has waited for." This reverence for age struck her as characteristic; the reverence intertwined with every fibre of his character, reverence for the past and the present, for greatness and feebleness, for age and childhood. Among the most beautiful of his letters are those to the invalid governess of his childhood, whose parting gift of a cross he loved to wear always.

And the reverence is so beautiful because it never degenerates into a worship of ancestors or a cramping adherence to schools. The spirit whose characteristic is reverence can yet dare to be the one of the two reformers of abuses at his college, who ultimately carried the college with them, and can brave the pain, when he thinks it necessary, of differing from those from whom he would have wished not to be separated by a hair-breadth's variety of conviction. Or with deeper truth, perhaps, we should feel that for him reverence and freedom met because they were centred in the true Centre. The higher reverence prevented the lower becoming a trammel; the highest service gave him perfect freedom. Perhaps for him, as for Livingstone and Gordon, we must be careful not to fall into exaggerations they would have hated as to the sacrifices they made; or, better still, we should learn, as they did, the true Christian meaning of sacrifice, which, being rooted and grounded in love, if it involves giving up, means primarily offering up, not a dead thing to be consumed on a stony altar, but a living heart and will, to be enkindled by a living Heart and moulded by a living Will; the

gold committed to the Fire, which will consume nothing but its dross, the incense to the Fire, which brings out its fragrance; the Son offered up to the Father who loves and comprehends, and cares that every faculty should be developed to its highest use. The work we love is, as a rule, the work we are made for.

No doubt these three did not only give up things they loved in leaving home and English life; they did also *escape* things they hated—the cramping of narrow routine, the suffocation of social shams and shows, “dinner-parties” and the Penny Post, the empty buzz of conventional intercourse, which to him was a “bother and a bore” and the “very opposite of rest,” and the distracting din of party controversies. They touched the common earth, and grew strong. They entered on a world of tangible realities, and that was no little compensation. But, on the other hand, because the heroes declare their conflicts and sufferings are nothing, we who tread on the land they have conquered are not altogether to take them at their word, and lose the inspiration of seeing what they underwent and how they overcame.

It is interesting, at the commencement, to find

the martyr-bishop entering on the labours of another martyr—the noble missionary, John Williams, who was murdered (by mistake, like the bishop) at Erromanga.

Two of the first boys given into Patteson's charge had been moved to desire fuller Christian teaching by the instruction of Samoan teachers who were the fruits of John Williams' work. One of these, Siapo, a young chief, eighteen or nineteen years of age, from Nen-gone, one of the Loyalty Islands, "with princely manners," was the leader in all that was good among the scholars; the other, Umai, came from the island Erromanga, the scene of Williams' death. His "sweet, friendly nature," with a wretched home, had attached itself to a sick English sailor, on whom he waited very patiently, in spite of rough words and blows. Both these were baptized, and both died early.

The year of the missionaries under Bishop Selwyn divided itself into two portions—six months of voyaging among the Melanesian islands and six months in New Zealand; spent after the first, by Patteson, in teaching and training the boys brought in these voyages from

the islands, and in learning from them their dialects and languages with a view to future evangelizing.

But the first year was indeed a novitiate and testing-time, not by any arbitrary arrangement from authority, but by the necessity of the case.

The first shock had to be encountered of the plunge from civilization amongst uncivilized people. ("Savages" he would never call them. "There are no savages," he said.)

"The regular wild untamed fellow is not so pleasant at first—dirty, unclothed, a mass of blankets, his wigwam sort of place filthy, his food ditto; but then," he adds (courteously to the "wild fellow," and considerably for the home circle), "he is probably intelligent, respectable, and not insensible to the advantage of hearing about religion. It only wants a little practice to overcome one's English feelings about dress, civilization, &c., and that will soon come."

Some way from the "cut of the Eton tail-coat—which is really important;" and yet by no means leaving out what of civilization the cut of the coat meant; no doubt that also told among the chiefs and wild men. Certainly the



gentle charm of manner told, the high-bred courtesy which made him recognize distinctions of rank and chieftainship everywhere, speaking the chiefs' language with boy chiefs in his school, and never contradicting their customs by taking the higher seat. On the other hand, the islanders recognized the distinction between "gentleman-gentleman, who thought nothing that ought to be done too mean for him, and pig-gentleman, who never worked." But we must not forget that the same high-bred courtesy and the same recognition of distinctions belonged also to Livingstone, the son of the Blantyre tailor and the descendant of the old Highland islanders. "Blue blood" and high breeding are indeed more common, and more uncommon, than is sometimes thought. The "tub" and the good salt-water bath and all the refined neatness and cleanliness were as dear to Livingstone, who had learned from his poor mother, as to Patteson.

Miss Yonge has given us a picture which brings him before us on the ship and in the native huts: the "tall and powerful frame, the broad chest and shoulders, the small neat hands and feet, the dark complexion, and strongly

marked lines between the cheeks and mouth ; the eyes of a very dark clear blue, full of an unusually deep, earnest, and, so to speak, inward yet far-away expression, yet eyes which" (like Livingstone's) "had, from the habit of being amidst perils, a quick perception of all going on around ("circumspect"). Then there was the smile, which is the life of so many faces, "remarkably bright, sweet, and affectionate, like a gleam of sunshine—a great element of his great attractiveness—and the voice, with its rich, full sweetness." So that there was something on his side as well as theirs, though he never seemed to suspect it, which made the people, young and old, turn to him and be ready to leave all and follow him, and the little children place their hands in his and throw their arms around him with "fondness." Though "not handsome, yet more than commonly engaging, he had indeed gifts to win hearts, but chiefly because these really mirrored what was within, the "immense amount of interest and sympathy, intensified towards old friends and expanding towards new ones."

He was "skipper" of the *Southern Cross* in her long voyages. "You ask me, dear Miss

Neill," he writes to the invalid governess, "where I am *settled*. Why, settled, I suppose, I am never to be. I am a missionary, you know, not a stationary. My home is the *Southern Cross*, highly compassionated by all my good friends here, and highly contented myself with the sole possession of a little cabin, neatly furnished with table, lots of books, and my dear father's photograph, which is an invaluable treasure and comfort to me. In harbour I live in the cabin. It is hung round with barometers—fixed chest for chronometers, charts, &c. Of course, wherever the *Southern Cross* goes I go too, and I am a most complete skipper. I feel as natural with my quadrant in my hand as of old with my cricket-bat. Then I do *rather* have good salt-water baths, and see glorious sunsets and sunrises, and starlight nights, and the great many-voiced ocean, the winds and waves chiming all night with a solemn sound, and I fall sound asleep and dream of home."

Then he goes on to speak of "pain and sufferings such as hers as a kind of martyrdom, when borne patiently for the love of Christ."

And through all the letters runs a tender undertone of the love of the old home. To a sister:

“What a delight to see your handwriting again! I read on in your letter till I came to ‘Dear Coley, it is very hard to live without you,’ and then I broke down and cried like a child. The few simple words told me the whole story, and I prayed with my whole heart you might find strength in the hour of sadness. Do (as you say you do) let your natural feelings work; do not force yourself to appear calm, do not get excited, if you can help it; but if your mind is oppressed with the thought of my absence, do not try to drive it away by talking about something else, or taking up a book, &c.; follow it out, see what it ends in, trace out the spiritual help and comfort which have already, it may be, resulted from it, the growth of dependence upon God above; meditate upon the real idea of separation, and think of mamma and Uncle Frank.”

Again—“In my walks, or at night when I am awake, I think of mamma and Uncle Frank, and others who are gone before, with unmixed joy and comfort. You may be quite sure I am not likely to forget anything or anybody connected with home. How I do watch and follow them through the hours of the day and night! I turn

out at 6.45, and think of them at dinner or at tea ; at 10, I think of them at evening prayers ; and by my own bed-time they are in morning church or busied about their different occupations, and I can almost see them."

Yet he writes at another time :—

" But what most *surprises* me is this : that when I am alone, though I can't help thinking of my own comforts at home and all dear faces around me, though I feel my whole heart swell with love to you all, still I am not at all sad or gloomy or cast down. This does surprise me ; I did not think it would or could be so. I have indeed prayed for it, but I had not faith to believe my prayer would be so granted."

He is often weary in body and sleeps well, and so is kept in health. Sometimes he is much encouraged by seeing in some of the Melanesians a real "hunger and thirst" for knowledge, especially of things in the Bible, the chief book, or rather literature.

And at spare hours he is reading books, like Neander's "Church History"—seeing how Columbanus and Boniface (the Devonshire missionary to Germany in the seventh century, twelve hundred years before) "attended to agri-

culture, fishing, &c., and went just on the plans adopted by Bishop Selwyn." And he is already deep in the study of the intricacies of the languages and dialects of the islands, for which his aptitude for language so qualified him, and which was to serve him so much in all his work.

So passed the year of apprenticeship.





### III.

#### THE MISSION SHIP AND THE SCHOOL, 1856-1861.

**T**HE five years from 1856 to 1861, from his twenty-ninth to his thirty-fourth year, were (Miss Yonge thinks) among the brightest and happiest of his life. His father, till 1861, was still living, and welcoming every journal and letter.

In the first of those years, however, he came on the terrible traces of the iniquitous traffic which was the cause of his death; the black shadow of English or European colonies in tropical countries—the battle to this day going on in Queensland and elsewhere—the demand for native labour, which ends in forced labour—*i.e.*, slavery, with all its accompaniments of cruel and treacherous piracy, from the “snatch-snatch” to the “kill-kill” vessels, as the islanders too truly call them; a scarcely

disguised form of slavery and the slave-trade.

“As we were lying-to,” he writes in one of his first letters from Melanesia—July 21, 1856, “about half-way along the coast, we espied a brig at anchor close to the shore, and found it was in the command of a man notorious among the sandal-wood traders for many a dark deed among the natives. At Nengone he shot three ; at Mallicolo not less than eight.”

And in 1871 one of his last letters is taken up with this same dreadful kidnapping trade, which with diabolical ingenuity beset his mission from the beginning to the end, thus linking his labours with the perilous tracking out of the same dragon to its African lair by Livingstone, and the battles fought against the same wrong in the Soudan by Gordon.

With Bishop Patteson also, as with Dr. Livingstone, the sting of the misery was that the work of the missionary actually for the time *helped* the infamous traffickers in their work, opening doors for them they could never have opened themselves, and, by the very love these disinterested Christian labourers won, betraying the people who had learned to trust the



English missionary into the hands of their enemies.

Thus indeed the builder, from beginning to end, "had his sword girded by his side and so builded."

The work of those five years was divided between voyages with landings, often perilous, on new or little-visited islands, persuading the people to send their children for a few months to be taught at the mission schools, and the quiet months at home with these children, teaching and training them. Bishop Selwyn and Patteson went on these voyages together. In the school Patteson was in charge, but, throughout these five years, the Bishop, Sir William and Lady Martin, and the group of New Zealand friends were within reach.

It must be remembered that, before Melanesia could be reached from New Zealand, a voyage of more than six hundred miles had to be made across the open ocean.

About half-way between New Zealand and the Melanesian Islands lies Norfolk Island, once a convict settlement, to which the Pitcairn Islanders had been removed. To this island ultimately the Melanesian school was transferred, but not during these five years.

His letters at this time have often "a light-heartedness like that of the old Eton days." "I almost tremble to think of the immense amount of work opening on one. I am happy as the day is long, though it never seems long to me."

His health was good, the heat of the climate stimulated rather than exhausted him; the beauty of the tropical seas and islands was a delight to him. "Oh, the beauty of the deep clefts in the coral reef, lined with coral, purple, blue, scarlet, green, and white! The little blue fishes, the bright blue starfish, the land crabs walking away with other people's shells; the bright line of surf breaking the clear blue of this truly Pacific Ocean, and the tropical sun piercing through masses of foliage which nothing less dazzling could penetrate."

Again—"Coral crags, the masses of forest trees, the creepers literally hundreds of feet long, crawling along and hanging from the cliffs, the cocoa-nuts, bananas, palms, &c. ; the dark figures on the edge of the rocks looking down on us from among the trees; cottages among the trees;" "the exquisite canoes, beautifully inlaid, often with mother-of-pearl."

The range of difference in the people and

their reception was as wide as that between the islands, varying from Paradises to active volcanoes pouring down burning streams into the waters, and the ocean, from its blue pacific calm, to masses of waves white as snow, swept level by the gales and its tropical thunderstorms, when the forked lightning was so continuous as to look like an immense white-hot crooked wire, and "the firmament between the lurid thunder-clouds looked quite blue, so intense was the light."

They had entered into relation with sixty-four islands at least.

"We visited sixty-six islands," he writes in 1857, "and landed eighty-one times, wading, swimming, &c. All most friendly and delightful; only two arrows shot at us, and only one went near." "They are generally gentle, and will cling to one, not with the very independent good-will of the New Zealanders, but with the soft yielding character of the child of the tropics. They are fond; that is the word for them. I have had boys and men, in a few minutes after landing, follow me like a dog, holding their hands in mine, as a little child sometimes does its nurse." "Numbers of children and men

running about on the sands or rocks, all of course naked, and, as they lead an amphibious life, of course they find it very convenient." As to the artistic effect of clothes on the dark skins, it vulgarized them. "They work little; bread-fruit trees, cocoa-nut trees, and bananas grow naturally; yams and taro cultivations are weeded and tended by women; houses are roofed with leaves, the walls bamboos, ropes ready-made of cocoa-nut fibre—they have nothing to do but eat, drink, and lie on the warm coral rocks and bathe in the surf."

Sometimes the people swam out to the ship bearing garlands of welcome, and singing welcoming songs of love. Sometimes, on the contrary, they thronged the reefs, naked, armed with poisoned arrows, with wild uncouth cries and gestures, and always there was the peril that between each visit of the missionaries some outrage might have been committed by the "snatch-s snatch" or "kill-kill" trading vessels, which the islanders would regard it as a sacred duty to avenge on any white men they could entice on shore.

Cannibalism also still prevailed on some of the islands—one chief is said to have sentenced

some of his people to death in order to eat them ; —and they came on its traces once at least. The deadly enmity of the people might, moreover, at any moment be enkindled by the breach of some unknown etiquette, or by unconsciously interfering, like the martyred John Williams, with some religious rite of which the missionaries were ignorant. A gesture or a look misunderstood might rouse suspicions ; and yet Patteson felt, like Livingstone, that showing confidence was the chief point in winning confidence, not so easy under the circumstances. He writes also, like Livingstone, of the increasing sense of the horror of heathenism ; the conscience and heart never blunted to this, the sense of a common enemy, an evil personality inciting to all this evil ever deepening ; but the love and longing to rescue from the evil deepening beneath all ; the yearning to bring them to the redemption wrought for them, to the Father and Redeemer Who loved them.

“I have quite learned to believe there are no ‘savages’ anywhere. What a cause of thankfulness to be out of the din of controversy (the ‘Denison case’), and to find hundreds of thousands longing for crumbs which are shaken

about so roughly in these angry disputes. Who thinks of anything but this: 'They have not heard the name of the Saviour who died for them,' when he is standing with crowds of naked fellows around him? I can't describe the intense happiness of this life."

"He held fast," Miss Yonge writes, "to the fact of man having been created in the image of God. The great principle both of his action and teaching was the restoration of the union of mankind with God through Christ. It never embraced that view of the heathen world which regards it as necessarily under God's displeasure, apart from actual evil committed in wilful knowledge that it is evil. 'By nature the children of wrath' he did not hold to mean that men (as men) were objects of God's anger, lying under His deadly displeasure; but, rather, children of wild impulse, creatures of passion, until made 'children of grace.' Above all, he realized in his whole life the words to St. Peter, 'What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common,' and, not undervaluing for a moment Sacramental Grace, he viewed human nature while yet without the offer thereof as still the object of Fatherly and redeeming love,

and full of fitful tokens of good, coming from the only Giver of life and holiness, needing to be brought nearer and strengthened by full union and light."

"*Everything*," he writes, "*converges to the Person of Christ.*"

"This love," he said, in a sermon at Sydney, "once generated in the heart of man, must needs pass on to his brethren. Love is the animating principle of all. In every star, in the waves, in every flower, in every creature of God, and, most of all, in every living soul of man, it adores and blesses the beauty, *the love, of the great Creator and Preserver of all.*"

The *fact* of the Atonement was clear. It was in trying to explain the *why* and the *how* he felt the mistakes were made.

"Every man, because he *is* a man, because he is a partaker of that very nature which has been taken into the Person of the Son of God, may, by the grace of God, be awakened to the sense of his true life—of his real dignity as a redeemed brother of Christ."

And as brothers indeed he treated them all—as brothers and as sons; as they felt, "he loved all alike."

It was given to him, as to St. Catharine of Siena, "to see the beauty of souls," and, so to waken into conscious life the beauty in which he believed.

Before such hopes and realizations the little discomforts were indeed trivial—the walking for miles on coral reefs, "to be compared to nothing but broken bottles ;" the close packing with uncivilized boys for months in a little crowded ship.

It was in these voyages the stones were quarried for the heavenly Temple. The other half of the year was spent in building, and building up was "by far the hardest work," he thought.

"The real difficulty," he wrote, "is to do for them what parents do for their children : assist them to—nay, almost force on them—the practical application of Christian doctrine. This descends to the smallest matters—washing, scrubbing, sweeping—all actions of personal cleanliness."

It is indeed "training and organizing nations, raising them from heathenism to the life, morally and socially, of a Christian. This is what I find so hard. The communication of religious



truths by word of mouth is but a small part of the work."

Like Livingstone, he also felt the need and use of surgical skill and medical knowledge and of handicrafts. Every missionary ought to be "a carpenter, a mason, glazier, something of a butcher, and a good deal of a cook."

"I am just now in a position to know what to learn were I once more in England. Spend one day with old John Fry (mason), and another with John Venn (carpenter), and two every week at the Exeter Hospital, and not look on and see others work. There's the mischief—*do it oneself*. Make a chair, a table, a box, fit everything, help in every part of making and furnishing a house—that is, a cottage."

His love to his scholars was a constant fountain of joy to him. He was most unaffectedly happy and at home with them: in the morning hunting the lazy ones out of bed to the bath-house; "as full of fun with them as if they had been a party of Eton boys;" amusing himself with their vain attempts to sit a stubborn donkey; feeling at home with them, and making them (in spite of their natural shyness) feel at home with him; listening to their stories of their home-life, and

so slowly unravelling what they really felt and thought. When they were ill—and in that colder New Zealand climate these children of the tropics often were ill—he kept the sick ones in his own room and nursed them himself.

“Anyhow,” he wrote, “I don’t feel shy with Melanesians—even the babies come to me from almost any one, chiefly, perhaps, because they are acquainted at a very early age with a corner of my room where dwells a tin of biscuits.”

But all the time he was truly master and teacher, deacon and priest.

Never shall I forget the evening service held during those years in the college chapel,” Mr. Dudley writes. “He would sometimes show himself so thoroughly *en rapport* with the most intelligent of his hearers that they were compelled to drop their papers and pencils and listen.

“I remember one evening in particular. Some of the men had obtained a draught-board, and given themselves up to draught-playing, leaving their wives to do their household duties. This became known to Mr. Patteson, and he took one evening as his subject, ‘If thy hand or thy foot offend thee, cut it off,’ and spoke as you know he did sometimes speak, evidently carried out

of himself, using the Nengonese (only just being learned) with a freedom which showed him to be thinking in it as he went on, and with a face only to be described as the 'face of an angel.' We all sat spellbound.

"And that night one of the men, fearing he might be tempted to offend again, jumped up, took the draught-board and cast it into the embers of their fire."

As brothers, brothers of Christ, was the keynote.

"The pride of race which prompts a white man to regard coloured people as inferior to himself must be wholly eradicated before they will ever win the hearts, and thus the souls, of the heathen."

And so he learned their habits of thought; saw into their hearts and lives, past and present; their difficulties of comprehension, of abstract thought. Generalization was a thing unknown to them. Often they had not even power of generalization enough to have a name for their own island. They could name the next island, but in their own they had only names for each village.

And all the time vocabularies of the various

languages were growing under his busy hand.

And the joy of all kinds of first things and beautiful beginnings was always coming to him ; the first intelligent questions about spiritual life, the first waking up to the love of God, to what was meant by God ; the first gentle tap at his door, with "I want to talk to you ;" the first pouring out of hearts in prayer ; the first baptisms and confirmations ; the first communions, and, ere long, the first ordination. It was a life indeed worth living, all real from the surface to the core.

In 1861 his father died, and, bravely as he wrote home about the sorrow, one who was with him says he never saw anguish like that of the son one night when he was thinking of the dying father craving to see him yet once again.

Resolutely and unhesitatingly, indeed, both father and son had made and kept to the absolute sacrifice—the father always deprecating the loss to his work involved in the son's return, and the son more and more rooted in the work he had accepted and chosen, and chose to the last. But the pain was there, the pain in each other's loss and pain.

Sir John Patteson just lived to hear of his son's consecration as Bishop of Melanesia.

"On the day the letters came, there was great peace, and a kind of awful joy, on all the household. For many weeks past, Sir John had not attempted to read family prayers, but on this evening he desired his daughters to let him do so.

"Where in the prayer for missionaries he had always mentioned 'the absent member of the family,' he added, in a clear voice, 'especially for John Coleridge Patteson, missionary-bishop.'

"That was the father's one note of triumph, the last time he ever led the household prayers."





#### IV.

##### THE MISSIONARY BISHOP, 1861-1870.



THE next ten years of Bishop Patterson's life read like a continuation of early Church history, or of that of the mediæval missionaries, such as his compatriot St. Boniface—not, indeed, an antiquarian imitation, but a continuation, a reproduction in a new form, of the same life, adapted to a new environment. The nineteenth century is in it, as well as the first and the seventh; in it, not only in its temptations and hindrances, but in its highest development; in the passion of pity for all creatures; in the wide recognition of all humanity; in the scientific accuracy of investigation, and the reverence for all truth, on all sides, which eighteen centuries have wrought into the heart and brain of Christendom. He is as essen-

tially a man of his age as St. Paul, St. Augustine, and St. Boniface were men of their ages. The beautiful old liturgies rooted in the past of Christendom and in the earlier past of the nation which preceded the Catholic Church : Hebrew Psalms, Te Deums, Glorias, ancient Creeds ; all that Greek and Latin, East and West, had developed out of the Divine Revelation and into the Christian life ; continuity of order—the episcopate, the priesthood, the diaconate ; Sacraments administered in Christian forms too ancient to be traced ; Sacred Scriptures going back to antiquity otherwise written only in monumental hieroglyphs and on the walls of buried cities ; all these are there, in his heart and mind. But the latest criticism of the latest German critic is also there, letters on comparative philology to Max Müller ; the doctrine and the fact of evolution running through all — philology, theology, eschatology ; and there also is the latest conflict with the latest great outward social wrong Christendom has been battling with, and is battling with still—the enslaving of the lower or less civilized races, the use of the power of civilization to degrade instead

of to raise uncivilized tribes. Moreover, it is a characteristic of the century, not to be passed over, that the missionary ship and the missionary college, which were the chief instruments and scenes of Bishop Patteson's labours, were mainly due to the literary work of one generous Christian woman. And though the training of physical science had not been his as it was Livingstone's, the beauty of Nature, of forests and starlit nights and many-coloured seas, enters with a power of refreshment into the life scarcely known to the fathers and great missionaries of old. The saints of old were indeed on the highest levels of their own times, and Patteson on the highest level of the century which they had helped to form. But if, as we believe, Christianity is a life and not a mere impulse, how is it possible for Christians to be pessimists, to deem that the present made no progress from the past? Though, indeed, since Christian life is, in the Church as in the individual, a battle as well as a growth, those who are doing the best battle may, in the thick of it, well cease to see anything but the enormity of the evil they are combating. Have not all the saints often thought their times the



worst that ever were ? From St. Paul to Gregory the Great, *hora novissima tempora pessima* has been the cry, not of the idle and desponding only, but of the true warriors—just, it seems, because in the thick of the battle the battle is all that can be seen. Nevertheless, let us hold fast to both—to the ceaseless battle and to the perpetual growth, as such lives as these help us to do.

The last ten years of Bishop Patteson's life, from 1861 to 1871, from his thirty-fourth to his forty-fourth year, were indeed years spent in the thick of the battle, as such years of fulness of life must be.

He had passed, as to his position in the Church of Christ, from the sons and brothers among the fathers. "My children dwell now in two hundred islands," he said, after his consecration.

When the Primate, addressing him, exclaimed, "May Christ be with you when you go forth in His name, and for His sake, to these poor and needy people," and his eye went along the dusky countenances of his ten Melanesian boys, the new bishop could scarcely restrain his intensity of feeling.

"Whatever might be lacking in the beauty of

St. Paul's Church, in which he was consecrated, never," Lady Martin wrote, "were there three bishops who, outwardly as well as inwardly, answered to the dignity of their office better than those who stood over the heavenly Coleridge Patteson." And there also were the intelligent brown faces of a Maori clergyman, and the bright young Melanesian Tagalana as he held the book for the Primate to read the words of consecration, and the long line of Melanesian boys, with the native teachers and their wives.

It was characteristic of that faithful, free spirit—so free, indeed, because so faithful—that the Bible presented to him at his consecration was the same given him by his father when he was five years old—that beloved father then, himself, so near the consecration of death, who was praying for the new bishop that evening for the last time at family prayers.

And all the time of his consecration there rose on his vision the "bright coral and sandy beaches of his many-islanded see; strips of burning sunshine fringing the masses of forest rising into ridges of hills, covered with a dense mass of vegetation; hundreds of people crowding upon them, naked, armed, with wild uncouth cries and ges-

tures"—arms so soon (and well he knew how possible it was) to be turned against him. "But they are my children now." Between the dying father and those children, through whom and for whom he was to die, what a range and depth of love and comprehension in the child-like, fatherly heart that so embraced all!

Three years after his consecration, he encountered a great peril among those "uncouth, armed" "children" at Santa Cruz, in the very group of islands on one of which he afterwards fell.

"I felt very anxious to renew acquaintance with the people, who are very numerous and strong," he wrote. "I landed at two places, and came back. All seemed pleasant and hopeful. At the third place I landed amidst a great crowd, waded over the broad reef, went into a house, sat for some time in it, then returned among a great crowd to the boat. When the boat was about fifteen yards from the reef, and five or six canoes around us, they began (why, I know not) to shoot at us. I had not shipped the rudder, so I held it up, hoping it might shield off any arrows that came straight, the boat lay end on, and the stern, being backed into the reef, was nearest to them.

“When I looked round after a minute—providentially, indeed, for the boat was being pulled into a small creek, and would have grounded—I saw Pearce lying between the thwarts, with the long shaft of an arrow in his chest; Edwin Nobbs with an arrow, as it seemed, in his left eye; many arrows flying close to us from many quarters. Suddenly, Fisher Young, pulling the stroke oar, gave a faint scream; he was shot through the left wrist. Not a word was spoken, only my ‘Pull, port oars! pull on steadily!’ Once, dear Edwin, with the fragment of the arrow sticking in his cheek and the blood streaming down, called out—thinking, even then, more of me than of himself—‘Look out, sir; close to you!’ But indeed, on all sides, they were close to us.

“How we any of us escaped, I can’t tell; Fisher and Edwin pulled on; Atkin had taken Pearce’s oar; Hunt pulled the fourth oar. By God’s mercy, no one else was hit, but the canoes chased us to the schooner. In about twenty minutes we were on board; the people in the canoes around the vessel, seeing the wounded, paddled off as hard as they could, expecting, of course, that we would take vengeance on them.

But I don't think they were cognizant of the attack on shore."

In spite of all the Bishop's care of the wounds, two, most dear to him, died.

Fisher Young died first, from the wound in the wrist, or rather from lockjaw caused by the wounds.

"Intense was the pain, the agony, the whole body being rigid like a bar of iron! How good he was in his very agonies, in his fearful spasms; praying, pressing my hand when I prayed and comforted him with holy words of Scripture. None but a well-disciplined, humble, simple Christian could so have borne his sufferings. The habit of obedience and faith and patience, the childlike, unhesitating trust in God's love and Fatherly care, supported him now. He never for a moment lost his hold on God. What a lesson it was. It calmed us all. On Monday, at one A.M., I moved from his side to my couch, only three yards off. He said faintly, 'Kiss me. I am very glad that I was doing my duty. Tell my father that I was in the path of duty, and he will be so glad. Poor Santa Cruz people!' Oh! my dear boy! You will do more for their conversion by your death than

ever we shall by our lives. And as I lay down, almost convulsed with sobs, though not audible, he said (so Mr. Tilly told me afterwards), 'Poor Bishop!' How full his heart was of love and peace and thoughts of heaven! 'Oh, what love!' he said. The last night, when I left him for an hour or two, at one A.M., only to lie down in my clothes by his side, he said faintly (his body being then rigid as a bar of iron), 'Kiss me, Bishop.' At four A.M. he started as if from a trance. He had been wandering a good deal; but all his words even then were of things pure and holy. His eyes met mine, and I saw the consciousness gradually coming back into them. 'They never stop singing there, sir, do they?' for his thoughts were with the angels in heaven. Then, after a short time, the last terrible struggle; and then he fell asleep. Oh, how I thanked God when his head fell back, or rather his whole body, for it was without joint, on my arm; and, while I said the Commendatory Prayer, he passed away.

"Most of all he supplied to me the place of earthly relatives and friends. He was my boy; I loved him as I think I never loved any one else. I don't mean *more* than you all,

but in *a different way*, not as one loves another of equal age, but as a parent loves a child."

Five days after this, Edwin Atkin's jaws began to stiffen with the terrible tetanus. For nine or ten days there was suspense and hope. He was older, about twenty-one, six feet high, a strong handsome young man, the pride of Norfolk Island, the destined helper and successor of his father, the present clergyman. The same faith, the same patience, the same endurance of suffering!

"*Poor Santa Cruz people!*" the old familiar language of the King and the Kingdom from the beginning, self-pity lost in pity for those through whom they suffered. "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge."

Peculiar comfort came to Bishop Patteson under that heavy weight of sorrow, new powers of comfort in the Bible, blessed hopes of re-union, joy in the joy and the innocency of the lives of those he had lost and the constancy of their faith unto death, yet this grief seemed to those who watched him "to diminish his elasticity, to take away his youthful buoyancy, and to mark lines of care in his face that never were effaced."

“Perhaps I shall live ten or twenty years,” he wrote, “and say, ‘I recollect how in ’64 I really almost thought I could not last long.’”

Three years more passed before the school and training college were removed from New Zealand to Norfolk Island. All this time more islands were being visited, more pupils won, and invaluable lessons were being learned as to the languages and modes of thought of the islanders and the general conduct of missions.

“I have for years thought,” he wrote, “that we seek in our missions a great deal too much to make *English* Christians of our converts. The ancient Church had its ‘selection of fundamentals,’ a kind of simple and limited expansion of the Apostles’ Creed for doctrine and Apostolic practice of discipline.

“Notoriously, the Eastern and Western mind misunderstood each other. The speculative East and the practical West could not be made to think after the same fashion. The Church of Christ has room for both.

“Now, any one can see what mistakes we made in India. Few men think themselves into the state of the Eastern mind, feel the difficulties of the Asiatic, and divine the way



in which Christianity should be presented to them.

“We seek to denationalize these races, as far as I can see; whereas we ought surely to change as little as possible.

“Christianity is the religion for humanity at large. It takes in all shades and diversities of character. The substratum of it is, so to speak, co-extensive with the substratum of humanity itself.

“*Ergo*, the missionary must not be the man who is not good enough for ordinary work in England, but the man, whom England even does not produce in large numbers, with some powers of dealing with these questions. It is better to have a well-known rule—but I don’t see how you can give precise directions. It seems to me you must use great care in selecting your man, and then trust him fully.”

Then as to languages and the modes of thought and type of character they indicate:

“Endless ramifications of cognate dialects, and again rapid changes in those dialects (unwritten, of course).

“All that I can do is to learn many dialects of a given archipelago, print their *existing* varieties,

and so work back to the original language. This is to some extent done with the Banks group." (One of the Banks dialects, the Mota, became the *lingua-franca* of the mission.)

"My own clear impression" [like Dr. Livingstone's] "is that to attempt to follow the analogy of our complicated Greek and Latin grammars would not only involve certain failure, but would mislead people altogether. I don't want to be hunting after a Melanesian *paulo-post-futurum*. I had rather say 'all men, quâ men, think, and have a power of expressing their thoughts. They use many different forms of speech if we look superficially at the matter, not so if we look *into* it. An Englishman says, 'When I get there it will be night.' But a Pacific Islander says, 'I am there, it is night.'

And again, applying this to Hebrew grammar:

"Really the time is not inherent in the *tense* at all. The time is given by something in the context which indicates that the speaker's mind is in the past, present, or future tense.

The "In the beginning" (not the *tense*) indicates the tense of 'God made.'

"The doctrine of the *Vau conversive* is simply a figment of so-called grammarians ; language

is not an artificial product, but a natural mode of expressing ideas.

“If people had remembered that language is not a trick invented and contrived by scholars at their desks, but a natural gift, simple at first, and elaborated by degrees, they could not have made such a mess.”

The especial nineteenth-century doctrine of development or evolution cannot but shine through the theology, history, philology, practical conduct, of those who live in it.

Again, as to heathen customs—secret societies, for example :

“An instinct compels men to form themselves into associations ; but then Christ has satisfied them legitimately in the Church. Christianity does meet a human instinct ; as, *e.g.*, the Lord’s Supper, whatever higher and deeper feelings it may have, has this simple but most significant meaning to the penitent convert, of feasting as a child with his brethren and sisters at a Father’s Board.

“May I not say to Robert Pantatun, ‘Christ, you know, gave His Body and Blood for you on the Cross ; He gives them to you now, for all purposes of saving you and strengthening

your spiritual life, while you eat and drink as an adopted child at your Father's Table'?"

Again, as to the difficult matter of clothing, his taste is much aggrieved by the change of costume, which, although much needed when the clothes were next to none, or, as in some cases, none at all, by too rigid adherence to an unadapted English dress, transformed the "picturesque savage" into a very unpicturesque "gent."

And as to houses :

"I should build them with the material of the island, save only windows, but adopt, of course, a different shape and style for them. The idea would be to have everything native fashion, but improved. All that a Christian finds helpful and expedient we ought to have, but to adopt English notions and habits would defeat my object."

And it must be remembered that much of this reading and thinking had to be carried on with natives crowding inquisitively around him, besides "that which came on him daily, the care of all the churches." "Never alone," as he writes at Mota. "Night or day I sleep on a table, with some twelve or more fellows

around me, and all day long people are around me in and out of school-hours."

In 1867 the school and training college were removed from New Zealand to Norfolk Island, among the Pitcairn Islanders, at their request, and according to the long-felt wish of the Primate and Bishop Patteson.

The Norfolk Island people were extremely struck with the reverence of the Melanesians at the services.

At Christmas-time there was an ordination of Norfolk Islanders, and the next year the first ordination of a Melanesian.

On Christmas Day, at seven in the morning, there were fourteen Melanesian communicants; the church decorated with fronds of tree-ferns, acacias and lilies, and "Emmanuel God with us" in Melanesian, in large letters over the altar.

And as the Bishop's room opened into the chapel, he knew that between five and half-past six in the mornings you could not go into it without seeing two or three kneeling about in different corners, especially interesting because they were not "gushing," but naturally shy as English boys.

This shyness and reticence also give especial significance to these words of Mr. Codrington :

“The stir in the hearts and minds of those at Mota already christened,” he writes early in 1868, “might be called a revival, and the inquiring and earnest spirit of many more seemed to be working towards conversions. During this time there might be seen on the cliff, or under the trees in the afternoon or on Sundays, little groups gathered round some of the elder Christians inquiring and getting help. It was the work that George Sarawia evidently was enabled to do in this way that convinced every one the time had come for his ordination. It is worth mentioning that the boys from one island were much influenced by the last conversation of the first Christian who died there, who had told his friends to be sure that all the Bishop had told them was true. This was Walter Hotaswol, who, when dying, said how ‘very good’ the Lord’s Supper was, and how he had seen a man of rank and authority standing, who he believed was Jesus, who said what he thought meant ‘I will give you a new life;’ and he believed he was going to Him, and that his heart was calm (as after a storm), and he was not afraid to die.”

The Bishop writes of this time: “There seems to be a stirring of heart among our present set of

scholars—the younger ones, I mean ; they come into my room after evening chapel and school, one or two at a time, but very shy, and at last say, very softly, ‘Bishop, I wish to stop here for good.’

“ ‘Why?’

“ ‘I *do* wish to be good, to learn to be like George (Sarawia) and Henry (Tagalana) and the rest.’

“ Taroniara, from San Christoval, said to me the other night : ‘Bishop, why is it that now I think as I never thought before? I feel quite different. I like and wish for things I never cared for before. I don’t care for what I used to like and live for. What is it?’

“ ‘What do you think it is?’

“ ‘I think—but it is so great—I think it is the Spirit of God in my heart.’”

And three years afterwards young Taroniara was slain with the Bishop on the shore of Nukupu.

In 1868 fell on Bishop Patteson “the last great shock his affections sustained.”

Bishop Selwyn was translated to the English diocese of Lichfield.

At Auckland, when the day of parting came, ‘business was suspended.” Bishop Patteson

writes, "public offices and shops shut, no power of moving about the wharf, horses taken from the carriage provided for the occasion, as a mixed crowd of English and Maoris drew Bishop Selwyn to the wharf." ("Our great father who lies there," as the Maori chiefs called him when they knelt and prayed in Maori, long afterwards, by his tomb in Lichfield Cathedral.) "Then choking words and stifled efforts to say 'God bless you!' and so we parted.

"It is the end of a long chapter. I feel as if my master was taken from my head."

This was in October. In December, to this life of many vicissitudes came the joy of the first Melanesian ordination, when George Sarawia was ordained deacon in Norfolk Island. And at Christmas, at midnight, twenty Melanesian voices sang Christmas carols at his bedroom door, the Mota version of the Angels' Song, and "the Light to lighten the Gentiles," voices of those yet heathen joining in the strain. And a few days afterwards came the tender mixed joy and sorrow of receiving back, in deep penitence, one who had fallen—lapsed, but indeed not lost.

The fatherly heart records it:—"The young



Melanesian said, 'Don't tell me I must go away for ever. I can't bear it.'

"I did manage to answer almost coldly, for I felt that, if I once let loose my longing desire to let him see my real feeling, I could not restrain myself at all: 'Who wishes to send you away? It is not me whom you have displeased and injured.'

"'I know! It is terrible! But I think of the Prodigal Son. Oh! I do long to go back. Oh! do tell me that He loves me still.'

"Poor dear fellow! I thought I must leave him to bear his burden for a time. We prayed together, and I sent him away from my room, but he could neither eat nor sleep.

"The next day his whole manner, look, everything, made me sure (humanly speaking) that he was indeed truly penitent; and then when I began to speak words of comfort, of God's tender love and compassion, and told him how to think of the Lord's gentle pity when He appeared first to the Magdalen and Peter, and when I took his hand in the old loving way, poor fellow, he broke down more than ever and cried like a child.

"Ah! it is very sad, but I do think he will be

a better, a more steadfast man; he has learnt his weakness. And the effect on the school is remarkable.

“That there should be so much tenderness of conscience and apprehension of the guilt of impurity among the children of the heathen, brought up in familiarity with sin, is matter of much thankfulness.”

Mr. Codrington describes the life at the College of St. Barnabas, Norfolk Island:—

“The secret of the freedom and affectionateness of the intercourse of the Melanesians with the Bishop did not lie,” he says, “in any singular attractiveness of his manner only, but in the experience that he sought nothing for himself. A stranger would be struck with his bright smiles and sweet tones as he would address some little stranger who came into his room, but one who knew a little of the languages alone could know with what extraordinary quickness he passed from one language to another. A man of his faculty of expression could not speak like a native; he spoke better than a native. He was jealous of the claim of those languages to be considered true languages. His translations of some of the Psalms

into Mota are as lofty in their diction and as harmonious in their rhythm, in my opinion, as anything almost I have read in any language.

“Daily at seven A.M. the bell rings for chapel ; the service is conducted in Mota (the *lingua-franca*). Noteworthy are the attention, the reverent attitude, the hearty swing and unison of the little congregation. Then all, whites and blacks, lay and clerical, flock to the mess-room. Beyond the special privilege of tea, all fare alike.

“Soon afterwards comes school for an hour and a half. Then work for the boys and men—planting yams, reaping wheat, mowing oats, fencing, carting, building, as the call may be, only no caste distinction or ordering about. The system is not that of the shop or the regiment, but of the family. It is not the officer or master saying ‘*Go*,’ but the father or the brother saying ‘*Come*.’ No one is to be above manual labour.

“At one o’clock, dinner; the diet chiefly vegetable. In the afternoon, work; at six P.M., tea. In the evening, class again for an hour or two, this evening class being sometimes a singing lesson. There are evening prayers, and bedtime is early.

"After evening school the Bishop, his clergy, and his *aides* retire mostly into their rooms. Then gently and shyly, on this night, or the other night, one or two, three or four, of the most intelligent black boys steal silently up to the Bishop's side, and by fits and starts, often painfully, tell their feelings, state their difficulties, ask for help, and, I believe, with God's blessing, rarely fail to find it. They are not gushing negroes, but shy as Englishmen. We Englishmen ought indeed to have a fellow-feeling for these poor black boys, and to help them with all our hearts."

But all this time the deadly iniquity which was to rob these poor people, first of their own children, and then, by a terrible misapprehension, of the fatherly heart so devoted to them, was creeping steadily on.

A letter from Bishop Patteson to Bishop Selwyn on November 16, 1867, gives the first notice of this dreadful labour traffic; and, with a tragic resemblance to the introduction of the African slave-traders by the benevolent Las Casas, at first the traffic was rather fostered by some excellent missionaries.

"Reports are rife," he writes, "of a semi-

legalized slave-trading between the South Sea Islands and New Caledonia and the white settlers in Fiji.

"*I am told* that Government sanctions natives being brought upon agreement to work for pay, &c., and passage home in two years. We know the impossibility of making contracts with New Hebrides or Solomon Island natives. It is a mere sham, an evasion of some law passed, I dare say, without any dishonourable intention, to secure colonial labour. If necessary, I will go to Fiji, or anywhere, to obtain information. But I saw a letter in a Sydney paper which spoke strongly and properly of the necessity of the most stringent rules to prevent the white settlers from injuring the coloured men."

At first it had begun in really voluntary agreements; enterprising islanders from the New Hebrides, Anaiteum, Tanna, Erromanga, already accustomed to the sandal trade, going to work for the settlers in Fiji and Queensland. And the missionaries saw no reason to object; indeed, rather hoped it might be a means of spreading Christianity through these emigrant labourers into the islands from which they came.

But the demand increased, and the regulations drawn up for ensuring regular contract were unfortunately not much kept at the plantations, not at all understood by the islanders, and for the most part entirely disregarded by the traders who shipped the labourers.

The demand increased, and the voluntary supply diminished as the islanders perceived more and more that they were not fairly dealt with.

Bishop Patteson saw clearly from first to last what the traffic meant, and to what it would lead. From inviting, the traders had rapidly fallen into decoying; and from decoying, to violently compelling. Some of the ships the natives called, too appropriately, "snatch-snatch," and others "kill-kill."

Bishop Patteson writes in 1871 :—

"The deportation of natives is going on to a very great extent *here*, as in the New Hebrides and Banks Islands. Means of all kinds are employed—sinking canoes and capturing the natives, enticing men on board and getting them below, and then securing hatches and imprisoning them. Natives are retaliating.

Lately, two or three vessels have been taken and all hands killed, besides boats' crews shot at continually. A man called on me at Mota the other day, who said that five out of seven in the boat were struck by arrows a few days before. The arrows were not poisoned, but one man was very ill. It makes even our work rather hazardous, except where we are thoroughly well known. I hear that a vessel has gone to Santa Cruz, and I must be very cautious there, for there has been some disturbance almost to a certainty.

“Whatever regulations the Government of Queensland or the Consul of Fiji may make, they can't restrain the traders from employing unlawful means to get hold of the natives. And I *know* that many of these men are utterly unscrupulous. But I can't get proofs that are sufficient to obtain a verdict in a court of law.

“Some islands are almost depopulated, and I dread the return of these ‘labourers’ when they are brought back. They bring guns and other things which enable them to carry out with impunity all kinds of rascality. These poor fellows come back to run riot, steal men's wives, shoot, fight and use their newly acquired

possessions to carry out more vigorously all heathen practices."

This was in the last journalizing letter begun to his sister on the date of her birthday, "never forgotten," the 27th of August, the letter which was never finished. On the morning of September 21 he had fallen a victim to the traffic whose iniquities, with the retaliations so sure to follow from the injured islanders, he so clearly saw.








## V.

### REAPING AND RESTING, 1870-1873.

N 1870, and even before, Bishop Patteson "had often felt and spoken of himself as an elderly man." Miss Yonge gathers together in a rapid survey the labours that had so early exhausted him :—

"Few have had to be at once head of a college, sole tutor and steward, as well as primary schoolmaster, all at once; or afterwards united those charges with those of bishop, examining chaplain, and theological professor, with the interlude of voyages which involved intense anxiety and watchfulness, as well as the hardships of those unrestful nights in native huts and the exhaustion of the tropical climate."

But he was not to sink into rest as a weary

traveller; as a reaper bearing home his sheaves in the fresh joy of a harvest such as he had never known, he was to be summoned to the harvests and the joys of the heavenly country.

In February 1870 he had a very severe attack of inflammatory illness, which left him so prostrated that he had to go to New Zealand for further medical advice.

His friends were "greatly shocked" at his appearance. Lady Martin writes that two years before, he was looking worn and ill, but was still a young and active man. He seemed now "quite a wreck." "Day by day he used to sit by the fire in an easy-chair, too weak to move or to attend to reading. He got up very early, being tired of bed. His books and papers were all brought out, but he did little but doze."

The doctor pronounced that he had a chronic ailment, not dangerous, but forbidding active exertion. And so he went down definitely to a lower level of strength. "At an office they would have insured his life at fifty instead of forty-three."

He writes home: "I can't tell you of the very great happiness and actual enjoyment of

many of those sleepless nights, when, perhaps at two P.M., I felt the pain subsiding; and prayer for rest, if it was His will, was changed into thanksgiving for the relief; then, as the fire flickered, came happy, restful, peaceful thoughts, mingled with much, I trust heartfelt, sorrow and remorse. And Psalms seemed to have a new meaning, and prayers to be so real, and somehow there was a sense of a very near Presence."

He stayed with these dear friends, Sir William and Lady Martin, from April till July, with the interval of another visit, slowly recovering.

"He dwelt on his dear father's nearness to him at that time," Lady Martin writes. "He spoke once or twice with a reverent, holy awe and joy of sleepless nights, when thoughts of God had filled his soul and sustained him.

"His face, always beautiful from the unworldly purity of its expression, was really as the face of an angel while he spoke of these things and of the love and kindness he had received. He seemed to have been standing on the very brink of the river, and it was yet doubtful whether he was to abide with us.

Now, looking back, we can see how mercifully God was dealing with His servant. A time of quiet and preparation for death was given him apart from the hurry of his daily life, then a few months of active service, and then the crown."

"There was enjoyment in the gloaming in listening to Handel and other old masters of music, in talking of the art of Italy, and freer pleasure in social intercourse and in the little pleasures of all. He had passed out of that early stage when the mind can dwell only on its own sphere of work."

In June the calm of this haven was broken in upon by tidings of the iniquities of the labour traffic, which was undermining his work and depopulating the islands of "his children."

He still thought the trade might be regulated, if, perhaps, a few vessels were licensed to convey the islanders backwards and forwards, if the missionaries were informed of the names of the vessels thus licensed, if other vessels could be treated as pirates, and if a small man-of-war could cruise among the islands to enforce these protecting laws.

As the time drew near for his departure, "he

talked a good deal about the rapidly growing evil of the labour-trade. In one island, where 300 men used to assemble on the beach, only thirty or forty were left. If it went on as it had been doing, many islands would be depopulated, and everywhere he must expect to meet with suspicion and ill-will." But faith always overcame, and he "went forth, on the 12th of August, to do the work appointed him, leaving the result in God's hands."

So we come to the last year on earth, and all the unconscious last steps—so solemn when they are found to be steps up to the gate of the Temple threshold, which opens and closes from within.

On September 19 they approached the Santa Cruz group of islands. "How my mind is filled with hopes," he wrote, "not unmingled with anxieties. It is more than eleven years since we sought to make an opening here, and as yet we have no scholar. To human eyes it seems almost hopeless. Yet other islands were in a state almost as hopeless apparently. Only there is something in Santa Cruz which is, probably, very unreal and imaginary, which seems to present unusual difficulties."

Strange foreshadowing words! yet perhaps, like many such apparent foreshadowings, really rather shadows of what had gone before. For in one of these islands, seven years before, the two young Norfolk Islanders had been slain and the Bishop himself had barely escaped. And in a quiet place on those shores he had buried "his boy," Fisher Young, whom he loved as he thought he never loved any one else—as a parent loves a child.

On Sunday they came in sight of the island where, just a year afterwards, he was killed. On Monday, he wrote to Bishop Selwyn that he went in easily over the reef by a short cut, not by the old winding narrow passage. "I was greatly pleased by the people as they ran on board. 'Where is Bisambe?' 'Here I am?' 'No, no; the Bisambe tuai (of old), your *mutua* (father). Is he below? Why doesn't he come up with some hatchets?' So you see they remember you. I went also here into the houses; women danced in my honour; people gave small presents, &c.; but *no volunteers*."

Now both the young and old "Bisambes" are gone. But the work goes on; the victory has come; the door is opened at last—a new Bishop,

son of the "father" they remembered so affectionately, is there to care for those poor misguided, deluded children; and there are volunteers, there are Christians, on those islands now.

He writes also of the dress of the Santa Cruz islanders—sculptured now on his memorial pulpit in Exeter Cathedral—the round plate of shell, as big as a small dinner-plate, hanging over the chest, the woven scarfs and girdles.

And on October 11 he comes in sight of the cruel enemy who caused the misery of his "children" and his own death.

"October 11.—A topsail schooner in sight—one of those kidnapping vessels. They have no names painted on some of their vessels, and the natives can't catch or pronounce the names of the white men on board."

And again: "The islanders are beginning to find out the true character of these vessels, so now force is substituted for deceit. I have to try and write a statement about it."

His last Christmas Day was spent on Norfolk Island.

"Such a happy day! Such a solemn quiet service at seven A.M., followed by a short joyous eleven A.M. service. A star at the east end of the

chapel, over the word Emmanuel, all in golden everlasting flames, with lilies and oleanders in front of young Norfolk Island pines and evergreens.

Enjoyment, also, in training the stephanotis over his veranda; in Japanese lilies and azaleas; and in pottering about the little gardens, "twenty-nine flower-gardens, of the Melanesians; the park-like paddocks, with our sheep and cattle and horses." Also tender familiar reminiscences of English oaks and elms and chestnuts, of Devonshire lanes and fields and "hedges," clover and daisies, cowslips and buttercups, banks of primroses and violets, and the song of thrushes and blackbirds.

There was much quiet time for reading and for writing letters, full of interest in European politics—the siege of Paris having just ended—and, as always, in all that concerned home.

To his sister on his father's birthday:—

"You know I have all his letters since I left England, and he never missed a mail. Why, you have never missed a mail in all these sixteen years; there is really more than ever of mutual love, and much more of mutual esteem than ever. What should I have done without a perfect trust in you three? I see some



people really alone in these countries, really expatriated. Now I never feel that."

"March 8.—Such a fit came over me yesterday of old memories. I was reading a bit of Wordsworth. I remembered dear Uncle Frank telling me how Wordsworth came over to Ottery and called on him, and how he felt so honoured; and so fell on thinking of him and the old pet names, and most of all, of course, of father and mother. I seemed to see them all with unusual clearness. Yes, if by His mercy I may indeed be brought to the home where they dwell!"

He longs also for a new Butler to write an "Analogy" adapted to the special difficulties of thinking men of these days.

"Such a man," he writes, "would find his true and proper task now in presenting Christian teaching in an unconventional form, stripped of much error that the terms which we all employ when speaking of doctrine seem unavoidably to carry with them.

"Such a man might ask, 'What do you mean by your theory of substitution, satisfaction, &c.? Where do you find it? Prove it logically from the Bible. Show that the early

Church held it.' Butler, you know, reproved the curiosity of men who sought to find out the *manner* of the Atonement. 'I do not find,' he says, 'that it is declared in the Scriptures.' He believed the *fact*, of course, as his very soul's treasure.

"One gain," he continues, "of this critical spirit is that it makes all of us clergy more circumspect in what we say. What offends men of the critical school are the sermons, in which so many preachers make the most audacious statements, wholly unsupported by any sound learning and logical reasoning."

And all the time the patient teaching was going on, the various classes on St. Luke, the Lord's Prayer, the Old Testament. He felt remarkably well, and these letters, his last, are spoken of as "full of peace and serenity."

So, on April the 27th, 1871, he set out on his last voyage, cruising, as usual, among the islands, sowing seed of good words, or gathering scholars, and spending happy weeks in Mota, *not* as usual, but full to overflowing of a new joy, the joy of reaping after all the fourteen patient years of sowing, so that on the 7th of September, a fortnight before his death, Joseph Atkin wrote of him :—

"Our Bishop is much improved in health and strength. His stay at Mota has put new life into him again ; the whole island is becoming Christian."

"There is more indication here" (at Mota), Bishop Patteson writes, "than I ever saw before of a 'movement,' a distinct advance towards Christianity. The distinction between passively listening to our teaching, and accepting it as God's Word and acting upon it, seems to be clearly felt.

"About two hours are spent daily by me with about twenty-three grown-up men. They come, too, at all hours, in small parties, two or three, to tell their thoughts and feelings, how they are beginning to pray, what they say, what they wish and hope."

On June the 26th, the first public baptism of one man took place on Mota. The Bishop made his convert, Wilgan, renounce one by one by name the evil customs of heathenism, as his compatriot, St. Boniface, of old made his German converts renounce Thor and Odin.

On August 14 he records the baptism of twelve men and women, and a communion of sixteen in the morning.

By August the 20th, the Bishop had baptized 289 persons—231 children and infants, the rest adults.

One Sunday evening in the dark an islander came to him and said :

“ I have for days been watching for a chance of speaking to you alone. Always so many people about you. My heart is so full. So hot every word goes into it, deep, deep. The old life seems a dream. Everything seems to be new. A month ago you said that, if I wanted to know the meaning and power of this teaching, I must pray. And I tried to pray, and it becomes easier as every day I pray as I go about, and in the morning and evening ; and I don't know how to pray as I ought, but my heart is light, and I know it is all true, and my mind is made up, and I want to be baptized.”

“ I never had such an experience before,” he writes. “ It is something quite new to me. Classes regularly, morning and evening, and all day parties coming to talk and ask questions, some bringing a wife or a child, some a brother, some a friend. We were 150 sleeping on the mission premises, houses

being put up all around by people coming from a distance.

"I am, in a sense, teaching all day. There is so much to be done, and the people, worthy souls, have no idea that one can ever be tired. After I was laid down on my table, with my air pillow under my head and my plaid over me, I woke up from a doze to find the worthy Tanoaguane sitting with his face towards me, waiting for a talk on the rather comprehensive subject of baptism."

"Scarce a moment's rest, but the work so interesting that I could scarcely feel weariness."

"There is little excitement, no impulsive, vehement outpouring of feeling. People come and say, 'I *do* see the evil of the old life; I *do* believe in what you teach us. I feel in my heart new desires, new wishes, new hopes. The old life has become hateful to me; the new life is full of joy. But it is so weighty, I am afraid. What if, after making these promises, I go back?'

"What do you doubt? God's power and love, or your own weakness?'

"I don't doubt His power and love, but I am afraid.'

“‘Afraid of what?’

“‘Of falling away.’

“‘Doesn’t He promise His help to those who need it?’

“‘Yes, I know that.’

“‘Do you pray?’

“‘I don’t know how to pray properly, but I and my wife say, “God, make our hearts light. Take away the darkness. We believe that you love us, because you sent Jesus to become a Man and die for us, but we can’t understand it all. Make us fit to be baptized.”’

“‘If you really long to lead a new life, and pray to God to strengthen you, come in faith without doubting.’

“‘Evening by evening, my school with the baptized men and women is, the saying by heart (at first, sentence by sentence after me; now they know them well) the General Confession—which they are taught to use in the singular number, as a private prayer—the Lord’s Prayer, the Ten Commandments (a short version). They are learning the Te Deum. They use a short prayer for grace to keep their baptismal vows.”

“And then,” he goes on, “I turn from all

this little secluded world to the thoughts of England and France, the Church at home, &c."

And so, amidst all the intensity of the individual joy, he kept himself in the fresh air and the wide horizons of the Catholic Church. Perhaps also pushing off mentally to a little distance in order to look back and see how real the work and the joy were.

"I can hardly realize it all yet. It is good to be called away from it for a month or two. I often wished that Codrington, Palmer, and the rest could be with me. It seemed selfish to be witnessing by myself all this great happiness—that almost visible victory over the powers of darkness."

And so, with this joy in his heart and this victory, he went forth to his last earthly conflict with the powers of darkness, and his last victory, and has found it, no doubt, "good to be called away," though not only "for a month or two."

The last letter to Bishop Abraham ends with—

"August 22.—The seventh anniversary of dear Fisher's death. May God grant us a blessing this year at Santa Cruz!"

There is another finished letter, dated Septem-

ber 19, two days before his death, to Principal Shairp, recalling old college days together, thanking him for his books, "Studies on Poetry and Philosophy" and "Essays on Culture." "I find it difficult," he writes, "to read much of what is worth reading nowadays. But I know enough of what is working in men's minds in Europe to be heartily thankful for such thoughtful, wholesome teaching as yours. Indeed you are doing a good work, and I pray God it may be abundantly blessed."

This was the last letter finished and signed, written as they lay becalmed off Santa Cruz. There were other letters—journalizing letters—unfinished.

The kidnapping, and also the "kill-kill" vessels, which actually assisted the really savage natives, as a payment for their sandalwood, "to take heads," were cruising about like birds of prey.

"I am fully alive," the Bishop writes on September 16, "to the probability that some outrage has been committed here by one or more vessels. The master of the vessel Atkin saw did not deny his intention of taking away from these or any other islands any men



or boys he could induce to come on board. I am quite aware we may be exposed to considerable risk on this account. I trust that all may be well; that, if it be His will that any trouble should come upon us, dear Joseph Atkin, his father and mother's only son, may be spared. But I don't think there is very much cause for fear; because at these small reef islands they know me pretty well, though they don't understand as yet our object in coming to them, and they may very easily connect us white people with the other white people who have been ill-using them.

"In September last year I was on shore at Nukapu and Piteni for some time, and I can talk somewhat with the people; I think that, if any violence has been used at Santa Cruz, I shall hear of it.

"If any violence has been used it will make it impossible for us to go thither now. It would simply be provoking retaliation. One must say, as Newman of the New Dogma, that the progress of truth and religion is delayed, no one can say how long. It is very, *very* sad. But the Evil One everywhere and always stirs up opposition and hindrance to any attempt to do

good. And we are not so sorely tried in this way as many others."

For five days after his writing these words they were kept off Santa Cruz, a "calm, with such light winds as there were, contrary," preventing them approaching the islands.

On Norfolk Island he had planned, in April, five months before, going to follow the kidnapped islanders, "his children," to Fiji and Queensland, leaving the easier work in Norfolk Island to others—"to be a movable clergyman in Fiji, or anywhere else, as long as my strength lasts," though "Norfolk Island certainly was rather my resting-place."

From the 16th to the 19th they were becalmed off the Santa Cruz group.

On the 19th they were off the fatal island Nukapu, and on the 19th he writes to Bishop Selwyn :—

"Tenakulu, the volcano, was fine last night. What is all the bombardment of Paris to those masses of fire and hundreds of tons of rock cast into the sea! 'If He do but touch the hills, they shall smoke.'

"And now, what will the next few days bring forth? It may be God's will that the

opening for the Gospel may be given to us now. Sometimes I feel as if I were almost too importunate in my longings for some beginning here, and I try not to be impatient, and to wait His good time, knowing that it will come when it is the fulness of time. Then again I am tempted to think, 'If not soon, if not now, the trading vessels will make it almost impossible, as men think, to obtain any opening here.' But I am on the whole hopeful, though sometimes faint-hearted."

Then follow plans about the need of men and of another ship.

During the voyage he had read Hebrew with Mr. Atkin, and had studied Isaiah alone.

Edward Wogale, one of the Christian Melanesians, writes of that last morning :—

"And as we were going to that island where he died, but were still in the open sea, he schooled us continually upon Luke ii. 3 up to 11, but he left off with us with his death. And he preached to us continually at prayers in the morning every day, and every evening on the Acts of the Apostles, and he spoke as far as to the seventh chapter, and then we reached that island. And he had spoken admirably and

very strongly to us about the death of Stephen, and then he went up ashore on that island Nukapu."

Yes, willingly "up ashore," up those steps which were an altar-stair to him.

"The lingering, becalmed off the islands," Mr. Brooke says, "had seemed to intensify his prayer and anxiety for those poor people." Their canoes were hovering near, and, thinking they were afraid to approach, the Bishop had the boat lowered, and entered it with Mr. Atkin, Stephen Taroniara, James Minipa, and John Nonono. As they pulled off, he called back to Mr. Brooke, "Tell the captain I may have to go ashore." Then after waiting to collect more things as presents, they pulled towards the canoes. The people recognized the Bishop, and when he offered to go on shore they assented, and when it was refused to haul the boat up on the reef, two islanders proposed to take the Bishop into their boat.

Again and again he had found that trusting them disarmed suspicion, and he at once went with them into their boat alone.

The ship's boat drifted for half-an-hour with the canoes ; then, without warning, a man stood

up in one of the canoes, and the others began shooting, calling out "This for New Zealand man ; this for Bairo man ; this for Mota man." It was a sacrifice of expiation for most real wrongs which these poor islanders were exacting.

Three of the crew were hit—John in the head, Atkin in the wrist, Stephen Taroniara pierced, like St. Sebastian, with many arrows. They had to pull back to the ship. The Bishop was taken alone to the shore.

As soon as, with difficulty, they had struggled back to the ship, Atkin, wounded as he was, insisted on going back to find the Bishop.

When the tide was high enough to float them over the reef, two canoes rowed towards them ; one cast the other off and went back to the island, and the other, without steersman or oarsman, drifted towards them. It was not empty ; the body of the Bishop was in it, arrayed with a strange ceremonial of reverence as a solemn sacrifice of expiation, rolled in a native mat, a palm-leaf fastened over the breast with five knots twisted in one of the leaves to indicate the five for whom the vengeance was exacted, and on the body five wounds.

To them a sacrifice of expiation, to us a

willing sacrifice of love, wonderfully recalling in form and substance the sacrifice and the love of the Master for whom he lived and died ; indeed a voluntary offering for his poor children who slew him, a willing sacrifice to the Love whose conquests are made through suffering and death.

And so they fell, these three, leading on each his forlorn hope ; Livingstone, kneeling, reverent in attitude, even in the weakness of death, in the heart of Africa, whose " open sore " he died to make known ; Gordon, in that same oppressed Africa, struck down through the treachery of one he trusted, by trusting, to redeem ; Patteson, by the expiatory blows of the poor betrayed, bewildered islanders, who were indeed to him as his own children—all three among the people they lived and died to save, the robbed and wounded races of the world, so long fallen among thieves, to whom they went from the other side, and poured into their wounds their own life-blood to be the balm and oil.

To Gordon, probably, his country can never give a grave ; but as St. Monica said, " He will know where to find me in that day." Livingstone's worn-out body, borne home by his faithful Africans, was laid to rest, amidst the

hymns and prayers of his people, in Westminster Abbey ; Patteson rests under the waves of the Pacific Ocean, whilst his memorial pulpit, in the cathedral where he was ordained, links his life and death with the first British martyr and the great English missionary-bishop in the continuity of Church history he so loved and represented, whilst also among the Devonshire lanes of his country parish the wayside cross recalls his memory to the people he served so faithfully. And now, in these last days, his successor, Bishop John Selwyn, has been welcomed to Nukapu, the island where he was killed, by the chief and the people, and the sole survivor of the five kidnapped islanders whose wrongs were the cause of his death. In that hut, on the very spot where he was murdered, the All Saints' Day Collect was said. On the shores the Memorial Cross has been erected, to the delight and with the help of the islanders, with this inscription :—

IN MEMORY OF  
JOHN COLERIDGE PATTESON, D.D.,  
MISSIONARY BISHOP,  
WHOSE LIFE WAS HERE TAKEN BY MEN FOR WHOM HE  
WOULD GLADLY HAVE GIVEN

The wish of the natives was that it should be on the shore, to gleam across the sea.

God has indeed "knit together His elect in one communion and fellowship in the mystical body of His Son Christ our Lord." But the battle still goes on—the ceaseless warfare of the Church militant here on earth, and also the special battle against the special wrong which these three especially combated, and through which they died. We think of them, not as victors in a battle won, but as leaders in an army of conquest which has much to conquer still, whose greatest soldiers have been martyrs from the beginning, and whose defeats can never really be anything but steps towards future victories.







## APPENDIX.

1884.

*From* BISHOP JOHN SELWYN'S *narrative and a letter from the*  
REV. T. HOLFORD PLANT.

**M**R. LISTER KAYE, in charge of the Santa Cruz Mission, took me to Nukapu, where he had already paid one visit, and I went ashore with him for the first time. It was a most pleasant visit. Moto, the chief, welcomed us in the most friendly way, and with him was the sole survivor of the party of four who were kidnapped in Bishop Patteson's time, and for whom his life was taken. [He and his companions, after a short stay in Fiji, stole a boat and managed to hit the New Hebrides, nearly 800 miles away, and then worked North, calling here and there for food, and finally struck their own islands—a most adventurous voyage, considering that they had nothing but the stars to steer by, and little if any knowledge of the islands they visited, or of their position in regard to Santa Cruz.]

We arranged to put up the cross to Bishop Patteson on my next visit, and the people were eager for it. I was sorry to postpone it, but Rev. Mano Wadrokai, Bishop Patteson's old pupil, had begged so earnestly that he might be present that I was obliged to wait till he could come down.

It was about ten o'clock when we arrived off Nukapu, and Moto, the chief, came off to take us across the reef. The boat was lowered and all the heavy work of the cross put into it, and, with the engineer to help in pulling it up, we rowed in. The people crowded round to carry the things up to the house—and then we began an animated discussion as to the site. I at first wanted it in a little open space in front of the door of the house where Bishop Patteson was killed, but to this the natives demurred. If you put it there, they said, nobody can see it from the sea. So eventually we chose a little strip of raised land between the house and the beach. Willing hands soon cleared the foundation, and then helped to hold the different parts in their places as we screwed them up. One old man was particularly keen, and great was his triumph when he managed to screw up a nut by himself. When it was finished we all went into the house, and, as is their wont, they proceeded to almost bury us with presents of nuts, baskets, cocoanut, and food. I in my turn gave them each a little present. The old man aforesaid got a knife, and one could see the blood rush to his face with joy, like a child with a new toy, as he received it. It was a happy moment sitting there, where Bishop Patteson had been struck down, and thus showing them how earnestly we wished to be friends with them. Then we adjourned outside, and I gathered my boat's crew round the cross for prayer. They were nearly all of them Bishop Patteson's old scholars, and one of them had been with them when Fisher Young and Edwin Nobbs were struck down by his side at Santa Cruz in 1864.

The cross is about twelve feet high, made of galvanized iron, with a burnished copper disk bolted on to the arms.

I was sorry when I got on board again to see that the wish of the natives was not realized, as, owing to its colour, the cross was barely visible from the outside of the reef. But I consoled myself with the thought that, as it faced due

west, the level rays of the setting sun would strike full on the burnished plate, which would gleam and sparkle over the white breakers of the reef and far out to sea. And thus it would be giving a fitting memorial to Bishop Patteson, whose life, known to comparatively so few in its noontide, has shone forth in the eventide of his death to cheer and help many.

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On August 5, 1884, we arrived about noon off Nukapu. Some canoes had been seen hurrying shorewards inside the reef when we hove in sight round the island, but no attempt to come out to us was made; so the Bishop, I, and two native teachers, beside the native crew, went in under the guidance of Mr. Lister Kaye, who is in charge of the Santa Cruz group. We had some difficulty in getting over the reef. You will remember that Bishop Patteson's boat did not venture over the reef on the day of his death. We had some little difficulty in getting over, but managed it safely, and they rowed down the lagoon to the island. Some canoes came out to meet us, and at the suggestion of Mr. Kaye they went alongside the *Southern Cross*, but only one plucked up courage to board her. On shore stood some old men, one of whom knew the Bishop well. He was one of the five men taken off by the labour vessel to Fiji, which event you know caused the death of Bishop Patteson. He and four others managed to make their escape from Fiji in an open boat, and by their knowledge of the stars to land near their own home. Well, these old fellows on shore seemed rejoiced to see us, and insisted on all of us coming out of the boat. They were, I think, a little nervous. On landing, we went to a hut close at hand, where, after creeping through the door or window, for the openings answer either purpose we found mats laid down for us to sit upon, a special mat being laid for the Bishop. I sat behind him, Mr. Kaye on

his right hand, and one of the chief men on his left. The Bishop then told them through Mr. Kaye that he had made friends with other islands and wished to make friends with them. This occasioned an immense amount of chattering and explanation, but, when order was once more obtained, the Bishop went on to say that Bishop Patteson's friends were grieved, but not angry, at his death, and wished to put up over the spot where he died a sign of peace—*i.e.*, a cross. Again there was much talking, and an old man with many gesticulations exhorted the others to preserve it when it was placed there. Whilst this was going on, some of the men were constantly disappearing and returning with presents of cocoanuts, nuts, and bread-fruit. After the conference in the hut was finished, we made our way slowly to the place where the Bishop was killed. Mr. Kaye is told that it was in a hut the Bishop died, but that the original hut has been pulled down. We found a hut which had replaced it, and which stood almost on the same spot—that is, a few feet to the North. The Bishop, Mr. Kaye, and myself crept into this hut, and the people pointed out the position in which Bishop Patteson sat. He must have been seated almost in the centre of the hut, looking out to sea. If, as is possible, there was a door on the sea side, he may have looked across the reef and seen the arrows shot at the boat, and have guessed what was coming. One wonders how the people had room in so small a den to give a blow with a club that could cause death. Mr. Kaye finds, however, that they did so, and for a time kept the club, but it, like the house in which the Bishop died, has been destroyed or lost. In the present hut, round the corresponding spot on which he sat, the Bishop, Mr. Kaye, and I stood, and the Bishop said the beautiful Collect for All Saints' Day, and an extempore one suitable for this special occasion. As you may imagine, it was a rather affecting moment. Then we came out, and, whilst the Bishop cut away a piece of wood from the hut, I

gathered a few grains of sand from as near the actual spot as I could. The people were a little shy, but affectionate and child-like, and accompanied us to the boat, and would hardly let us go. Mr. Kaye finds that their reason for killing the Bishop was the theft, as they thought it, of five of their men, and the five knots in the rushes on the Bishop's breast were tied by the five men who avenged their death. The rest of the islanders were very angry that vengeance should be wreaked upon Bishop Patteson, and the murderers were banished. The man who struck the first blow, which probably killed the Bishop, fled to a neighbouring island, but, not finding his life safe there, he travelled on to the great island of Santa Cruz and landed at the Northern end, and here his Cain-like wanderings came to an end, for the old chief had him shot for the part he had taken in the Bishop's death.



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